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HERR ROBERT TEICHMUELLER.
("A Modern Master at Leipsic.")

MUSIC

MAY, 1895.

A PRIMA DONNA'S HUSBAND.

A Prima Donna! What entrancing visions of great theatres of white and gold sparkling with myriad lights, of the shimmer of diamonds on stately heads and fair necks, the wild bursts of enthusiasm, the flowers, the radiant happiness of the singer, the congratulations of friends on the triumph, and the rolling home in a carriage after it is all over, the applause still ringing in the ears. Truly the life of a butterfly that needs only to light here and there on a fair flower as fancy leads. The whole world spread open like a beautiful garden. Well it does seem like that, but before one is a butterfly one must be a grub, a grub is no butterfly.

They were a rare couple, Maud and Walter. We sometimes incline to consider the husband of a prima donna as merely a nuisance whose main business in life is to draw his wife's salary and make trouble. Well that is not the case. A *prima donna* must have her artistic and financial interests very closely looked after and if she has no husband to do it she must hire an agent,—which means hire some one to rob her. No, these two of whom I speak were an ideal pair. Both were Americans, and when it became evident that Maud had musical gifts entirely out of the ordinary and that her whole life was bound up in music, Walter, who had put by a little something, said that if she wished to make a career he would give up his business here, go with

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her while she was studying, relieve her of all care and responsibility, and when she was ready for her debût look after her welfare. They had married each other because they loved, and live together they would. So off they went, bag and baggage to Paris, their friends of course smiling quietly in their sleeves to think how mistaken poor Maud was in her vocation, while the men simply said that Walter was a fool to give up a good business to chase a will o' the wisp and live among frog eaters.

But that made extremely little difference to them. Walter loved his wife as few men can, and believed in her as an artist so much that he cheerfully risked every penny he had in the world that she might have the full opportunity of showing what was in her.

Walter was a nugget of pure gold; a good large one too, but one in whom all the seams and roughness of the rocks in which he grew were still intact. He had never been refined, that is the good rock grain of nature had not yet changed for an alloy. So he would not have served very well as a parlor ornament, but in the real world where solid worth and not decoration counts he was a man. In fact a man cannot love and honor his wife to the point of sacrificing his own career that she, the more finely gifted, may the better lead hers without having a vein of purer worth than most of us can boast. It takes something deep in a man that he should be willing to be known as So-and-So's husband, when he knows that he himself is a man of real power. But the love of his wife more than compensated him, and if a man has that, the approval of his own conscience and his house rent paid, he is the peer of a king. And any one who had ever felt Walter's arm would have thought a second time before making any derogatory remarks.

The life in Paris was like that of hundreds of other students, only hard work day after day. But at last she was ready and with a repertoire of fifty operas and still a little money left they landed in Milan. Then for a year or more times were hard. She had great good fortune in making a success with her first engagement down in Siena, and that

gave her standing, still there were always six artists and good ones too for every vacancy, and so more than half the time she had no engagement.

One bright spring morning as I was pounding away at the piano, there came a thump at the door and in burst a couple of strapping big men with bags, bundles, and wraps galore.

"Hallo old man are you up and dressed,—can you put us up for a few hours, Maud's down stairs. I didn't have her come up till I saw if you had your togs on,—for heaven's sake have you any wine, I am dead with thirst?" I hastened to the closet, while he slammed open the window and yelled, "come on Maud, he's up."

By the time we had finished our fight with the porter over his tip Maud was up stairs, the *fiasco* of rich, red Chianti was on the table and I was ready to hear all about it. "Yes, got a telegram day before yesterday with a six weeks engagement at the Pagliano, rehearsal tomorrow morning and first performance two weeks from Sunday. So we are here for two months anyway. Know where we can get a room cheap? I tell you old man haven't had an engagement now in three months; been eating newspapers; got to live as cheap as we can tho, Maud's in great voice and has good parts, you wait till you hear her. Needn't be so darned careful of your wine it wont do me any harm."

The hint was acted upon.

"I say Maud if you're tired flop down here while we chase up some kind of a place to live in. Come on old man, no time to lose."

As my only *fiasco* was now empty there was indeed no further reason for delay. And as a house only a few doors away had some rooms to let we moved on.

Walter's Italian was wonderful, but for business purposes it was right to the point. I could discuss history or literature and in fact rather prided myself a little on my Italian, but when it came to making a bargain I cheerfully yielded the palm. As Walter said while I was getting my verb properly conjugated he had done the whole trick, and at about half what I could have gotten it for. So we found

the *padrona* and Walter said—"Got one room cheap?"

"Si Signore."

"Show me."

"Si Signore."

Up four long flights we went to a back room about twenty by twenty but with sun, a great feature in Italy. I knew he wanted it but up went his nose.

"Hum! Dirty; too high up; not big enough, how much?"

"Oh Signore, such a fine sunlight, so warm, and such fine air, with a view of Fiesole, and I must ask forty francs a month."

"*What!* Forty francs a month, for a smoke hole; forty nothings. Come on!"

"But Signore, a moment. How long did the Signore say he was going to stay?"

"Two months."

"Oh that is different. For that time I can let it for thirty, will the Signore consider thirty?"

"No, fifteen."

"But Signore, it is impossible, the Signore must be reasonable, see the view, Fiesole Signore, and the sun. Think of it, be reasonable. I say twenty-eight."

"No, too much."

"Well, twenty-seven, see I *give* you the room."

"No."

"Dio Mio! Twenty-five, and it is a crime to let it so cheap."

"No."

"But see the bed, fine large bed."

"I dont want any bed."

"Ah Signore, without the bed I will say twenty but it is giving it away; but a widow, what can you do?"

"All right, be here in an hour."

"Walter I take off my hat, you are a genius."

"Prettycheap that's a fact. I was willing to pay thirty. But she was easy. By the way what have you for furniture? There is one chair here and a bed. Bed goes. I made up my mind that I'd make my own bed. They don't make them big enough for Maud and me, and besides if I dont get

an engagement after this season I shall stay here all summer. Must live cheap. Made my own bed when first went to Milan, and haven't been happy since. I can knock one together this afternoon. I have a big packing box home, a good American box, had a lot of stuff come over in it."

"Come on I want to see it. Where is there a carpenter's shop, I want a couple of big pieces of joist? Must hunt up Dud and make him help us lug the stuff."

So we hunted up Dudley, found a carpenter's shop and got all the wood we wanted for eleven francs, a francs worth of nails, and I borrowed a hammer at my house. Walter made a bed that would have held four men and proud he was of it. Had enough wood to nearly finish a dressing case;—his room had no closet. After holes were cut in the side of my packing box, in which to put your legs, that made a fine table, and the wood that was cut away just finished the dressing case. At five o'clock we moved over and set up Maud's oil stove on the trunk. The *padrona* sold them a mattrass for a couple of francs, they had sheets and travelling blankets. For half a franc they got dishes enough, and they had knives and forks. They were settled for all summer.

"Well, boys, we're too tired to cook dinner tonight, so lets go to *la Toscana* and have something to eat. Lord I could eat nails if I hadn't used them all."

Off we went and a dinner we had too. I dropped round next afternoon. Maud was ripping up an old silk skirt to make Walter a shirt. His stock of linen was getting so low that it must be economized, and her old skirt was no use to her. So next day he was the envy of the colony. Not another fellow had a silk shirt. He was always as proud as a peacock.

"I tell you, she can do anything with her needle. She has made everything in her time that a man wears except shoes, and I'll bet a dollar she could make a pair of them if she had too. Why you ought to have seen the hunting suit she made me out of yellow oilskin; driest thing I ever went shooting in. Beat all the fancy suits to death and only cost

about three dollars. And cook! Lord Harry, there isn't any body in it with her. Can't make pies on this darned little oil stove. That's the only reason why I want a decent oven. Can't get one though here. I tell you that's the secret of keeping in good shape is plenty of grub, good grub too. I may have to have my trousers patched with brown paper but I'll keep my belly full. We'll be all in running order by Sunday so you and Dud come over to dinner. Give you the best food you've had since you left home."

So Sunday we were on hand in good season. I carried a *fiasco* under my arm and Dudley a bottle of chow-chow and some fruit for dessert. Walter was spreading the packing box with a clean Sunday paper, while Maud handled the stove. Dont ask me to tell you how she cooked all the stuff we had, but she did. First there was maccaroni with the tomato sauce. Just as we were about to fall to, I proposed a toast, when we discovered that Maud had another wonderful sauce in one of the cups which left us two tumblers and only one cup. However, Walter's eye fell on an empty preserve jar, which was forthwith cleaned and put into service. We drew lots for it and it fell to Dudley's share, to Walter's disgust; it held just twice as much as the others did.

Then came the main stay, a couple of roasted chickens, "dead roast" the Italians call them. They have two ways of roasting, one on a spit before a fire, the other in a covered receptacle; the latter is called a "dead roast." Not much is allowed to go to waste over there and they serve chickens with the head and claws, which two parts are great delicacies.

"Now boys we haven't any refrigerator, so everything must be eaten up. Maud, dear, where's the butter? Great Moses! Did I forget that? No, I see it over there on the wash stand. Can you reach it Dud? That's the boy. Haven't got another plate so just sail in where you are."

Then Dudley passed up his plate for onions. I wonder why it is that onions and art seem to be so closely related. It is almost impossible to find a real artist who is not devoted to them and the higher he ascends in the scale the closer he comes to garlic. I myself am free to admit that

I have not yet reached a point where I am sufficiently imbued with the spirit of true art to eat raw garlic, but I am not without hope. But as for onions, baked, boiled, or raw they grow like weeds in Bohemia.

And so we went. There was just enough, in that every solitary thing was eaten up, though it was only a stern sense of duty that compelled me to put down that last drumstick. When we had finally finished we carried the table, dirty dishes and all over to our corner and covered it up with more newspapers;—time enough to clean up by and by. Then Maud took the only thing resembling an easy chair, Dudley and I stretched across the bed with our backs against the wall, and Walter took the trunk. We lighted our "rat tailed" cigars, and Dudley heaved a sigh:—"Tell you what, makes a fellow feel pretty queer to get a dinner that tastes so much like home. Home! By George, father must be just playing the organ in church now, I would like mighty well just to be there, and then walk home with the old folks, and"—

"Now see here, Dud, you needn't start off on that track. Its hard enough to paddle your own canoe any way without thinking about all the old things over the other side. I would like to see Don though. There was your dog, a dandy, my brother's been shooting with him this winter. He wouldn't take food from any one but me when I was at home. Makes you feel as though you were some good on earth when a dog looks way down in your eyes, and you know that he loves you and believes in you. They can't lie."

"I wonder what we are going to do over here? Look at all the students there are and how many will ever get any where. Makes a fellow feel solemn when he thinks how the folks at home are scrimping and saving so a fellow can have a good chance. I don't know, sometimes I get sort of down in the mouth thinking of the time it takes to make an artist. But by George the old man gave me the money to come on and told me to do the best I could, and I'll bust a leg but I'll get somewhere."

"That's the talk Dud. Look at Maud and me. Every

body said we were fools and if they could see how we live now maybe they would think so more than ever. But there isn't anything I know of in this world that's worth having that you don't have to work for. If you could be a singer just by wishing there wouldn't be any credit in it. Now here's Maud letter perfect in fifty-three operas, makes all her own dresses, does all our cooking and never makes a yip. You bet that any woman who can do that week in and week out is bound to come out on top. She can memorize an opera and darn stockings at the same time. Any lady can that's got the grit. Most of these folks, though, lose their backbone if things are a bit hard; then they go under. I'm sorry for them. But life in general and the opera business in particular are poor places for folks with weak knees. Maud's got different stuff, she's got the real grit. She don't say much, takes me to keep the talk going, but when the time comes she sails out onto the stage like a queen. Maud you are a brick, come here and kiss me.''

Maud had the grit that's true enough, but the backing it had in the sunlight of Walter's cheeriness—I wonder if that did not count for something.

So we lived on. We clubbed together, Maud doing the cooking for us and we sharing the expense. We had an extra chair, and some spare tumblers now, but that counted little. We would have been just as contented without them. It was the good fellowship and hearty cheer of our little circle that made it dear to us. Maud's capacity for work was enormous. After breakfast was rehearsal, then luncheon, then dinner, with old dresses to be made over and music to be studied whenever there was a spare minute. But though it was hard work there were always helping hands, quick sympathy, and Walter's unquenchable spirits that made every one smile with mere good-humor whenever he entered the room. All business, all bother and worry were his share, but they rolled from his disposition as water from a duck. Or if he felt doubtful, Maud never knew it. Work loses all its bitterness if worry is taken away, and one has sympathy.

One day when I came in to dinner, Walter was daubing

cotton batting with ink.

"What's up Walt?"—

"Making some ermine trimming for the queen's robe. Maud was looking a little tired so I told her to mosy along and I'd fix up this stuff. Greatest imitation of ermine you ever saw. I feel a little bit uncertain about tomorrow night. Maud's never sung here, and Cusini who sings in the other opera is dead sore because Maud got the first chance. They told me today to look out for trouble. Now I want you and all the gang to see that they don't run in any claque on her. It would break her all up. She's never had it yet and I don't want to begin now." So the next night we were in full force, and we didn't wear any gloves either. But Maud didn't need us. When the public of the old Pagliano in Florence hears a *singer*, no matter what her nationality, woe betide any claque that attempts to belittle her. It was a triumph. And as soon as we had seen Maud safely home we adjourned to my room to talk it over. After a deep draught of *Chianti*, Walter, who was standing by the window his fine, strong head outlined against the stars, said:—

"Boys, you've got no idea how a man feels toward a woman like that. She has got to work now, and work hard, and you know how she does her share with never a word. But God knows every time I see her bending over her work I feel as though some one had stabbed me. Then there is a kind of awe comes over me and I feel as though the angels must be like her. I want to drop down on my knees and ask her to forgive me because I can't do for her what she deserves. But then I can't speak because I feel a choking in my throat. I don't deserve a wife like that and I don't much believe any man does. But what I can do for her shall be done. Here's to her: God bless her."

KARLETON HACKETT.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF MODERN SONG.

NO one seriously interested in music can overlook or underrate the immense loss sustained by the art of vocalization during this last century; nor is it possible to ignore the undeniable fact that the race of great vocalists is dying out. Although it would be out of the limits of this paper to attempt to define all the causes that have contributed to the present condition of things it may not be without interest to try to demonstrate what have been a few of the factors in so fatal a decedence in one of the most beautiful branches of the most beautiful of arts.

The great Italian school of vocalism grew and maintained its noble proportions up to the early part of this century, not alone by the intelligence that evoked and perfected its mechanism, but also by the instinct of its genius, which indicated how to write music adapted to vocal production; this artistic instinct, apart from being the result of a slow evolution—and nourished by old traditions, was also the outcome of the genius of the latin race for form, which all aided in the development of mechanisms. Finally a method of composition grew out of the profound knowledge of the limits and qualities of the human instrument, with a keen sense (acquired or instinctive, matters not) of artistic cause and effect.

All who are familiar with Italian history know that there were many small art centers in the old time, sustained and encouraged by the resident aristocracy, where everything pertaining to musical representation was carefully studied and protected. All these fostering influences produced a race of great artists, and singers, especially, became the center of observation. It is also well known that in those days many of the roles were but slightly sketched out, with a few arias, etc—while the singer filled in the recitatives and made such variations as best suited his

his taste and humor. Who shall say how this system developed the artistic power and enriched the individuality of the singer! Where could we find vocalists today who could fitly fill so important a function; they rarely show enough of musical art outside of their singing—to be able to write an artistic candenza. No one but the most superficial observer but will frankly admit that this intelligent adoption of a means to an end is usually ignored by most modern composers; and as classical Italian music goes more out of fashion, from lack of competent rendering, as it now promises to do, and as German music takes a firmer hold upon public taste, the deterioration in pure vocalization will, of a necessity, become more and more conspicuous. By this observation I in no sense desire to discuss the relative beauties of German or Italian music, I simply refer to calisation.

That ignorance of the best method of voice-production is not confined to composers, but logically expresses the lack of competent schools of mechanism, is amply proven by the dearth of great singers. It is no infrequent complaint that loss of voice has resulted through incompetent tuition—we all of us have heard this stated; and all the difficulties of modern song are complicated by the lack of unity in intelligent methods of intonation. Let a pupil select the violin, violoncello, it is easily ascertained where competent masters may be found who can teach a mechanism for the instrument based on sound traditions, from which an earnest student may achieve admirable results. And as to the pianoforte there is no lack of the most excellent tuition, indeed it might be hazarded whether it would not be a public advantage if we were to have fewer students for the piano. For most of the instruments there is more or lesscomp etent teaching. But for the voice, all is reversed and the good teachers will uphold me in saying so, while the rarity of great singers proves my statement.

A general sentiment seems to have invaded the public that singing is a natural gift; and this popular error leads to the belief that any vague, insignificant tuition will easily permit anyone having a voice to become a good vocalist,

whereas it is most desirable that there should be a clear understanding of how much is needed to make a singer ; to secure this result there must be a true, sympathetic voice of a certain power and extension, a just comprehension of musical, poetic conception, all commanded, directed, by a clear, technical method. One constantly hears parents say oh yes, the beginning does not signify, after a certain amount of study has been gone through with we will get a first rate master to finish—and the finishing is usually the only point considered—whereas it should be exactly reversed ; it is in the beginning the most careful tuition should be given—for once bad vocal habits are formed, all the difficulties are increased tenfold. Were it not that the human voice possesses a potency of its own, and the music speaks to most hearts for itself alone, classical songs would belong to the lost arts, it is so rare that we now-a-days hear what might be termed, truly artistic vocalism.

It will suffice to analyse any given number of German songs—taken at random— from Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, etc., down to our lesser English works, to prove how little and how incorrectly voice production has been considered. We will first observe how the words are treated : They are constantly placed so that the musical accent is at war with the accent proper to the text ; this misapplication often increases the already difficult task of rendering the words properly ; and it is not unusual to find phrases so badly written for the voice as to be almost a negation of vocal declamation. In speaking of the Italian school we must of course include much of Handel, Mozart, Gleck and some others of the older German masters, who as writers for the voice were familiar and thoroughly imbued with the Italian school and the method, and who frequently adopt Italian libretti.

Is usually admitted that the voice flows more freely, more easily through Italian than through other languages, it is mostly unknown, and unstudied, why it is such an appropriate vehicle for voice emission. This subject, I shall treat at length from a technical point of view in a work I have long been preparing on Voice-production. But

if language presents many serious obstacles to successful vocalism, it at the same time is one of its most powerful adjuncts—one of its real beauties. Few persons understand or express all the exquisite charm that lies simply within the range of pronunciation. To prove the truth of this assertion it will only be necessary for any reader of these pages to recall how often or how frequently he may have heard the text, fitly, distinctly delivered in musical recital.

It has been objected of late—especially by the partisans of German music—that the poetical treatment of the text was often disregarded by the apparently unmeaning repetitions of syllables in the older Italian songs. I say apparently with reason, for it has been overlooked that these repetitions were used with a direct intention of facilitating voice emission. If the older composers were less preoccupied (and this is true) with the mere literary aspect of their libretti, they still have a wise preoccupation for the word setting best suited to vocal effects; in which, of course, the melodious ductility of the Italian language assisted them. On the other hand modern musicians, as a rule, take but little heed about the accents, or the divisions of syllables best suited to vocalism. Many composers undoubtedly understand the medium range and qualities of the voices for which they write, but how many, in their writings, show that they comprehend the beauty inherent to vocal illustration?

The best violin works, as far as regards knowledge of the strings, were usually written by the old Italian masters, by those who were violinists themselves of the first order. In the best pianoforte compositions this holds equally good; why should this not be exacted throughout the whole gamut of composition? No writer, let him be ever so gifted, can compose well for the voice who does not know all its resources, its difficulties, and the mechanism for its production.

To achieve that fine result which is summed up as good singing, means casting all the muscles and adjuncts of phonal power into plastic form, so as to liberate the vocal forces to move in endless, changing varieties, and it is easy to conceive that this is not the light work of any vague study.

Nor can the instantaneous, automatic results necessary for the artistic delivery of language in vocalism be easily or rapidly accomplished. It can alone be done after the vocal apparatus has become subservient to the singer's will and intelligence, and forms of language for musical purpose must be like type to the printer, ready to be cast into position, so as to secure limpid, smooth tone production, without over-irritating the throat; in this regard Italian is more vocal in form and less trying to the voice than the harsher, more consonantal German and English. In the study I have made on Voice-production, I have tried to suggest exercises that will aid some of these difficulties; for in the study of German songs the paradox of distinct enunciation must be combined with what I shall call organ flow, of tone. Many foreign songs have been translated without any consideration as to a choice of vocal words, and word rendering at the best embarasses the perfect emission of the voice; in Voice-production I have explained why all dramatic declamations should be deferred until the vocal instrument is solidly built up by knowledge and use of mechanism.

There is a great deal of simulated admiration for German lieder affected by those who have no comprehension of its aims nor its beauties. This adds another discouraging element for a singer; for the audience instead of being a noble reflex, a magnetic response for the artist, is often but a paralyzing influence. The discriminating enthusiasm of the ideal audience belongs to the undeveloped possibilities of a distant future. Can there be anything more pathetic than to see the passionate endeavor, of a highly endowed nature thrown into contact with the chilling indifference of ignorance? In this connection I recall an incident related to me by Rubinstein. I had asked him why he never raised his eyes from the key-board when playing in public, and he replied that the habit dated from a painful experience he had made when first he played in London. He had forgotten his surroundings through concentration in his work, but of a sudden a desire for companionship in his artistic joy induced him to raise his eyes; they fell, by chance, upon a stout, buxom, materfamilias in the front row; his mental ecstcay

was greeted by the most exaggerated yawn, impossible to imagine for the facial capacities of polite society. It will not be difficult to conceive the reaction. From this date he determined, in self-defense, never again to raise his eyes while playing in public.

Great artistic effects are never improvised; no matter how unstudied the performance of the artist may appear; they are always the achievements wrung from years of close study, intelligent observation, and the practical application of convictions and of natural gifts.

COUNTESS ELIZABETH PHELPS RESSE.

A THEME FROM THE "KREUTZER."

Twilight is come over the spreading lawn
Where hand in hand we walked at set of sun;
Here lingered we and knew our bliss begun,
Nor dreamed One stood apart with dagger drawn

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

STIMULI TO GENIUS.

WE might easily gather several thousand anecdotes, interesting or otherwise, which tell of amusing incidents in the lives of men of genius, poets and artists, of their mode of work, their peculiar habits and marottes. In this awful mass it would prove quite difficult to separate truth from fiction—and yet, how interesting, how instructive it would be, in many a case, if we were enabled, on the ground of reliable traditions, to draw a faithful portrait of the hitherto little known individuality of a famous writer, musician, sculptor, and so on. A similar collection would surely furnish valuable material for the psychologist, and as for the layman, it would certainly awaken interest, throw light on many a disputed point and increase his enjoyment of the artists works.

The work of genius, with all its incidents, aids, stimuli, hindrances, etc., is really an interesting thing to comtemplate. Beside those characteristic marks which appear quite regularly, we will find abnormalities and exceptions so numerous that it becomes impossible to establish any general rule. All will agree, for instance, that a certain amount of quiet, both external and internal, is necessary for the proper execution of mental conceptions, whether they be the nucleus of a literary or musical work, of a painting or a statue. There must be quiet without, and a quiet mood within. All that is commonplace must gradually disappear from the artist's mental horizon, he must be absorbed in his theme so as to lose sight of everything else. Judging by one's physical experiences one would suppose that complete, absolute quiet would be absolutely necessary for a priest of the Muses to serve them successfully. However, this very fundamental rule presents many exceptions. A number of famous literary men were quite unable to bear silence and stillness, or rest in peace for any considerable length of time. Heinrich Heine and Alfred de Musset, for

instance, received inspiration while riding on the top of an imperial through the busy, restless boulevards of Paris. Among the composers of music, Hérold, who was an excellent horseman, usually invented his melodies while galloping over the fields. And Spontini—well known for his extreme nervousness—would compose music while playing chess, all the time carefully watching the moves of his adversary and almost regularly winning the games.

Suppose we analyze the demand of external quiet with those who really cannot work in noise—we shall again find some interesting differences and contrasts. In most cases it is only regular sound, recurring in definite intervals, which is a hindrance to mental work. In the first place, then, it is music and song, and not so much mere plain discourse, especially if coming from a distance, so that the ear while catching the sound cannot distinguish words. That is quite natural, for discourse, like the hum and bustle of the street, the murmur of the creek, the whistle of the wind, and so on, does not awaken any echo in our soul; whereas a melody, sung or played, creates a certain tension in the mind, and by its articulate form and clearness disturbs and scatters thoughts that had been concentrated, and imperiously demands to be watched and followed notwithstanding your protests. Equally intolerable is the noise of mills and various machines, and, in general, all rhythmic sounds.

However, when we come to consider music as a disturbing element, we shall find that in many cases it is not a hindrance but, on the contrary, a stimulus to mental work. Why, it was Goethe himself who had to rely on music to refresh and stimulate his imagination and conception of new ideas, and for that reason would occasionally have some pieces played in the room adjoining his studio, while he was at work. Another striking example is that of Sheridan: that famous statesman had been pursued by his yearning for music until he decided to buy a hand-organ, and as he was engaged in writing his memorable speeches, his valet had to play, uninterruptedly, the Irish hymn. The greatest of Russia's poets, Alexander Pushkin, likewise drew inspiration from music, and while a company of his friends were

serenading his wife on an anniversary of her birthday, the poet wrote a sonnet in honor of his beautiful spouse. Jan Neruda, one of the greatest poets of Bohemia, wrote most of his charming "Cosmic Songs" under the immediate influence of church organ music.

Taking part in public life, and general intercourse with the world affect mental work in various ways. It is worthy of note, however, that in most cases the artists work reflects a character quite different from that exhibited by the author in actual life. It is true we have to look to literature alone in this respect. Dickens and Dostoyevski, those two ingenious analyzers of the human soul, who so ably depict the minutest details of life and portray genuine prototypes of men of their surroundings, themselves led solitary lives, meeting their nearest neighbors but very seldom; Dostoyevski was particularly well known in the literary world of St. Petersburg for his taciturnity and seeming indifference. The famous mysticist Hoffman was, on the contrary, jollity itself, and often played his friends tricks of refined deviltry. Guy de Maupassant, a profound thinker, and so original in the gloomy themes of his novels, was really one of the foremost members of that gilded youth of Paris whose only concern is how to kill time, at the club in winter or at the sea baths in summer. At Ostende, Trouville and Boulogne, Maupassant was unknown as a great writer; but famous as a sportsman, a good swimmer and expert player of lawn tennis. At that time no one would have suspected that the great soul housed in the athletic frame of his body was already laboring under a horrible nervous disease which was finally to develop into insanity.

Mens sana in corpore sano. "A sound mind in a sound body," says a Latin proverb. But as far as the relative condition of an artist's health affects his creative powers, certain exceptions to that rule must be recognized, for in some cases disease is really an additional stimulus to genius. We do not mean sickness in its narrowest sense, implying confinement to bed, for in such a case organic disease checks creative power—we speak of ailments, ner-

vous afflictions and defective senses. Thus deafness of itself is no check to the inventive powers of a composer, as has been demonstrated in a great many cases, from Beethoven down to Smetana. Ay, those best informed testify, on the contrary, that loss of hearing, while it may cause a musician extreme pain at first and even drive him to the verge of despair, may, later on, bring about a significant change. It is certain, that in case of total deafness imagination will work much more boldly than before, that inventive powers will be stimulated as soon as the mind becomes fully conscious of its absolute isolation. A new musical realm opens, so to say, in the composer's soul; he is surrounded by a new wealth of beautiful melodies and harmonic combinations, and thus stimulated to constant activity. It will then easily be explained why the last brilliant quartets of Beethoven—so free and unrestrained in respect of form—and his ninth symphony which was so far in advance of his time, were written during the period of the master's total deafness. This was likewise the case with Smetana, a number of his greatest works—four symphonic poems, operas, "The Kiss," "The Secret," "The Devil's Rock," and the quartet "From My Life," having been written at a time when the great Bohemian composer was totally deaf.

In a similar way mental activity will sometimes increase with blindness—the case of Milton is well known. Ernest T. A. Hoffmann, musical composer and ingenious story-teller, would only write in feverish excitement. He wrote his original *Phantasiestuecke in Callot's Manier* while a member of the supreme court of Berlin, scrupulously attending to the duties of his office.

It is well known that alcohol is employed as a stimulant —and unfortunately, too often, we may say. Hoffmann himself frequently had recourse to alcohol; in the last years of his life he was given to drink to such an extent that he could not—or perhaps rather would not—write a single line while sober. Two other noted examples of alcoholists we find in the Swedish poet Esaias Tegnér and our own unfortunate Edgar Allan Poe. Alcohol is naturally one of

the most dangerous stimulants; coupled with unceasing nervous excitement, the use of alcohol inevitably leads to delirium and quite often to apoplexy.

Two of the best known stimuli which have always been extensively employed and have thus far given the best satisfaction, are coffee and tobacco. In this respect, black coffee is universally admitted to stand unrivalled, numerous poets, journalists and artists having testified to its efficiency. Smoking is no less popular, and the pipe has an assured place in the history of literature and artistic work. The poet Lenau had eight pretty, tasteful pipes with long tubes which he called the wells of his poetry. Goethe never smoked while working, but he would intoxicate himself with the finest sorts of Oriental tobacco when at leisure. Mr. Oscar Wilde too, is a smoker, unless we are mistaken. Among women, George Sand was noted for her passion for tobacco; fine cigarettes and strong cigars of pronounced scent, though of the best make, were equal favorites with her. Liszt and Gogol are exceptions—they did not smoke; and Henri Murger, author of the celebrated *La vie de Boheme*, himself one of the most dissolute literary bohemians of Paris, could not even endure tobacco smoke.

What should a mental worker eat to stimulate imagination? Oysters, lobsters, etc.—this is a difficult question to answer. Men of genius have tried a great many things, each going his own way. Gourmandism occurs quite frequently. A famous composer whose one weakness was his great liking for pastry, was censured by some one on that account. "Do you suppose," he quickly retorted, "that dainties have been reserved for fools?" Haydn, Goethe and Rossini were well known gourmands. Rossini himself invented a number of culinary recipes. On the other hand, we often find cases of moderation and temperance almost ascetic. Richard Wagner, for example, while surrounded by luxury of all sorts at Wahnfried, was, nevertheless, very temperate in both eating and drinking; he took only two meals a day, confining himself to a purely vegetarian diet at that. Beethoven would drink a little soup in the morning, taking no other meal before supper; late in the after

noon, however, he would take a walk to Silvring and drink a glass of young wine. Schubert had his days when he might have well passed for a professional faster, and yet on those days he did not work. The Russian poet Lermontov was once invited by a rich *boyar* to a banquet. A mass of delicacies was laid before him. The poet tasted this and that took leave of his host as soon as he could, and repaired to the nearest café where he satisfied his appetite by two orders of roastbeef. Charles Gounod was very fond of cherries, and a mere glance at a plate of pretty red cherries encouraged him in work. Alfred Tennyson could not stand the vapor emanating from boiled potatoes, though he did eat potatoes. Similarly the Hungarian Petofi would not touch hare's meat in whatever way prepared, Alessandro Manzoni disliked roasted chesnuts, Grillparzer—roasted goose. Méhul was one of the first among the French who tasted of horseflesh.

More important, however, is the manner and time of eating, and the size of meals, all of which effect mental health to a considerable degree. It is surely interesting to note that Alfred de Musset always took his dinner at noon, as do the eastern Europeans, contrary to the universal custom that prevails in Paris and all France, of eating dinner in the evening. Alphonse Daudet and Dumas *fils*, again, take their dinners late in the evening, sometimes as late as nine o'clock P. M. Emile Zola, a model of orderliness, eats his dinner at four o'clock, in a small dining-room, having no companion but his wife. No less pleasant are the dinners of the count Tolstoi at Iasnaia Polyana. The entire family—and it is a large one—gathers around a coarse wooden table, the old count at the head; a silent prayer is said, and thereupon the dinner proceeds, accompanied by conversation. If a guest be present, his place is at the right hand of the count, and the host waits on his guest himself.

A certain tendency towards luxury is a sign of modern times. To-day the foremost literary men and artists of France vie with one another in the furnishing of their residences, villas and studios with all that wealth and luxury

command, and their homes will bear comparison with those of the aristocrats of finance. The residences of Zola and Dumas, the studio of Maupassant, the palace of Ohnet, are unique in respect of taste, magnificence and rare collections. On the other hand we find a writer, composer or painter who really is a petted child of fortune and yet is satisfied to live in a plain, unpretentious house which best agrees with him and is most convenient for his work. The well known composer Ambroise Thomas, author of the opera "Mignon" and director of the Parisian conservatory, to whom, in recognition of his services, the republic of France, a few years ago, made the present of a large island in the Atlantic, has for twenty years last past been living on the top floor of the conservatory building, occupying two small rooms which had originally been reserved for the secretary! The popular master, however, is by no means a miser, as some readers might mistakenly suppose; that he has proved by many generous donations to the poor, particularly to needy musicians, by stipends which he established for the support of pupils of the conservatory, and the like. Gounod had a magnificent studio but a simple dwelling in the Avenue de Villiers; in the eighties, Délibes rented rooms on the fifth floor of a tenement house on the boulevard of St. Michael, but he enjoyed a splendid view of the Luxembourg park. The third floor of an ancient, narrow house on the Montmartre was good enough for Meissonier at a time when his studio was quite luxuriously appointed.

The following little anecdote which recently appeared in a Parisian daily, illustrates the true character of that 'luxury-mania.' Having settled in his new, comfortable, splendidly furnished mansion, Zola invited Edmonte Goncourt to take breakfast with him. The modest Goncourt whose mode of living is very much like that of an ascetic, could not find words enough to praise the magnificent appointment of his friend's dwelling. "It is all very charming," he admitted frankly, but suddenly added in a serious tone—"and yet . . ." "Well, is the arrangement wrong, or are the rooms crowded with things?" asked Zola. "Neither—" was the reply, "but to be frank, I should be

unable to do any quiet thinking, not to speak of writing, in this museum of costly rarities."—"Neither should I, possibly," answered Zola with a smile, ushering his guest into a small adjoining room, narrow yet well lighted, full of books and manuscripts, where on a plain writing desk Goncourt discovered the manuscript of Zola's latest novel.

Famous men often spend considerable sums of money on other things beside splendid mansions. Auber owned a large stable and a number of fine stallions, and naturally felt keen grief when the government confiscated some of his favorite horses during the Prussian occupation of Paris. In the course of two years Meyerbeer purchased of Pleyel five pianofortes each of which cost from six to eight thousand francs. Dumas *père* had a large winter garden laid out where he was wont to spend several hours every day, walking about and working out the plots of his romances. Owing to irregularites in heating, the costliest exotic flowers perished in a few weeks, and Dumas lost 150,000 francs, at the least. Maupassant again is known to have purchased a well equipped yacht.

In the hour of work, literary men and artists have resorted to various stimuli, often cherishing petty whims. Goethe and the rotten apples on his desk found a worthy companion in Rueckert who had a habit, when working, of smelling a bottle of kerosene. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy would not allow a clock in his room—see our account of rhythmic sounds, *supra*—Mozart would eat bonbons, Byron preferred nuts. Whereas Dumas the elder might be seen writing uninterruptedly in the greatest noise, even in a stage coach (though this may, perhaps, be fiction), Richard Wagner, on the contrary, always sought absolute silence and stillness; thus he wrote "Tristan" by a large electric lamp, at night time.

We have thus presented to the reader a small collection of artists' whims whose existence is due to various causes: education, temper, habit, imitation. Many a one of this series of little things will probably appear trifling and insignificant—and at times it will seem quite incredible what a trifle had stimulated the work of a genius. No matter if

some of these trifles be deemed ridiculous, still they deserve some attention. The only question is, have they served their end well? If that be so, then it cannot be denied that these little things possess a certain importance. If the end justifies the means, then it does not matter whether the means be more or less trifling.

Racine, Wis. J. J. KRAL.

WHAT ONE WOMAN SANG.

(A Recollection of Annie Louise Cary.)

One night I heard a woman's voice
Singing of fishers three,
Who sailed away at close of day
To a death in the great, gray sea.
And the silent throng as they heard the song
Wept over its tragedy.

This was a woman's voice, and the tale
For a hundred years had been told;
But the sorrow came from a woman's heart
As it wept with the unconsoled—
The moon of the bar in that harbor far,
Is more than a century old.

JAMES MCKENZIE COLQUHORN.

THE STORY OF A GENIUS.

XIII.

In No. 10 of the Rue Ravestine was great excitement. In the halls and on the stairs was the fragrance of fresh tea. Annette incessantly changed color, placed the furniture now this way , now that, in order to conceal the different defects, rested her beautiful eyes anxiously on the green tapestry, and murmured complainingly: "How will it seem to him here!" But Gesa only laughed, kissed her on the forehead, gave her a little confidential stroke on the cheek and said: "Be calm, he is coming to make your acquaintance, treasure, not to criticise our home."

Old Delileo was still more excited than his daughter. He had exhumed, from a worm-eaten chest, his old dress coat, and in this article of clothing, smelling strong of camphor, and with its enormous collar reminding one of the massive taste of the burger-kingdom, he wandered uneasily from one little room to another, dusted a picture frame with his handkerchief, threw a sly, stolen glance in the half blinded mirror, and with trembling fingers pulled at his imposing satin cravat, which as well as his beautifully embroidered yellowed battiste shirt, had been young in Louis Phillipe's reign.

Gesa jested at the excitement of his little family, but still at heart found this perfectly justified before the approaching great event.

At eight o'clock all hearts beat; five minutes past eight Delileo remarked: "Perhaps he is not coming."—At quarter past eight Annette looked uneasily and disturbed at the violinist, and whispered pouting, "He promised you positively Gesa?"—at half past eight they heard a noise in the hall. "It is a regret which De Sterny sends," thought Delileo, according to his custom, predicting a disappointment.

"Is this Monsieur Delileo's?" a very cultivated voice was at that moment heard asking on the stairs. Gesa

rushed out. The old journalist passed the thumb and fore finger of his left hand over his cheeks to give himself an unembarrassed manner. Annette disappeared.

A few seconds later the door opened, and into the shabby, green room stepped a distinguished blond man, somewhat embarrassed, as he had not been able to lay aside his fur coat without. But that did not last a moment. Scarcely had Gesa relieved him of the heavy garment, when he gave his hand in the heartiest manner to the master of the house, whom Gesa had wished formally to introduce to him, and said, "We are old acquaintances!" and as the "melancholy man" wished to deprecate this politeness by a gesture, De Sterny continued: "You perhaps do not remember the lovesick enthusiast whom you met in old times at the Countess d'Agoult's. But I still remember very well your compassionate friendliness. It did me good. We had at that time, I believe, the same grief, only" with a glance at the picture of the Gualtieri, which his rapidly scrutinizing eyes had immediately discovered" later, you were more fortunate than I."

Then tears came to the eyes of the "melancholy man," and he pressed the virtuoso's hand.

"Now?" De Sterny winked gaily at the violinist, "I have been promised more than the meeting of an old friend —a quite new acquaintance!"

Gesa looked around. "Oh, the little goose, she has hidden from you." He hurried in the adjoining little room. One heard his tender persuasion. "*Voyons fillette* do not be a child!"

On Gesa's arm, shy and timid, pale with excitement, with dark feverish red lips, she came up to the virtuoso and laid her ice cold little fingers in his offered hand.

As if bewitched, he stared at the young girl, then collecting himself, he kissed the soft child hand gently and chivalrously and said: "You must pardon me this, *Mademoiselle*; I am a very old friend of your betrothed, and was formerly a very modest but most sincere admirer of your mother." Then turning to Delileo he said: "The similarity is quite mysterious, it is a resurrection!"

No one could be more lovable than De Sterny was in the Rue Ravestein, and besides his lovability did not cost him the slightest exertion. Like other great men, he was pleased to make little excursions into spheres in which it would have been frightful to him to be forced to live.

With old Delileo he took a turn of modest reverence, to Gesa as always a tone of half comradelike, half fatherly teasing. He drank two cups of tea, boasted of his hunger and praised the delicious tea cakes.

Delileo brought out old reminiscences which dated as far back as his coat, and were just as suited to the prevailing taste of the period.

Silent and pale the daughter of the Gualtieri sat opposite the guest, and did not once raise her eyes to him. Still no smallest detail of his appearance escaped her. As he intended to return to society from the Rue Ravestein the same evening, he wore evening dress which always became him. His white cravat, his *gilet en coeur*, his correctly arranged hair, were for her a revelation.

He repeatedly addressed the conversation to her, but she answered him monosyllabically.

"Is Mademoiselle not musical?" He turned from these difficult attempts at conversation to old Delileo.

"Yes, she sings a little."

"Has the voice perhaps a similarity to—to—"De Sterny hesitated."

"Will you sing something for us, *bijou*, say!" whispered Gesa to the little one—"we will not compel you, but if—" "You would give me great pleasure!" De Sterny assured her. Without answering, with melancholy gesture, as if walking in her sleep, the girl rose, stepped to the spinet, and laid a music book on the rack, the pretty old romance of Martini: "*Plaisir d'amour.*" The virtuoso immediately offered to accompany her. She nodded shyly. Through the poor green room vibrated softly and sadly the most immortal of all love songs—that the united forces of all European conservatorists cannot kill.

"*Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'n instant.*
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie—"

She held her hands as by direction lightly laid in each other—but her head, against all rule, inclined toward her right shoulder, as if it had suddenly became too heavy for her. Her voice rang out hollow and oppressed from her breast. It trembled like suppressed sobs.

"She is afraid of you," said Gesa who had come up near the girl. "I do not know what else it is unless she lacks courage. *Pauvre petit chat*"—and he stroked her hair gently.

The virtuoso frowned as if it pained him to see these innocent caresses. "It is the same voice—absolutely the same voice," he turned to Delileo—"a wonderful similarity. Now my young lady you will not grudge me a trifle, will you? I beg of you."

Gesa drew a written page from a pile of music and laid it on the rack. "Only sing this Annette," he urged her, and at the same time took his violin which lay on the spinet. "The song is for the voice and the violin—an 'A' De Sterny please."

De Sterny struck the desired tone.

It was the "*Nessun Maggior dolore*" from his music to Dantes Inferno, which Gesa laid on the rack, and a quite peculiar composition, in which the human voice swelled from soft love reverie to a harsh despairing cry of pain, while from the violins sounded a melody of caressing sweetness, like the tormenting recollection of long vanished hours of bliss. Gesa's cheeks burned when he had finished the performance of this his favorite composition. De Sterny let his hands slide from the keys. He gazed sharply at the violinist. "That is by you?" he asked.

Gesa nodded.

"Well then let me embrace you on the spot, it is simply sublime," said the virtuoso.

It was about eleven o'clock when De Sterny recollected that duty called him. The violinist had been obliged to play still more of his compositions for him, all had intensely interested the virtuoso. Gesa accompanied his friend from the Rue Ravestein to civilized reigions. De Sterny was abstracted and silent. "Well, what do you say!" the young

man asked him.

"You will have a very great future!"

"What with?—with my marriage?" laughed Gesa.

"Ah your marriage!" The virtuoso started—"yes your marriage—Well, she is the most charming creature I —have ever seen since her mother—what a voice—she might become a Malibran."

"And?"

They now stood in the Place Royale. "*Dieu merci* there comes a carriage, I was already in despair of finding one, said De Sterny—"*Adieu!* bring me your whole 'Inferno' tomorrow, please.—Farewell!"

Thereupon De Sterny sprang in the cab, which had stopped at a sign from him, and rolled away.

In the Rue Ravestein that evening, they still had much to relate. Old Delileo whose cheeks glowed as if he had drunk champagne, was very talkative. Gesa told his betrothed, word for word, De Sterny's flattering opinion in reference to her little self. But Annette showed herself irritated and nervous, like a child too soon awakened from sleep. She complained that she had sung badly; she, who formerly had so pleasantly encouraged the talkativeness of her old father, did not listen to him at all, even made impatient little grimaces, and said his way of walking up and down made her beside herself. When the old man hereupon looked vexed and sat down, she was sorry, she begged his pardon, she burst into tears.

Gesa raised her on his knee, calmed her with caressing teasing, and dried her tears. "She lives too much alone; the slightest thing excites her father!" said he, stroking her cheeks. "We must seek a little distraction for her."

The old man looked gloomily before him.

About three o'clock, the virtuoso climbed the stairs of his hotel. They had paid him just as much homage as usual. Still he felt out of temper.

"Now every street boy knows my name," he murmured to himself, "and the people in the street show each other the famous De Sterny, if I pass by. But what will remain of me when I die? nothing but a few insignificant piano

compositions—over which they will laugh after my death."

Through his soul vibrated the songs of the violinist. He shivered. He thought of the beautiful girl and passed his hand over his forehead. "Hm! The danger of a too quiet family life does not threaten him from that side," thought he. "She still sleeps, but she has inherited all the passion of her mother—all the nervousness of her father. How beautiful she is!—How beautiful!"

XIV

It was about this time that De Sterny began to be uneasy, and ambitious. His playing changed. He gave himself up to an affected execution and touch which charmed the mass of public, which critics praised as a great development of his talent, and which was disgusting to himself.

A crust of ice covered the gutters in the Rue Ravestein, long icicles hung from the arms of the crucifix, and on the windows of the little green room, the frost painted its cold flowers; but Annette's hands were always hot now, and her lips glowed. Her walk was dragging, her movements had a dreamy gliding. Her eyes looked into the distance. Instead of teasing self, will or confidential childishness, she met her betrothed with the most indifferent compliance—sometimes with repellant irritation. Then again came hours in which she once more clung passionately to him, begged him with tears not to be angry with her, and could not love him enough or be good to him enough. He did not grumble much over her strange inconsistent manner, and pardoned her simply, as one would a sick child.

One evening, while he and his foster father had engaged in an endless conversation upon music and literature, Annette reserved and monosyllabic, had leaned back in a corner of the stiff horse-hair sofa, but suddenly raised her head listening.

There was a knock at the door; neither Gesa nor Delileo perceived it, "Come in!" called Annette, breathlessly.

The door opened. "Am I disturbing you?" cried a a pleasant voice, and Alphonse De Sterny entered.

Some days later, Gesa returning from his lessons to the

Rue Ravestein remarked: "Strange, Annette, there is a smell of amber —was De Sterny here."

"He brought us tickets for his next concert," replied she, without looking at her betrothed.

* * *

"Dear friend, there is something to discuss with you. Come to me tomorrow if possible—

Sterny."

This note Gesa found one evening in his room. When he dutifully repaired the next morning to the "Hotel des Flandres," De Sterny received him with the question. "Would you like to earn a great deal of money?"

"How can you doubt it? You know how urgently I need it.—Is there perhaps a chance of selling my 'Inferno?" said Gesa. "Not yet, but something else offers for you. X— received a telegram yesterday. Winansky has broken his arm. Marinsky in consequence needs a violinist of the first rank, and offers 10,000 francs a month and expenses. Would that suit you?"

Gesa lowered his head. "How long must I remain away?" murmured he.

"Six—eight months. You must decide by tomorrow. Are you perhaps afraid of sea sickness?" laughed De Sterny.

"Not that—not—well, I will ask the little one. Six to eight months—it is long—and so far—She will not have the courage. Meanwhile I thank you very heartily."

The servant announced the visit of an illustrious amateur and Gesa withdrew.

To his great surprise, Annette actually rejoiced when he told her of Marinsky's offer. "I did not know that you are already such a great man—for the world!" said she triumphantly.

"Shall I accept?" asked Gesa with trembling voice, tears in his eyes. She looked at him astonished. "You wished to refuse?" murmured she. "Gesa, only think, if you come back from America a rich man!"

Once more he sighed deeply, then he bent over her, kissed her on the forehead and said simply: "You are right, little one—I was a coward!"

He accepted Marinsky's offer.

Several days later, was served in the Rue Ravestein, for the circumstances prevailing there a very neat little dinner, at which Gesa let all his favorite dishes stand untouched, and old Delileo tried to talk very fluently of the most indifferent things, stirred pepper in his marmalade, and finally, with trembling hand, raised his glass to offer a toast to Gesa's speedy happy return.

Annette, who up to this time had looked forward with the gayest frame of mind to Gesa's departure, now, from moment to moment, fell into the most painful excitement. She ate nothing, did not speak a word, looked miserable A fearful anxiety shone from her eyes. When Gesa drew her to him, and lovingly stroked her pale cheeks, she sobbed immoderately, clung convulsively to him, begged him again and again: "Do not leave me alone! Do not leave me alone!"

To these imprudent words, he answered nothing at all, only regretted them very lovingly, called her a thousand sweet names and turning to Delileo said: "Try to distract her a little, father! Take her to the theatre sometimes, and as soon as the lovely season of the year comes, in the country—and read a little with her—not some of those confusing old books which please us, but something simple, entertaining, as is suited to such an ignorant little girl."

"Is there any one better than he in the world, papa?" sobbed Annette.

The maid entered and announced that the carriage waited at the Place Royale, and the commissioner had come to get Monsieur Gesa's luggage. Hereupon she seized his travelling baggage and violin, Gesa looked at his watch—"It is time" said he calmly—"be prudent Annette!"

But she sobbed incessantly: "Do not leave me alone!"

He had to free himself by force from her dear soft arms. Silently he pressed the old man's hand, and hurried out. On the street he heard the noise of an opening window behind him, and Annette's voice: "come back!"—He stood still—looked back—called "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"—then he quickened his steps and hastened to the Place Royale.

Before the train rushed away, a slender blond man in a beaver fur overcoat rushed on the platform of the station.

"De Sterny!" said Gesa, deeply moved.

"Well—well—you certainly expected me I hope, I was hurried away by X in order to still catch you. You understand that I could not let you travel away without wishing '*bonne chance*' a last time."

The porter opened the doors of the coupè. Gesa got in. "*Bonne chance*! It cannot fail you," called De Sterny. Gesa bent out of the window to him. "A thousand thanks for all your kindness," called he, "and if it will not bore you too much, look in tomorrow and see how she is—"

"I will take her your last greeting," said De Sterny. The virtuoso nodded, still smiling while the train rolled away. Thus, smiling, sympathizing, Gesa lost sight of his friend – thus he remembered him.

XV

Thanks to the yellow fever which had suddenly broken out in all the southern states as well as in Brazil, Marinsky's troupe left the distant west sooner than had been planned.

With his earnings, a trifle diminished by this circumstance, a bundle of bombastic criticisms, and a couple of very pretty ornaments from Tiffany for Annette, Gesa went on board the "Arcadia" in which Marinsky's troupe sailed again for old Europe.

How he rejoiced over the little one! She had looked so badly when he left Brussels, had been so inconsolable at his absence. He planned to surprise her by his sudden return. What great eyes she would make! Sometimes in the night he started from his sleep, rejoicing words and her name on his lips.

The whole troupe knew why he hurried home so fast. He was never weary of telling of Annette, of Annette and De Sterny. He was very much loved by all his traveling companions, and all were greatly interested in Annette, but of De Sterny they wished to hear nothing, and an old bass who had quite particularly taken the violinist into his heart,

said warningly: "Take care, *il te fera des farces; c'est un vilain Monsieur*!"

Gesa took words very ill, started up and gave him his quietus pretty effectually. The bass smiled to himself.

Among the feminine members of the troupe, was a certain Guiseppina D—a pale sylph with rich red hair, that, when she unloosened it, reached to her heels. Her strange black eyes, her short nose, her large mouth, lent her a likeness to a death's head. Still she did not lack a certain attraction. Her smile, in particular was charming, and she smiled incessantly as one whom nothing more pleases. Gesa told her most frequently of his betrothed. She listened to him with great friendliness; sometimes she wept. She was the soprano of the troupe, and lived in bitter hostility with the alto, who, married to the tenor, was immoderately jealous, and very proud of her virtue.

In Paris where the company disbanded, Giuseppina at parting, laid both her arms around Gesa's neck and kissed him. The virtuous alto had also done this; Giuseppina whispered: "The kiss is for you with my wish for your happiness, and this—she handed a little gold cross—this is for your betrothed, with my mother's blessing, which still clings to it. It comes from my first communion, and is the only thing of my belongings that I think worthy of your betrothed!"—Several artists promised him to come to his wedding.

At last he had taken leave of all and left Paris. It was in the latter part of June and Corpus Christi day. At all the stations which the train passed one saw white-clad girls—time and again, one saw a procession pass by in the distance, and softly, like a chorus of spirits, the catholic hymns vibrated over to the travellers.

Late in the afternoon he arrived in Brussels, sprang in a carriage and directed it to the corner of the *Rue Montagne de la Coeur*. The carriage plodded on to its destination with all the phlegmatic vexation of a Brussels hack.

The damp, oppressive sultriness of a northern summer brooded over Brussels. The air had something oppressive, something stifling, like that of a conservatory or an over heated room. On the earth all was motionless,—only in

the highest tops of the lindens in the Boulevard was a gentle rustling. From the ground steamed the dampness of yesterday's pouring rain, in the heavens the clouds towered up for a new storm. And along the horizon was a dull muttering. The atmosphere, heavy and sad, was filled with the perfume of incense, burning wax candles, and fading flowers—the perfume of Corpus Christi day. Against the walls of many houses still leaned the altars which had been erected in honor of the day, surrounded by withered foliage and dead flowers. Luxuriant roses, delicate heliotrope, and modest mignonette lay trodden and soiled on the pavement.

When Gesa got out at the Place Royale, a woman in a shapeless but gay be-ribboned hat and red shawl, bent hastily for the withered flowers. She was one of those who hide themselves when the Corpus Christi procession passes by. She lived in the Rue Ravestein, and Gesa recognized her. Ever compassionate, he felt in his pocket and handed her a twenty franc piece. She looked up, stared at him fixedly, thanked him and suddenly turned her painted face away from him.

He entered the Rue Ravestein. Horrid vapors rose from the gutters—a cloud of flies darkened the air—the crucifix looked sadder than ever. Every one greeted him in passing, the thin hyena-like dogs wagged their tails, some stuck their damp noses in his hand. "No one is home," called the vegetable woman who had her shop in the ground floor under Delileo's residence, to him.—"No one, neither the gentleman nor the young lady!"—"Have they perhaps gone on a trip?" asked Gesa, disappointed. "No I think not. At least the young lady must soon come back, for, if I am not mistaken, she has gone to church, and at this time they close the churches. Perhaps Monsieur can still find her in St. Gudule."

Already, Gesa had hurried down the street to the cathedral. Behind him little groups formed—the inhabitants of the Rue Ravestein laughed.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

From the German of Ossip Schubin.

Translated by ELISE LATHROP.

BRUNO OSCAR KLEIN'S "KENILWORTH".

On the 17th of Feb. the opera Kenilwort, by Bruno Oscar Klein, had its successful premiére in Hamburg, where Mad. Klafsky had chosen this opera for her "benefice." B. O. Klein had already gained for himself an enviable reputation through his numerous fine compositions, especially through those for piano. Among his labors is a suite for piano and 'cello and a concerto for piano and orchestra, which latter is dedicated to Mr. E. Liebling.

"Kenilworth" opens with an interesting and well-made Prelude in which the main features are three of the leading motives of the entire opera. The first is this, representing Amy, the opera having this form of the motive at the conclusion of her Romanza later on.

VORSPIEL.

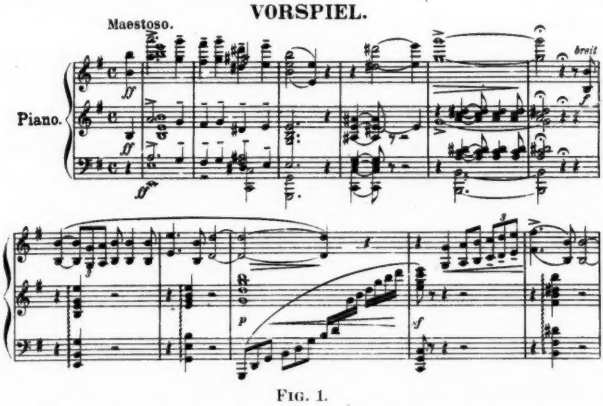


FIG. 1.

The second principal motive belongs to the character of Amy, being from her harp song which she sings behind the scenes. (See Fig. 2 Page 37.)

The third is of a quiet and pastoral character. It also appertains to the character of Amy. (See Fig. 3 Page 37.).

After the Vorspiel, the scene represents an inn near Cumnor. A fresh chorus, of which the principal theme,

(See Fig. 4 Page 38) is sung by the assembled guests, after which comes a solo
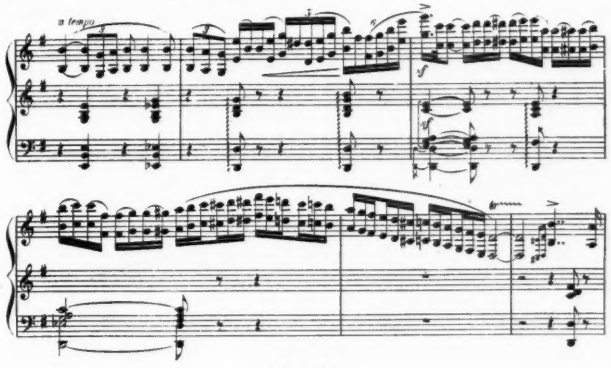


FIG. 2.

by Goldzwirn. Tressilian, a Scotch nobleman, is trying to find Amy (the daughter of Robert, also a Scotch
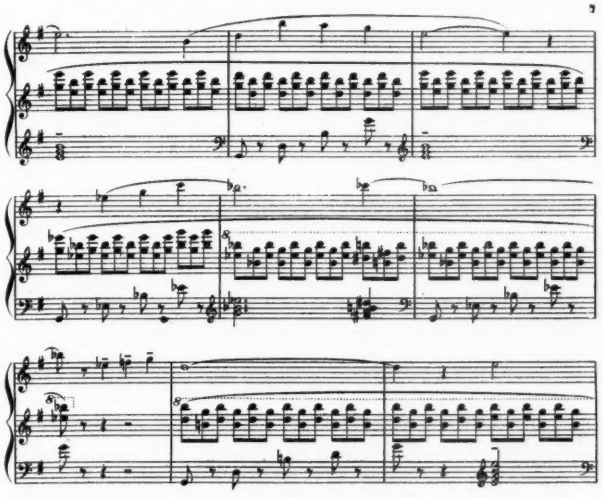


FIG. 3.

nobleman) who has been abducted by Leicester, the favorite of queen Elizabeth, and after a secret marriage brought to Cumnor place; is sitting aside at a table brooding. After the chorus has been repeated, Tressilian sings his monologue which is introduced by the following motive which reappear

whenever Tressilian enters. (See Fig. 5 Page 39).

The monologue arouses the curiosity of the guests and they inquire of the inn keeper, Gosling, concerning the
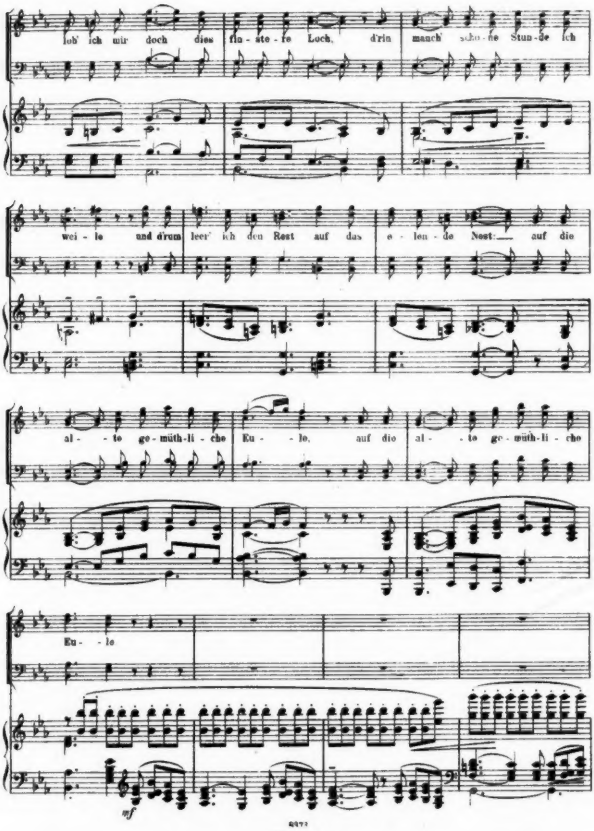


FIG. 4.

stranger. Gosling answers thus: (See Fig. 6 Page 39).

Suddenly a loud and impatient rap is heard, the door is thrown open and Lambourne, a soldier (Lands knecht) enters. Lambourne is the nephew of Gosling, but is not recognized by him. Gosling upbraids Lambourne, who answers with a song, which through its verse rhythm is well invented to indicate the soldier. The motive is always connected with

Lambourne's subsequent appearance. Lambourne then makes known his identity and is welcomed by every one. Then mention is made of the beautiful lady of Cumnor, and
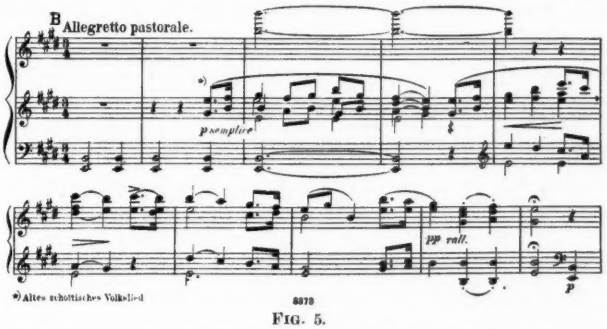


FIG. 5.

that Forster, the castellan, does not admit anybody into the castle. Lambourne laugh at this and expresses his desire to see the lady. With Forster is always, to characterize his bigotry, connected this choral motive: (Fig. 7 Page 40).
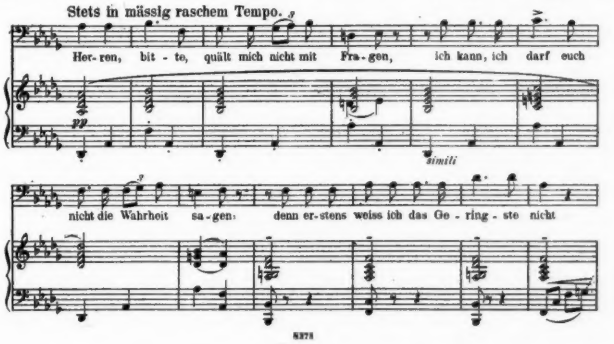


FIG. 6.

Goldzwirn, who is afraid that the soldier might supercede him in the favor of Janet, the maid of Amy, offers a bet to Lambourne, thinking that Lamborune will be too poor to accept the bet and so will be kept away from Cumnor. Tressilian's interest is aroused; he introduces himself as a wandering poet and takes up the wager for Lambourne. The same motive appears; this time in F minor, then another motive (T. as poet) which two are often used in connection.

A quartet between Goldzirn Tressilian, Lambourne and

Gosling follows in which the guests join. The bells then sound and the guests pre-pare to go home singing a chorus to which the bells form a kind of "basso ostinato." This is the principal melody of the chorus. (See Fig. 8 Page 41).
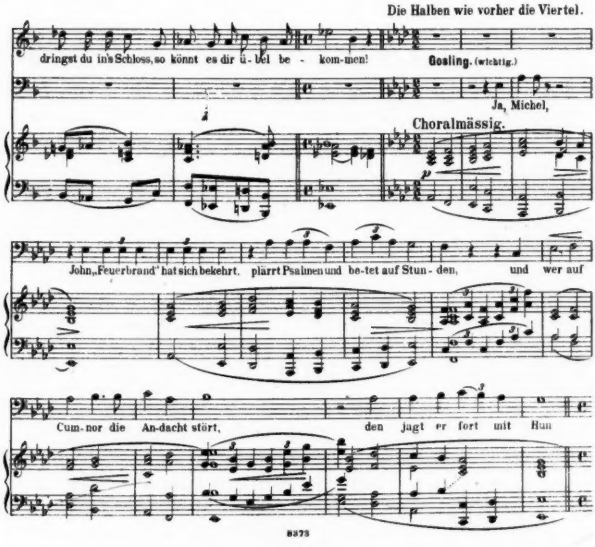


FIG. 7.

The scene then changes to a hall in Cumnor place, the music brings many interesting motives.

Janet is busy with needlework when Goldzwirn enters to assure himself of her affection, but he is frightened away. Amy is heard playing the harp behind the scenes to which she adds the plaintive air of Figure 2 telling the sorrow that came to her because of her love of Leicester; another motive expressing her longing for him is joined thereto.

Foster, Tressilian and Lambourne then enter, several pleasing motives are introduced and a ltttle later one in (E minor). Tressilian is then left alone in the room and Amy enters. An effective motive accompanies her entrance. She only recognizes Tressilian, whom she takes for Leicester, after he removes his mantle from his face. Tressilian then sings and exhorts her to return home to her dying father; Amy

refuses unless Leicester permits it. Tressilian then tries to force her to fly, her cries bring Varney (Leicester's man) to the scene. They fight, Varney falls and Tressilian is about to kill him, when Lambourne and Forster appear and overpower Tressilian. Varney who loves Amy himself tries to awaken her jealousy by telling her of the favor with which the queen looked upon Leicester, and also informs her it is rumored that she favors him. Amy in her indignation shows Varney the door, but is deeply wounded and concludes to fly to Leicester. End of first act.
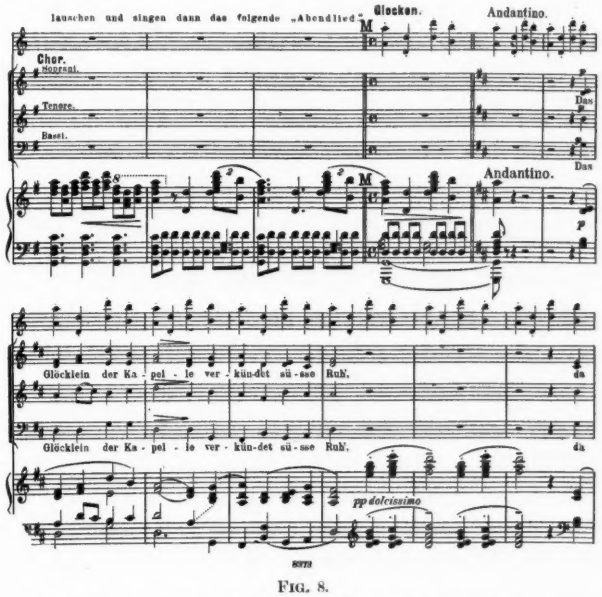


FIG. 8.

At the beginning of the second act the stage represents Kenilworth, where courtiers and soldiers are busy preparing for the arrival of the queen. (Janet's song intermitted.) Amy enters and asks of Janet whether she gave her letter to Leicester; she has not. Some one then approaches. Janet drops the letter without noticing it, and they hide in a grotto. A motive in G minor is played, Varney comes on the stage and finds the letter in which Amy expresses her longing. Varney resolves to use the letter for

his own purpose as Leicester's name is not mentioned. Varney exit and Amy and Janet come from their hiding place. Leicester's signal is sounded afar, and soon he enters. Amy hastens to embrace him. Moved by her love Leicester promises to recognize her as his wife

A motive appears based upon an old scottish song and indicating the former peaceful and tranquil life of Amy. Then Leicester's praise of Amy's spotless purity.

After Amy is gone, Varney (motive 10 harmonized differently, A flat maj.) meets Leicester and tells him that the queen being informed of Amy's abduction, had demanded of him an account of Amy, and that in order to protect his master, he had taken the deed upon himself. Varney then sings the "Sturmlied" after which Amy and Janet again seek shelter in the grotto to escape from the crowd. Queen Elizabeth then enters, which gives an opportunity for a fine march. The queen then espies Varney, motive 10, and demands to know more about Amy's fate. Varney answers that he is married to Amy. Amy, hearing this, starts from her hiding place, calls him a liar and asks of Leicester that he explain. But Leicester is too cowardly and keeps still. Amy is then put under the care of Piel (the body physician of the queen) because she is thought to be insane. Very characteristic motives are used during this scene. The curtain then slowly falls. End of second act.

(The third act plays first again at Kenilworth.)

A charming "Barcarole-Serenade" is intermitted here which could be effectually be used as a separate chorus for mixed voices. Leicester and the queen enter meanwhile and listen to the music. Leicester then emboldened by the favors bestowed upon him by the queen, declares his love for her, and she, after a struggle, angrily refuses—Here is the only place where the composer has given any license to the "coloratur." Varney, thinking that now the time has come to get possession of Amy, tells Leicester that she has fled to Tressilian and shows the letter. Leicester believes him, invests him with the power to punish Amy, and gives him a ring which he received from the queen, as token. Varney through the queen gets Amy in his possession and brings

her back to Cumnor. When Varney is gone, Tressilian enters (Figure 9) and demands of Leicester that he restore Amy's honor. Leicester enraged by jealousy, abuses him; they fight but are interrupted by Janet.



FIG. 9.

Elizabeth in her anger wishes to destroy him, but is moved by the advice of Shrewsbury to let Leicester and Tressilian depart to save Amy from the hands of Varney. The scene then changes to Cumnor, the orchestra brings in some pleasing motives.

In the last scene a most effective use is made of all the leading motives, bringing the opera to a high climax.

Especial mention should be made of Amy's Prayer. It is very beautiful.

A. BRUNE.

OTTO FLOERSHEIM ON "KENILWORTH".

AMERICANS may well be proud of the production at Hamberg of Bruno Oscar Klein's music drama, Kenilworth. In a measure it is of greater and certainly more far-reaching importance than the concert just mentioned. It means that Polini, acknowledged the cleverest of all European opera house intendants, and a man whose sound, artistic and musical judgment is world-famous, has found sufficient merit in an American opera not only to pro-

duce it at his own opera house, but, so to speak, to identify himself with it. In a personal interview which I had with Polini day before yesterday at Hamburg, having gone thither to hear the third performance of Kenilworth, the great impresario spoke with the highest enthusiasm of Bruno Oscar Klein's opera, which, as Polini told me, will be repeated five times during March, and which in April for the meeting at Hamburg of the German opera house intendants Polini has chosen as the festival opera. No doubt that Kenilworth will then find its way into many other of the German opera houses, and perhaps, when its praises have been sufficiently sung throughout Europe, it may some day hope to make its appearance also upon the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, which has so far been closed to the efforts and ambitions of American composers.

About the success of the premiere of Kenilworth you have been informed through a short notice in a previous budget. I could not be present at Hamburg, but the papers I read with avidity and was delighted at seeing the work appreciated in most generous style by the Hamburg critics, one and all, and without a single exception. The second performance was accompanied with no less happy results than the premiere, and then came to me a copy of the piano score, after the perusal of which I made up my mind that I had to see and hear Kenilworth for myself, and thus it came to pass that, having nothing particular to lose here at Berlin, I went down to Hamburg on Monday and witnessed the third representation of the work.

Permit me to say right here at the outset that my anticipations, great as they had been, have been far surpassed, both as regards the performance and especially also the work itself, which held me spellbound from the first to the last. The Steigerung is so great and the interest created in the listeners so intense that in the final and most touching scene—*Amy Robsart's* self destruction by poison --I was so affected that the tears streamed down from my eyes; and I can assure you that the effect was not brought on merely by the clever acting and superb singing of Mrs Klafsky, the

representative of *Amy Robsart*, nor yet by the graphic beauty of the situation, but in the main by the innate tenderness and sympathetic character of Bruno Oscar Klein's music, which at this moment reaches a noble climax that is simply and absolutely irresistible.

But let me not put the cart before the horse, and allow me once more to begin at the beginning. While the piano score of Kenilworth shows only three acts, the production on the Hamburg stage had four, the first act having been divided into two. The composer tells me that a second and new edition of Kenilworth will contain one Vorspiel (preliminary act) and three acts. In the following short review, however, I shall have to adhere to the first edition as it is now before me.

Regarding the text, which was written for Mr. Klein by Wilhelm Mueller, of New York, I have this to say: That it is thoroughly poetic in language and perfectly business-like in stage arrangement, following in the main pretty closely and faithfully the incidents related in Walter Scott's masterly novel.

The orchestral prelude introduces to us musically the principal characters of the drama, *Amy*, *Varney*, *Leicester*, *Tressilian*. It opens with *Amy's* sad strains (the climax of her romanza, page 69) O Maegedlein, lass Dein Sehen (Ad I.), and ends with the sotto voce passage of her death scene. (Ad II.)

The melody of the romanza is given out by all the strings (except the basses) in unison, accompanied by the harp, woodwind and horns. *Varney's* motive is brought forward by the first horn, the harmony lying in the bassoons, while restless triplets in the 'celli give the episode a diabolical tinge. The noble character of *Tressilian* is portrayed in one of the most beautiful themes in the entire work. (Ad III.)

The first half of the first act taking place in the tavern of Cumnor, the character of the music is of course light, with many changes of time. So we find in *Goldthread's* drinking song 6-8, 9-8 and 12-8 rhythm. Still there is even in this scene a very dramatic intermezzo, the mono-

logue of *Tressilian* (pages 16 to 21), in the *piu animato* portion of which is made an unusually effective use of the three trumpets and four horns. Great applause followed the singing of the Landsknechtlied (Doerwald as *Lambourne*), with refrain by the chorus, and just before the fall of the curtain upon the *Verwandlung*, the evening song for chorus of peasants with an *ostinato* of bells made a great hit.

Some of the greatest effects in the music drama occur in the first act: *Tressilian's* monologue, the quartet, *Amy's* romanza and the finale (pages 94 to 99) in which *Amy* resolves to escape from Cumnor and to follow *Leicester* to Kenilworth. Unbounded passion runs riot through these pages.

Among the remarkable episodes in the second act is, first of all, the great duet between *Amy* and *Leicester* (pages 109 to 126). I call especial attention to *Leicester's* sweet strain, Rein wie Deines Hochlands Seen (page 114), melody in 'celli and bassoons, accompanied by flutes and clarinets. Klein uses these bars later on in very clever and musicianly style as the foundation for his orchestral prelude to the third act. Another remarkable place I find on page 122, last line, one of the great climaxes with an uncommon cadence which so frequently occurs in Kenilworth. Tremendous applause is certain to follow *Amy's* ending of the duet on high C, just as it did last Monday night in open scene. *Varney's* Song of the Storm, with its Dorian tonality and its Mephistophelian character is very original. Baptiste Hofmann, the baritone, who sings and acts *Varney* in most remarkable style, said: "I shall travel on this song."

"The march in B flat at the cortége of Queen Elizabeth is sure to find its way into many concert rooms," says the Leipsic *Tageblatt*, and I agree with that judgment most perfectly. Very remarkable is the quaint way in which Klein harmonizes and orchestrates two old Scotch tunes which he utilizes for the trio of this march.

The quintet with which this act closes (pages 159 to 171) is one of the finest efforts in the whole work. The climax on page 167 is simply superb, and reminds me, without, however, being in the slightest degree reminiscent, of the

building up in the quintet from Die Meistersinger.

Of especial merit is, as I have already mentioned above, the prelude to the third act, which after charming solo episodes for the oboe, the 'cello and the clarinet on page 174, breaks forth into a big melody for the entire orchestra, which is both sweeping and beautiful. Klein seems to be particularly prone to musical cadenzas, proofs of which occur throughout the entire opera; so on page 7, three last bars, end of monologue, page 21 (fourth line first bar), page 99 (the entire page alternating between B major and G major), page 118, fourth line, and page 122, last line.

Of great effect also is *Leicester's* wooing of *Queen Bess.* Page 186, a duo with the clarinet; here again we meet one of those remarkable endings (page 188, end of second line) and *Leicester's* retrospect, "Wie war sie schön (on page 199 with that extraordinary closing as seen on page 203, first line, last bar). To the musician these things are really delightful and delicious, and I think it would repay anybody to get the piano score if for no other purpose than to enjoy these cadences.

It would remain now for me to speak of *Amy's* last great scene her dramatic episode and encounter with *Varney* (218-221) and most especially her dying scene and prayer, but of this finale scene I have made mention at the outset, and nothing stronger than I said then could I now repeat. It is simply overwhelming, beautiful, touching, inspired and inspiring.

I hope you will see Kenilworth some day at the Metropolitan Opera House, and that you may be able to hear the the two orchestral preludes and the march in concert in New York very soon.

As for his performance of his opera at the Hamburg Stadt Theatre, Bruno Oscar Klein has every reason to be more than pleased and satisfied. All of the many good artists concerned in the reproduction seem te enter into the spirit of their task with infinite love, and the cast as a whole is such that it might prove difficult to duplicate it at any other opera house, the Berlin Royal Opera included.

The principal rôle is of course that of *Amy Robsart*, and

luckily it also fell to the share of the principal artist among Pollini's personnel. Madame Klafsky is certainly a wonderful artist and a noble woman. After having felt her dramatic intensity, her fine delineation of the character allotted to her, not to speak of her noble vocal organ and the art as well as musical culture, displayed in her delivery, I understand that Hans von Bülow once said of her that not since Beethoven's time has there been such a *Fidelio* as Klafsky. What more need or could I say after that?

Next to her I like Baptiste Hoffmann, with his sonorous baritone voice, best in the difficult rôle of *Varney*. Spielmann has not quite the depth of voice for *Trissilian*, but he is admirable in every other respect. Birrenkoven, the tenor, has not quite the figure which we associate in our minds with the *Leicester*, who dared to aspire to *Queen Elizabeth's* hand, and who certainly succeeded in gaining her affections if not her hand. However, Birrenkoven has a beautiful voice, and he sings with heart and feeling as well as quite unusual intelligence. Miss Kornfield as *Janet*, with a good alto voice, and Miss Saak as *Queen Elizabeth*, every inch a queen, but not with the historically correct color of hair, were very good, and all the minor rôles were in equally good and trustworthy hands.

Special praise is due to Kapellmeister Otto Lohse, who conducts the opera to the composer's satisfaction, and that, as you may imagine, is the highest praise that can possibly be bestowed. Chorus and orchestra, especially the latter, which has by no means an easy task, are simply superb. So is the entire mis-en-scène, with entrely new and beautiful costumes, and the fine scenery of the second act, representing Kenilworth Castle, painted by Franz Gruber. Franz Bittong, the Hamburg stage manager, deserves special encomiums, and altogether the performance of Kenilworth shows Pollini's forces to the very best advantage.

The Musical Courier.

THE GERMAN FOLK SONG.

WHAT may be the majestic power which, outliving nations, ages, commands from thousands of devotees an attention betraying the intensest soulfelt emotion? Who is this, the sublime and celestial being who, exercising upon the people of all ages and many lands the same mystic irresistible attraction, speaks in a language not requiring translation as does the song of the poet, but is understood in every zone.

Music is her name, and the power of *tone* it is which accomplishes such wonders and possesses a magic influence. She is the art, through which the feeling and emotional life of the people, particularly those of our own times, have found their most powerful expression. And how mysterious its existence! At one and the same time the most sensuous and supersensuous of all the arts. It is perhaps for this reason, that music appeals so strongly to the folk-soul.

Music is known as the most sensuous, because it much ore directly than any of the sister arts,—poetry, architecture, sculpture and painting—influences the nervous system,—supersensuous not alone because her tone-material is without substance, but because it does not even like the material used in poetry, words (speech), rest upon ideas and observations.

It is impossible in this paper to trace the history of music from its beginning in a childish babble to the unfolding of its present *wonderful* power of expression, to follow her from the lost paths of the great misty past to the sun-bathed heights to which she has finally risen. I have preferred to treat a single episode in the history of music, in its character a single feature, choosing for my subject the Folk Song, and here again it is convenient to fix another limitation. I enter into the Song of a single Nation only.

All nations, from the earliest times, have had their own

peculiar songs—Folk Songs, or people's songs, we call them—beginning, nobody knows where or how, but seemingly coming from the depths of the human heart. These songs express the emotion of the people, as produced by occurences in every-day life, or by certain national events.

Now if I have chosen to speak of the *German* Folksong it is not for the reason that it is more important than that of other Nations, but because it is, and *that* most decidedly so, of all the most universal.

The folksong of the Germans as such, arose in the 13th, 14th, 15th, and particularly the 16th Centuries. If we were to send a glance into the earlier history of this nation, we would discover there rough and unploughed ground, but I doubt not we would carry away the conviction that there already existed all the basic conditions for a healthy development.

Over the cradle of this mighty nation, born to hardship and toil, rustled the heavy leaves of the Germanic forest primeval. Close by, the spring murmured and hinted of fairy tales, and the birds warbled their songs to willing ears. What did they all sing of? The rustling tree-tops waving in the wind, the clear pure water of the brooks gurgling as they quickly skipped over the rocks down and away, or the feathered guests pealing their glad notes of greeting to the dawning day.

Is it a wonder that the Teutons are a song loving people?

It is true at that early age song was not artistic, and the more cultured Roman *shuddered* at its sound.
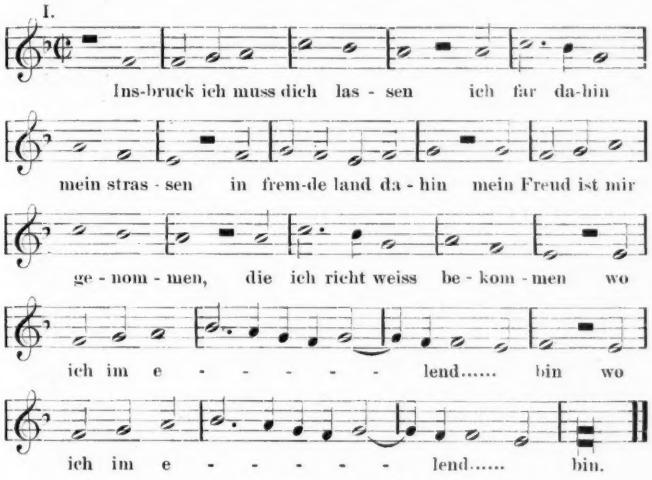
Their battle song accompanied by bugle blasts, a chronicle report, was like a deafening hurricane at sea when the storm lashed waves burst upon the rocky beach.

In the following centuries then it came to pass that Christian teaching was advanced within German boundaries, and with it a special form of musical expression.

We would be carried too far to record the various stages of development in the latter. Let us concern ourselves merely with the fact that while behind the walls of the monasteries—during the centuries between the 7th and 13th, a groping for a permanent art form was in progress, outside

in the country, in the cities, and at the courts sprang into life a less restricted, freer form of music making.

The worldly song severed connection from that of the church and its heralds were a class of people known as *Strolling Players.* These strolling players and wandering musicians, though not accorded any claim to a rightful protection, undertook to *disseminate* this profane music. To them however, these songs do not owe their origin. They arose out of the very Folk Soul of Germany, France, Italy,

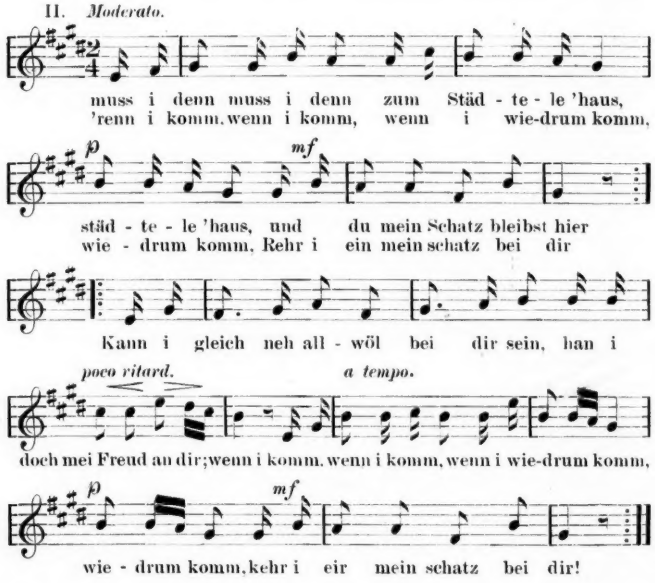


and also England; developing wonderfully later on.

The strolling players, however, proved themselves very useful in spreading these new airs, particularly by carrying the musical elements and motives about from one tribe to the other. They must have been comical originals for it is said they had many funny conceits and that these very conceits were the cause of giving fresh impetus for new attempts. Many stories are told of them, among others that they often acted as go-betweens for lovers, who had no better way for exchanging love tokens and for the consummation of their plans for the future. They were despised; yet the proficiency shown by them in the execution of their singing attracted even Poets of nobility to exercise their skill at composing, and as a result there appeared the

Minne-Song, characterized by a spirit of veneration for women.

Wolfram von Eschenbach, Gottfried von Strassburg, Hartmann von Aue and Walter von der Vogelweide, are the *principal* representatives of German music in that *great* epoch of national poetry and song, at its height in the XIII century. After them came a retrogression and it remained until Art was open to the common Burghers, before some-



thing new and more sustaining was created.

There evolved the Meistersong.

Driven away from the castles, Art fled and found refuge in the cities, with the Burghers and the Guilds. True, it was like our German proverb; "from the rain, under the eaves," for it took some time before the latter became acquainted with their materials. To chivalric poetry they were strangers, while the ballads of the lower classes and the songs of the *sensation* mongers, sounded to the honest old Burgher, too vulgar or too frivolous.

Still Art advanced, the weaving continued; only the

threads were a little coarser. Voice *alone* was cultured, no instrument being used to accompany it. The origin of singing societies is found here.
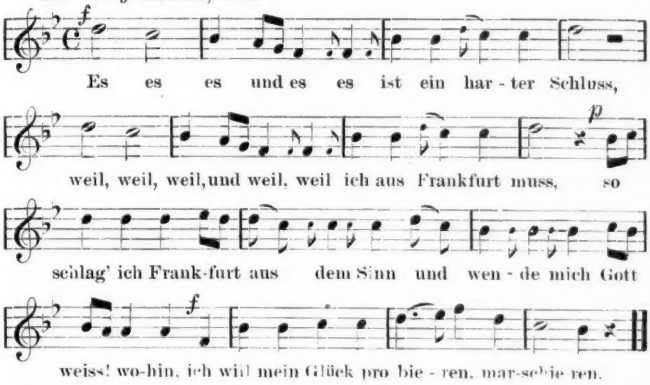
In speaking of the Meister Song we must at least mention in a few words the greatest of its exponents, famous Hans Sachs.

Hans Sachs was a Shoemaker, and a Poet too.

as he himself discloses in one of his famous verses.

He was born in 1494 at Nurnberg, where he attended

III. *Very moderate, terse.*
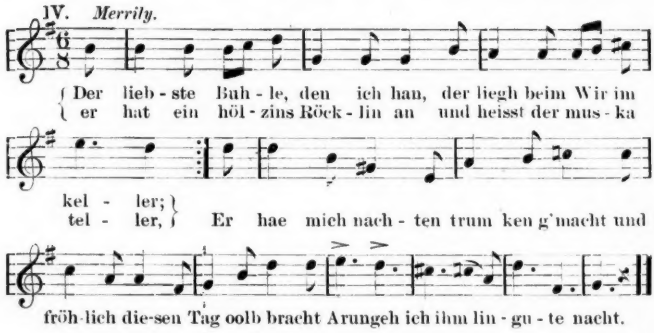


the free school at which, however, he states he was not overburdened with knowledge. At the age of fifteen, Hans learned cobbling, and it was at this time that a friend of the family, a weaver called Nunnebeck, showed himself of great service, and taught young Hans the Meister Song. Those first years of study were followed by years of journeying, and it was after them that Hans Sachs settled down in Nurnberg, where the song-loving cobbler was most heartily welcomed. Hardly has Poet or Singer during his life time been more honored than Nurnberg's humble shoemaker. At the time of his death, which occured in 1576, he left three enormous folios of printed poems; yet not even those included *all* his works, since he wrote 6000 plays, of which some have seven acts. But the reason for Hans Sachs becoming so vastly more renowned than any of his brother Meister-Singers, is found in his rare originality. He stood

above all narrow Guild limitations, and did not permit any restriction to the out pourings of his Soul and his humorous conceits.

As late as this century were heard the songs of the Meister-Singers, and since I have said the Meister-Singers furnished the beginning of the singing societies, I might mention that in 1839, the last 4 of the city Ulm, transferred their Seal and Coat of Arms, to the local Männerchor.

As we have seen, the influence of the Minne-Singers extended to the Meister-Singers, and from there the love for



song went over into more extended circles. But it would be a mistake to think that this point marks the *beginning* of Folk-Song,—it is merely absolving itself from the form of Art Lyric, distorted to frigidity. And there now breaks forth an unaffected, bright, oft harsh and violent but always a truthful and highly poetic tone of Folk-joy and Folk-grief; the old Folk poetry bursts into the light in lyric of remarkable strength out of deeply concealed springs; it pours forth with healthy, pure life-water, so that on the banks of its streams and brooks there blossomed the noble buds of lyrics.

The Folk-Song in the sense that we are considering it, as expressing the experiences and emotions of the individuals with simple faithfulness and truth, it is quite certain existed as early as the Twelfth century.
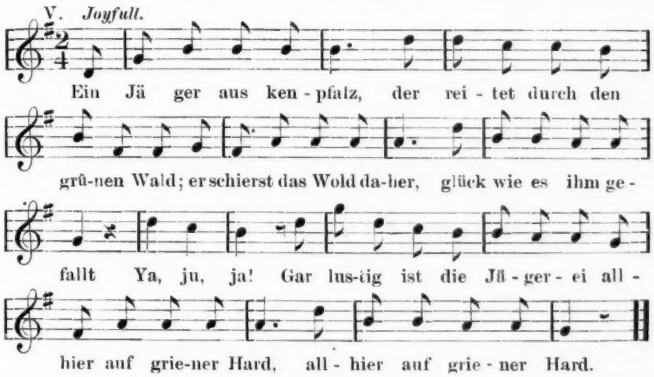
One of the songs for instance of Walter von der Vogelweide is preserved to this day, though unluckily without

the music ; this, while more finished than many others, does not deny its homely origin. It sounds like a precursor of Goethe's classic beauty, though this will perhaps not be felt in the translation I am able to offer. It is famous in German.

"Underneath the linden shadows,
On the woods enameled meadows,
Where with my true love I lay,
You may find among the heather
How we plucked the flowers together,
E'en as lovers do in play.
By the woodland in the vale,
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

With foot hurrying and heart beating,
Swift I hastened to the meeting,
Found my lover waiting there!
My true love was there before me,
And he clasped me, and bent o'er me,
Till I thrilled with joy and fear.
Did my lover kiss, you said;
Nay, why are my lips so red?"

Besides these sounds of the Minne-singers, the purely popular also lived on, in circles not influenced by the
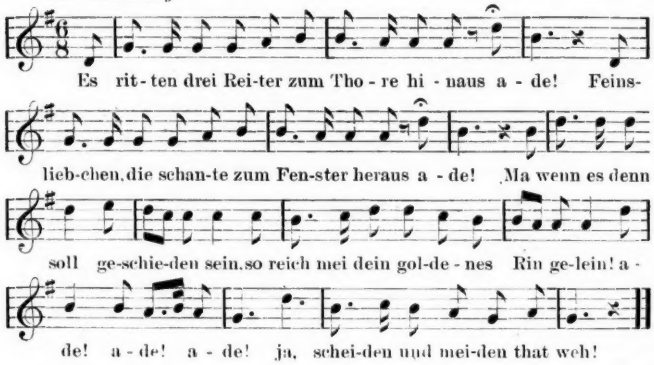


Minne-singers, and in the 14th Century it proved *its* vitality and strength by silencing the Minne song entirely. These melodies of nature threw themselves forward so that by the 15th and 16th centuries they controlled the whole lyric field, and again the strolling players awakened and nourished in a people a love of song and singing, which with all the wealth and enjoyments of the present preserved an interest in the great past, and particularly a reverence for distinguished

men of their nation, measuring the greatness of departed times by the living and by this step through a bright and joyful present carried it back into the time of the old sagas. Everything was verbal tradition.

As I have indicated, the folk-song was preserved during the storms of several ages, and we are now enjoying since the disappearance of the Meister-song a period of magnificent flowering.

The prosperity in the cities flourishing in commerce and trade, gave the Burgher, with pleasure and a happy nature,

VI. *Sustaining.*



the principal source of song to which the German nature is so easily attracted. And now it is interesting to observe the direction of the next development.

In the beginning the song was of summer time, of the birds, the forest, of the flowers, and of the pastures; of the stars and the moon; soon a delving into the realities of life with love and the various heart-emotions as dominant theme; the affectation and the forced quality of the Minne-song were gradually dropped and a turn was made towards nature and a more truthful sincerity. Oftentimes old sagas handed down through many a generation were reconstructed for the use of the times, and in folk style.

The traditional German love for wandering, added to the love for song. The rider hastening over the heath away from home; the hunter, who with bugle sound covers the

country and the forest; the landsknecht, who in jolly recklessness forgets the dangers of his profession and drowns the hardships of *military* life in the jolly company of his comrades; the journeyman leading his irregular life, the student, who is one day settled, the next looking for new quarters, the beggar, singing from door to door:—they *all* have their songs, as varied in theme as the careers of these individuals themselves. The Peasant, guiding his plow, sings of the trials and pleasures of his burdened existence; the Miller accompanies the clatter of his mill with song and rhyme; the Lads and Lasses often reveal in songs of beautiful sincerity, the secrets of their hearts; even the Religion-



ists,—Monk and Nun—are not behind; the wandering handworker marked his coming and going with songs of greeting and parting; the sad sang of his sorrow; the happy gave vent to his feeling in joyous song; the Hunter, the Postillion, the Miner, the Shepherd, the Gardener, the Vintager, they all sang of their experiences, their trials;—everything that moved them echoed in their songs. One could say of this flood of songs, their authors being unknown as of the wind, we feel its breath, yet *know* not from whence it comes, or where it goes.

We stand among a race of Sons of nature, who have nothing to do with books, nothing with Philosophy, who have not heard or read of what they sing, but actually experienced it, and which by an upsoiled, almost intuitive perception, penetrated and laid bare the secrets of nature and men. For this reason the songs of travel and parting are so rich in pensiveness and deep emotion, and the words and melody blend in wonderful harmony; and notwithstanding their crude form and a certain roughness sometimes noticeable, there is contained more real poetry in *these* simple

verses, than in the art-ful Minne-song.

The Folk song contains no invented experiences or artificially encouraged emotions, nor experiences and emotions for which an appreciation had to be created, but only those for an appreciation already present, inasmuch as they existed in advance of the song. (An evil of to-day is that Art is judged by Art, instead of on a basis of its relation to nature.)

These emotions are of such simplicity and truth, and are so universal as to be understood by every-one. Every-one has himself felt them; in other words, these songs express thoughts and emotions already existing. The conditions and impressions actually experienced, with which the heart is always over-flowing, are given expression in the moment of their happening. So too, little attention is paid to the connection between fact and feeling; spontaneously and agitatedly it announces in song and words what it feels, and the hearer is carried by force. It is this which Goethe so much admired and calls it "happy throw" and this happy throw is nothing else than a full pure sturdy truth to nature which speaks to you out of the song. Whose geniality furnished the ideas for these songs? No one, we might say. Where do they come from? From no where or every where. They have no author. Their source is general and their character is universal.

It is here again as with the old epics: No *single* name is honored with regard to them, nor could there be, as the conditions and experiences which they describe are not of an individual, but belong alike to all descendents of a particular race, to all in the same degree in whom flows the same blood; thus establishing a sort of *general* authorship. The poet is therefore, so to speak, only the mouth piece through means of which the great mass of one minded and equally constituted people finds utterance. And it is but *natural* that his identity should be lost.

In the very opposite disassociated parts of Germany are found the same songs, their character perhaps slightly modified by varying local custom and dialects; yet bespeaking a sort of relationship which cannot be overlooked. By far

the *greater* part of the folk songs are songs of love, at the the same time songs of nature and travel, songs of parting, songs of fidelity and desertion, songs of separation, and meeting again after seven years of weary wandering, and songs of goodby forever. They are messages to the sweetheart for the faithful delivery of which the nightingale and the gentle zephyrs are pressed into service.

There can hardly exist anything more impressive than that simple song of greeting and parting to the emotional melody: *O Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen*,(I)or the lovely: *So viel Stern an Himmel stehen*, and like these there are many others, every one of which out balances whole volumes of artificial poetry of immitated or counterfeit emotion.

To make a selection of the most beautiful songs in this vast treasure would be impossible, they are all beautiful. Any thing at all will serve as an example.

The one previously mentioned: (Innsbruck ich muss dich lassen) is a very old one dating from time of the fifteenth century. The melody without question is taken from some sacred song, for a similar melody is found in the collection of choral songs in the monastery at St. Gallen.

The song shows plainly that the people did not hesitate to appropriate when they found anything of church origin, to suit their fancy.

Who in Germany does not know the beautiful song from the valley of the Rems: *Muss i denn*.— (II p 52)

It is of parting, yet the happy fellow who speaks, knows it will not be long until he returns to his sweetheart. How much more earnest is in contrast therewith, the famous: *Morgen muss ich fort von hier* . There is no need to reprint Silchers famous melody which he borrowed from the old "Volksweise."

Here is one of a jolly mechanic who shortens his tramp over the dusty highway, singing: *Es, es, es, und es.*(III.53)

And this makes me think of the drinking songs, inspired by the rarest, coolest draught in the world. This one is thrre centuries old. An old drinker (not toper) loves his wine in a degree amounting to reverence. He loves it as many do their sweethearts. (*Der liebste Buhle.*—) (IV p 54)

From the beginning of the last century there comes to us that rare little song: *Eiu Jaeger aus Kurpfalz.* (V.p 55)

If the previous melody reminds us of the sound of the Waldhorn so in *Es ritten drei Reiter*, we can imagine the trotting of the horses over the stones.

It remains for me to remember, or rather I am forced to select out of the long category still untouched, only the love songs.

It is in these where the strength and depth of emotion are best observable; and we feel as if we know the words when hearing only the melody.

There is "Ach wie iat 's moeglich dann," or "Wenn ich ein Voeglein waer," (VII.p 57) or, "So viel Stern an Himmel steh'n."

What a *treasure* we own in these songs, what a *wealth* of feeling overwhelms us at their sound and with what *sincerity* they appeal to our hearts. *All* that moves the heart in happy days or times of sorrow, all that we can *possibly* feel, all *that* finds expression in the folk-song.
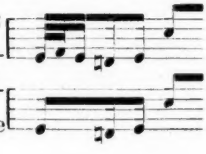
Indianapolis Journal. RICHARD LIEBER.

GRACE NOTES AND ORNAMENTS.

CONSIDERING the incalcuable amount of good Von Bülow has done to the cause of Music by popularizing the standard piano literature through his critically revised editions, it would seem injudicious to question even so small a part of Bülow's work as his rule concerning grace notes and ornaments; it is therefore not in a spirit of contradiction but as a mere amendment that these lines are offered. Alas! there is no "ruling" in art, hence, though the amendment offered here may find believers, many others yet to come may be equally fortunate, and still all this would not detract from the merits of Bülow, that unique phenomenon in musical history, who, like hardly any other, deserves the title of a genius of the reproductive order.

In his Beethoven as well as his Cramer edition Bülow invariably advises grace notes and arpeggiato chords to be played in such a way that the grace notes (or the component parts of a broken chord) shall belong to the same beat in the measure to which they are attached in print; no doubt this rule is an excellent one in many cases, and yet in many others it will not fit at all. Looking the question of ornaments square in the face, we find that whatever minimum of time may be consumed by them must be deducted somewhere else; Bülow was, as far as I know, the first one to state this axiom in plain words. As a matter of pure logic it seems simple enough that he wished the time necessary for the ornament to be deducted from that note to which the ornament is attached; but pure logic will ever be an unsatisfactory guide in all matters where reason needs the assistance of feeling to arrive at a rational analysis. It is of the utmost importance to remember at this juncture that our musico-editorial signs have only very recently become definite as to their meanings that, for instance when we meet in a classical work with such a slur  we

will have to recollect that this slur is an adaptation from the bowing marks of string instruments and for the pianist really means this  Another, equally weighty point to consider is: that composers are as a rule excessively poor editors; there are differences between them, but only of degrees. One can say Mozart and Chopin were the best and Schumann was unquestionably the worst among them, but one can also say that none of them ever took the trouble of writing down more than the way his piece was to *sound*, leaving it to the player to find out how to achieve that end; or, in other words, the composers never told the player more than approximately how to play their works, but rather what the effect will be when they are well played.

It is here that the pedagogue steps in as a mediator, and what a glorious sphere of action there is for him was well demonstrated by the life work of Bülow. Nevertheless, on the comparatively small matter of ornaments I differ quite frequently with Bülow, and the difference arises from my great love for accentuation. In my lifelong experience as a teacher I have found that nothing is so conducive to a musical "understanding" as a heavy accentuation (which during practice time may be exaggerated at pleasure with most beneficial results) and it is this melodico-rhythmic accentuation that Bülow's manner of executing ornaments seems often to interfere with, that is—to my feelings, which I have no reason to regard as abnormal. An ornament of any kind is an auxiliary to melody; it may be very important for characterization, but it is nevertheless an auxiliary, and as such it has no right to interfere with the melodic and rhythmic accent. When the composer intends the ornament to produce a change of melodic accent, he employs no longer an ornament, but a variation, or (as the Germans more aptly call it) *variante*. As an illustration I may point at the opening notes of Chopin's A flat (now, alas called Trilby) Impromptu; to execute this sign thus:  is simply wrong, because the melodic figure of three notes ought not to be interfered with; but the first note will derive

additional weight if introduced by two preceeding grace notes; and when this sign occurs again, the time for the two grace notes will have to be deducted from the preceeding (mostly unaccented, and hence less important) tone. When this or similar ornaments occur within a string of notes of equal length, as in the 20th measure of the B flat major part in Schumann's Aufschwung, I advise my pupils to form a triplet of 16ths out of the two grace notes and the preceding eighth note, in order that the next (accented) beat should be unencumbered. The same applies to Beethoven; taking the 10th measure of the B flat Sonata as an example. My pupils have played it like this:



because the b flat and d of the 3rd and 4th beat are *accented* tones, and harmonically important, hence they must not be meddled with, while the tones which respectively precede them are insignificant in every way, and can stand the shortening of their duration without any detriment; besides, the left hand having no ornaments to play, make it doubly necessary for the accented points to be unencumbered.

Of such cases there is no end, and yet all the many books touching upon that subject, like Christiani, Riemann, etc, seem to overlook the supremacy of the accent and side with Von Bülow in the matter. My conception of the importance, almost sanctity, of the accent is due to my former career as an orchestra conductor, and orchestra players (I speak of artistic musicians) will never begin an ornament of whatsoever kind *on* a beat, except perhaps in antique works (such as Bach, Gluck, Handel, etc.) In these works, from whom we are too far removed to venture an opinion of our own, I gladly accept the meagre traditions which are left us, though by no means in all cases, for even in Bach's works I find many instances where I consider the preservation of the pulsation of more importance than the adherence to a rule which was, after all, not laid down by himself. As a matter of course,

many of these points must be decided by good taste, and it may be remembered that the right to have an opinion in these things cannot be based upon the much quoted fact that "This is a free country." Much as I would like to see my view approved by all, I recommend it merely for consideration. Think it over! and make up your mind! but do not waver to and fro and play it one way once, and different the next time.

Philadelphia, Pa. CONSTANTINE STERNBERG.

THE PAST.

Musing on a melody strange and dreamy
(Like a bird whose word though remote is heard low),
Far I saw a tree in the red haze gleamy
Bare of its leafage.

PHILIP B. GOETZ.

IS PERFECT INTONATION PRACTICABLE?

IN order to proceed with this series, it is absolutely necessary to tighten up one or two screws which the Editor —not being a *piano-tuner*, I suppose!—has, after all, left dangerously loose. Of course there must have been something in my letter to the Editor which gave him the impression that I had found "*at last*"—Italics mine—"that perfect tune is not what the musical soul desires;" but the idea must here be disclaimed. While I do not wish to be known as a "writer on the purity of musical intonation," if that ever means, as it is sure to mean with some readers, a hair-splitter and stickler for impossibilities of perfect tune, because such an impression is detrimental to my work of teaching the real numerical laws of Tune—still, for the same reason, I cannot deny that perfect tune, as perfect as possible, *is* what every musical soul desires (and the more musical the soul the greater the desire), whether this perfection refers to the more consonant chords or to those less consonant called musical dissonances. Yet we cannot, either in much vocal or much instrumental music, realize perfection of tune; and this for various reasons, some well known and others not well known.

It has been said that "no man has ever been so delightfully inconsistent as Ruskin (who indeed that sees two sides to a question can be otherwise?)" Omitting the adverb, however, in my own case, I too must often appear inconsistent in attempting to present the merits and demerits of both "perfect intonation"—so called—and our uncial chromatic scale, which is quite imperfect intonation so far as harmonies are concerned—this imperfection residing almost entirely, however, in the Quincal and Septal elements of tune, and not in the Fifths and Fourths, which represent the Trial element; and yet, strange as it may seem to those who only begin to study intonation, music played in the tones of the uncial scale has a certain kind of *melodic* virtue

—in certain intervals of progression, which, however, are necessary to *complete* a tonal system suitable for a large portion of rapid music– which special melodic virtue would be impossible in any other tonal system, whether tempered, practically perfect, or absolutely perfect; the term *perfect* here referring to individual chords and not to intervals connecting them, which latter cannot be always perfect nor always very nearly so in any tonal system.

Writers on "perfect intonation" seem to have generally failed in being able to accord justice to the uncial scale, which has become so universal in all chromatic instruments in the last two or three generations. The late Henry Ward Poole, whose first published work seems to have been his "Essay on Perfect Intonation," in the American Journal of Science, 1850, could say no good thing of the equal any more than for any other musical temperament, but regarded it as an evil only, even for rapid music. Other writers also, including the late Dr. Helmholtz, seem never—owing largely perhaps to the want of complete instruments for making the comparison—to have recognized this peculiar merit of uncial music, but have variously taught or intimated that such a tempered scale might possibly be dispensed with, and that perfect intonation, or something practically the same, might sometime be substituted. This only shows to me—and I sincerely take no pleasure in knowing it—that the natural laws of our musical intonation have not been encompassed by either acousticians or musical mathematicians; and this because, while their scientific attention has been divided between various matters, I have had nothing under the sun to do for nearly twenty years but—to suffer the loss of all things for this unrecognized and unnamed branch of science, which has thus become a part and parcel of *myself;* and I do not desire even a kingdom of heaven which shuts out, or stigmatizes, or fails to encourage true science, and especially a branch so wholesome and desirable as this one!

On the other hand, those writers who defend our uncial scale against its opposers oppose the idea of perfect intonation *in toto* as something visionary, impracticable, and

even unnecessary, undesirable, and so on; and numerous cultivated musicians of the present time, I believe, incline to think that uncial major Thirds, for example, which are seven nils larger than natural (4:5), are, after all, just what music, all music, needs, including, I must suppose, the *chords* in reed and pipe instruments! But musical ears easily find those sharpened Thirds offensive in harmony. I found them so in the perfectly correct uncial scale of a new reed instrument, in very early life, though I knew nothing of the very existence of musical temperament then. I found these Thirds *too high*, and not as we all sung them; while in the accordeon and little mouth organ, when new (poor-toned little things, however), they were harmonious and satisfactory. I knew of no reason then why Thirds in the twelve-toned scale should not be tuned in the same harmonious manner as in the seven-toned scale; but did not inquire much into it, and such inquiry at that time could not have been rich in results.

Although the ear appreciates true harmony, and while we can easily reach it quite satisfactorily both with voices and, in a limited way, with simple instruments which possess little or no modulation, it has been one of the most difficult problems and one which has long exercised numerous minds, to devise mechanical means for gaining, both satisfactory harmony and satisfactory modulation in an instrument of fixed tones. And it was not indeed as easy a century ago, for instance, to do this as it might be now; yet the prevalence of the uncial scale in our century and the kind of musical education it has engendered seem to detract attention from the idea.

It has never been very paying work for anyone, either in thanks or money. But I wanted to *hear* and allow others to hear how certain music would sound in true harmony and modulation; besides, this would show the value of this kind of knowledge. I did not wish to write much about it till I could make a good instrument—a keyboard for which I had already invented and well developed—and I wished, I longed, I struggled, I prayed, I—don't know what I did, in years that are fled, that the musical public might simply

believe in my *ability* as a tuner sufficiently to let me earn the means sufficient to build one good instrument. But they mostly thought me a visionary, and I made a bare subsistance from the patronage of a small "cycle" who understood my ability a little better. The humiliations—let them not be mentioned, only to say that they wore on me much more than all the continual and wholesome work of both mind and body; and I wonder now how I ever made these elaborate instruments, mechanic though I was never! The last, largest, and far the best one of the four attempts is with me now, though much of the time in these nine years it has been for various reasons stored away or otherwise out of my sight. In moods of despair of being in a condition to go on with my real and proper work of teaching the nature of Tune, I have more than once offered to sell this last and best, and even once gave it to a University; but through some mistake, my foolish offer was not understood, and I got my instrument and my common sense back again —both of which, I hope, will now stay with me till I get through with them. It being in an unusually large-sized cabinet organ case, as was necessary for its upright air-chest, it has thus been somewhat of an *elephant* to a man subject to removals. A permanent home, however, with doors or stairways not too narrow, would have overcome the difficulty.

The history of the genesis of these keyboards, their manufacture, and that of the equally curious "actions" necessary for them —though I used the usual cabinet organ reeds —together with the history of my continual diligence in unraveling as well as systematizing the whole mathematics of intonation, and by many simplifications and facilities hitherto unknown, would fill a volume too large ever to be read or even understood if read. I have no boasting to do. I am saying only what is true, and the statement may be of use to others; and the most that I can hope to do in my remaining fourteen years—or less—and I have much feared that this would be left undone—is to leave my work in such a tangible form as to be taken up and utilized by some one else better qualified in some ways to make it known. Yet in this chapter I must give some account of these keyboards.

In searching for something more wholesome than "Tuner's Guide" books, in 1875 or-6, for my enlightenment as a tuner, the first really interesting find was the early essay of Poole above mentioned, that of 1850. It gave me some truth abont the magnitudes of Thirds and also—and, this was Mr. Poole's special *protegé*—the Harmonic Seventh (4:7), the ratio number *seven* and not the diatonic name *Seventh* suggesting to me the name *Septal.* It was a remarkable work, especially for a young man of twenty-five, no less so than his and Mr. Alley's Euharmonic Organ therein also described. But the essay gave me also some blinding antagonisms against the uncial scale, which wore away, however, as subsequent studies in the subject went on. But I took more interest in the principles of Tune there elucidated than in the curious organ; for I wanted knowledge for its own sake, and was not in a situation to interest myself in church organs. This remarkable instrument had the ordinary keyboard, but it had eleven "modulation pedals" whose office was truly wonderful in producing modulations all in perfect harmony, Septal harmony and all. I am familiar with what this instrument could do and with what it could not do, in modulation; but its harmonies were delightful. I speak as if I could actually hear it, and it was, in 1850, within half a mile where I now write, though I never did hear it, and it was probably destroyed before I even read of it.

Mr. Poole's subsequent invention of a *keyboard* I knew nothing of till years afterward, and after I had invented and made one. Then when my own first manual (Fig. I.) was almost in *sounding* order in a reed instrument, I discovered later articles of Poole which—to my utter astonishment—contained a plan for a keyboard, though he had in the first paper even seen fit to discourage the idea of "multiplying finger keys, which," he wrote, "would augment fearfully the difficulty of correct performance." His plan (or keyboard, and I think he never embodied it in an instrument) was less simple than mine for manufacturing, but I found a certain resemblance between the two, in the manner in which the different series of perfect Fifths ran; but his mod-

ulation by Fifths was towards the back of the manual, while mine was, both in that first manual and all my others, towards the front. There was a series of Fifths not then contained in mine, and the latter had one not in his, a series which formed minor Thirds on the same keynote as the major scales (Fig. I., black slim keys.) But this same series added another very important element of modulation not contained in Mr. Poole's keyboard nor in his Euharmonic Organ; and that was a modulation by a true major Third *downward;* and this would give also the chord of the augmented Sixth, not provided for by Mr. Poole; for this chord being the same in rationale—though this fact is scarcely known as yet to writers—as the Harmonic Seventh tetrad, 4:5:6:7, but in another position, it was impossible on his plans, all of which were made on the principle of absolutely perfect harmony; while, by a very slight compromise, much less than in the uncial Thirds, this augmented Sixth chord was embodied even in this my first and non-cyclical manual.

And now I more than ever wished to find if Mr Poole were living and to make his acquaintance, but was too busy in making my instrument, and did not find his whereabouts till about a year after. Then at last I learned that he was a brother of the late Dr. Wm. F. Poole of Chicago, and through the latter's kindness I learned that he had been for some years living in the city of Mexico. We corresponded for a year or more, but never met. I remember giving him, in my first letter, much credit and thanks for what I had learned from his first paper years before, but—and thought I was complimenting him in this also—expressed the opinion that he must have outgrown one or two ideas which I had found in his essay (and which I had now outgrown); but Mr. Poole still stoutly maintained that the equal semitone scale was only evil, for rapid music as well as slow, and that the diminished Seventh, as a *chord*, had no existence; and in the whole matter of "passing notes" we could not agree, for even as long ago as then I had become convinced that all musical melody, "passing notes" and all, has a simple vibrational rationale as well as the most consonant harmonies. Our correspondence was little else than

fruitless discussion of mutual misunderstandings and errors! although we so largely agreed. Mr. Poole could not favor and did not think necessary any kind of a tone cycle for improved intonation. He would have Perfect Intonation pure and simple, and would not tolerate even the Harmonic Seventh in the still slightly imperfect condition in which it must be in the 53-system (between two and three nils sharp.) In figuring upon all sorts of tone cycles myself, from various motives not directly practical, I had found that of 171 as the smallest which could divide the Octave interval so as to give the other three representative intervals perceptibly perfect; and I mentioned this to him, but my impression is that he did not appreciate such investigations. In fact perhaps I had better never let any of my friends know how much plumbago I have used up—because I do not know mathematically!—in figuring on tone cycles alone, in those

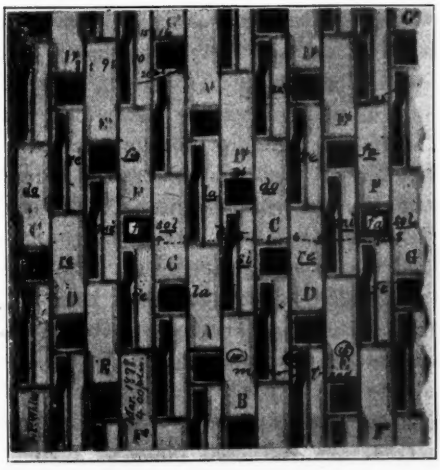


FIGURE 1.
(4 Octave, 1878.)
Manual of First Instrument. Non-Cyclic. Abandoned.

bygone years—though I found the simplest way possible to do so; for if I do, they may wish to know who has ever paid me for it. Yet somehow I do not regret it, and feel just as rich as if I had collected postage stamps instead!

While corresponding with Mr. Ellis, some years later, after having made my third instrument, which, like the second, embodied the whole system of 53, he found from some expression of mine that Mr. Poole was still living, and obtained from me his Mexico address, and had time to exchange a letter or two with him before his second and last English edition of Helmholtz's work was issued. This was in 1885. Over five years later, both passed away with only a week between their deaths; Mr. Ellis, seventy-six, and Mr. Poole, about sixty-five. In certain respects I believe that Poole, although not as scholarly, had a far better conception of Intonation than either Ellis or Helmholtz.

Sometime in 1876, and only a few months after becoming much interested in intonation, I was drawing plans, simple ones at first, for an enharmonic key-board. If in Fig. I. the pairs of slim keys be regarded as single keys, and simply representing true major Thirds upon the large white keys—the keys representing Fifths, Fourths and Octaves being of the same style throughout—and if we straighten out the crooks in all the long keys, it will give an idea of one of my first simple plans. The black square keys were Harmonic Sevenths. Before actually making a key board, however, I had made the great modulational improvement by *dividing* a series, and hence the narrow keys, as in Fig. I. The *crooks* were for gaining more room between the narrow keys for fingering. The narrow black keys were *minor* Thirds for the broad keys. I made the keyboard itself in 1878. The keys were blocks of wood working vertically on two metal guide pins.

All this time I had never obtained one inkling of any other enharmonic keyboard, and both Figs. I. and II. are reproduced from the full-sized plans originally made. I only knew that something for the purpose had been made; yet not then knowing that Mr. Poole had ever planned a board, I supposed that mine was the first ever made embodying the Septal element. As it was, it probably came *within one* of it.

Of course I was greatly delighted with my manual, got cranky over it, and longed to make an instrument for it.

For my first and simpler plan I had thought to make a *piano*, of small compass and with single strings; but soon began to see that a reed or pipe instrument was far more suitable for such a keyboard; and subsequently came to realize that the uncial scale, after all, is the right intonation for a piano.

I determined to make a reed instrument, for this was much more economical than a pipe instrument, especially for me—and furthermore I had no acquaintance with pipe organs. I had no money. But was not I *soon* to be better understood, and thus have more piano tuning than I could do? Thus I was advancing faster in the knowledge of intonation than of human nature! After much study, I planned the "action" for a reed instrument which would be contained in a case like a cabinet organ. I came across an ingenious young man, Mr. A. O. Alden, who, although he had never then made a reed organ, had studied them much, and has since made some excellent ones. (Yet *who* could make an instrument like this which I had planned?) I had the good fortune to engage him for a number of weeks, and then I simply "played second fiddle" to him till that instrument was ready to tune. I believe Mr. Alden was skeptical about my being able to tune the thing, but I happened to be just the one to do it! Without Mr. A., however, I do not think it could ever have been made. But such a *reed-board* as that was! It seemed necessary to us to make it of *hard-wood;* three thicknesses glued together crosswise; 240 air-slots to be cut, and Mr. Alden's fingers would get very sore, especially in putting in those 240 valve springs—not once but two or three times over, till every valve pressed safely against the reed board. All was completed; but the very solid walnut case, the hard-wood reed-board, cut through and through with holes, and other unavoidable singularities, made the instrument unmusical as to *quality* of tone. I had bought my reeds at Worcester, in the rough; voiced them as well as I knew how at that time (but the poor quality of tone was mainly due to the causes above mentioned), and tuned the instrument in practically perfect harmony.

If even that first instrument, whose modulation was limited, as I well knew, had possessed a *quality* of tone even nearly as good as in the common cabinet organ, I would have made a far better impression with it. It was probably, up to that time, the most advanced enharmonic key-board ever made, except Mr. Bosanquet's, which is a complete 53-cyclic manual, which I had now first heard of, as also Mr. Poole's, while making this first instrument. On account of the poor tone quality, while kind friends who loved harmony would praise it, I believe the general impression was that my principles of improved *tune* were a failure. And I am sure that my piano-tuning profession was not

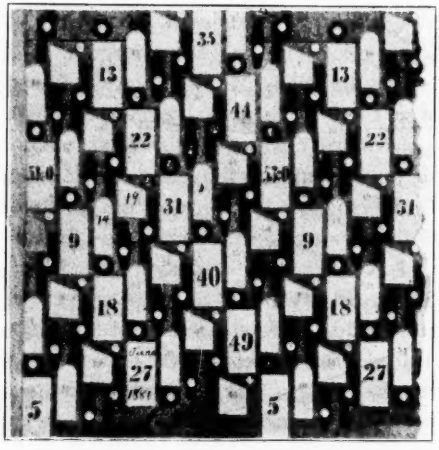


FIGURE 2.
(5 Octaves. 1881.)
Manual of Second Instrument. Cyclic. Abandoned.

exalted by it—for the public are simply children in one or two things; but we must not tell them so!

This was finished early in 1879. In 1881, I had developed the key-board plan so as to embody the whole 53-system! (Fig. II.) The final discovery that it could be thus made cyclical was a joyful surprise. I was continually increasing its modulational resources (in paper plans) by adding one series of Fifths after another, modifying the plan so as to squeeze in a new series, till, when at last a

seventh series of Fifths was thought of (there were but four in the first manual), each added key having the proper degree number in the 53-system, I noticed that that would

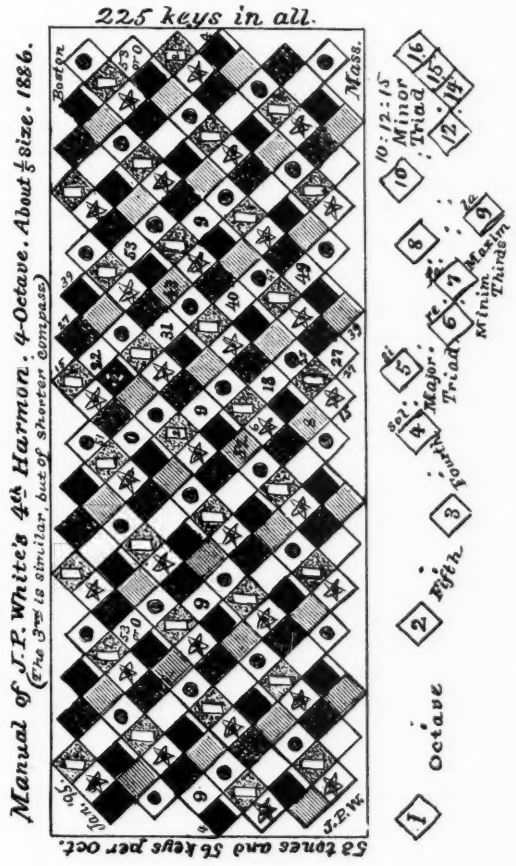


FIGURE 3.
Manual of the Latest Instrument.

make certain intervals *meet* and just use up the cycle. It was a round-about way to reach this result—there was certainly a shorter way; yet no one in probability had ever before devised such a plan, which now, in its far better and simpler form, with diamond shaped keys, as in the last in-

strument, seems to be the most simple and compact possible for a 53-system manual.

I can hardly feel to allude to the making of this second instrument (Fig. II.), whose five octave manual was even a little more numerous in keys than Mr. Bosanquet's. I was about a year in the task, and had bad luck with it from beginning to—*nearly* the end—I did not quite finish it, though I tuned it. But it nearly consigned *me* to some more harmonious sphere! I took a few days vacation. Then I went to embodying some ideas which had been dawning before the unlucky instrument was completed, by which I could now make a much more simple, more practicable and even better-toned instrument, and still embody the whole 53-cycle. To make a long story short, I found how to draw diagonal lines—on this same plan essentially—so as to form the diamond keys as in Fig. III., the keys being thus all precisely alike in size and form, although the seven series of Fifths are all contrasted as much as possible in the color and configuration of the key cap; and on the lower end of this cap, which is a quarter of an inch thick, is a bevel on which the degree number of the cycle is stamped. This bevel leaves every key exactly square on the top, although in the illustration only one series, the black keys, show where the bevel cuts.

This great simplification of the manual, which I embodied in two instruments, Number Three and Number Four, did not render necessary so many duplicate keys as in the former instruments, since, the keys being all equally easy to finger, one could as well be used as a key note as another: and thus I have but three more keys per Octave than there are tones in the cycle, or 56 keys.

Number Three, a *very* compact little instrument of about 3½ octaves and 195 keys, was made in a few weeks, by using, however, the same rather home-made old case which Mr. Alden had made in his youth for Number One. The peculiar inventions for the inside work of this, as well as of the unsuccessful Number Two, must here be undescribed. But this was the first fairly satisfactory instrument, though to make its practical acquaintance, I needed to learn the art

of *harmon-playing* all over again, on account of the new shape, uniformity, etc, of the keys. Moreover the tops were now all on a level—an idea which I had hesitated to carry out, but all objections against it have vanished. This smallest of my four attempts was subsequently sold to the Professor of Tuning in the New England Conservatory, though not till I had used it over two years, and had made my large Number Four.

This last is the "masterpiece," and probably will always remain so. (Fig. IV.) Neither this surface illustration of the manual nor that of the whole instrument with the fronts removed—can impart a very complete or perfect knowledge of it. The manual is of the same style as the little Number Three, but is exactly four octaves, and is a better piece of work, and the keys work in a more direct and simple manner. But the interior construction is a complete departure from all the former attempts, for in this I had determined to realize an idea long brewing, namely, that of an upright air-chest. The valves and whole action bear a little resemblance to a pipe organ; but it is impossible to describe it here. I planned it first on paper as well as possible, bought of the Worcester Organ Company a very large and finely built case and a bellows; and that interior work with some hints from Mr. Alden, who was now making reed organs—I made myself, the "stuff" of course being roughed out to my order. How carefully I attended to every particular!—so as not to need overhauling, and scarcely a thing in it has even troubled. The whole work—there are 225 keys—shows what one *can* do, even out of his proper line, when he *must* do it; and realizes that if he does not, all creation will be wrecked.

This instrument, although not entirely what I would like, comes much nearer the mark. The harmony is of course just the same as in the others:—Trials perfect; Quincals good as perfect, but with a very slow "beat," which is invaluable in tuning the cycle, the variation being only about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a nil; and Septals between two and three nils sharp, and having a smart beat, yet even thus their peculiar intonation is fairly brought out, which is not the case in the uncial

scale, in which they are sixteen nils sharp.

Number Four alone is doubled-reeded; for I found that

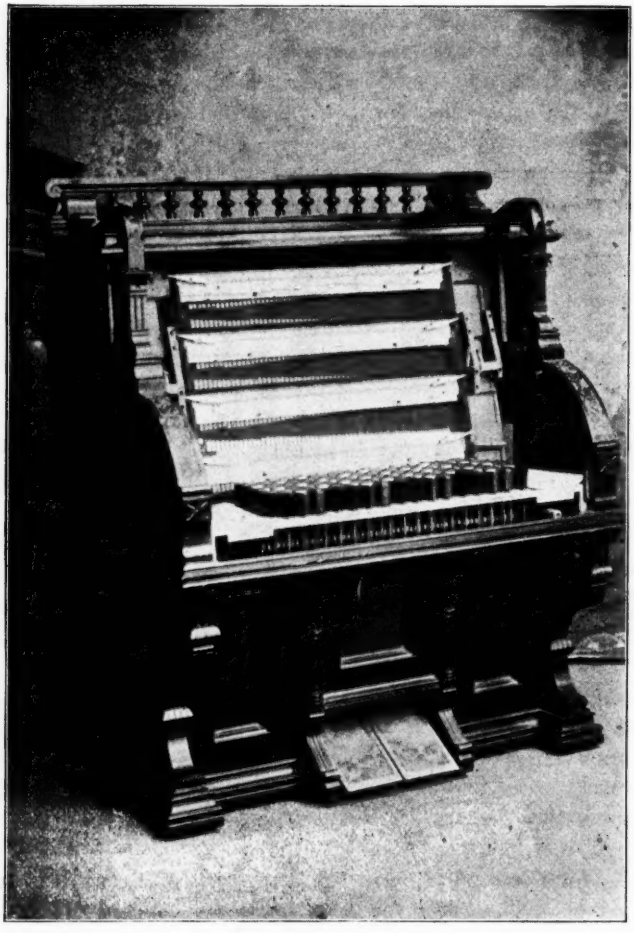


FIGURE 4.
J. P. WHITE'S HARMON. No. 4, 1885-6.
225 Keys and double reeds throughout. The front boards and swell board are removed, to show the bodies of the keys and the reeds, which are on an upright reed-board.

with a very little more room on its peculiar upright reed board—made to my order by Hammond, of Worcester—a

second set of reeds an octave above the first could be nicely accommodated.

The pleasure of tuning such an instrument—the 450 reeds all before one's eye, like the strings of an upright piano, and all arranged systematically and their places numbered to correspond with the degree numbers in the 53-system, also marked on the bevel of the corresponding finger keys—can only be known to one who is familiar with the laws of beats, and *also* had so long desired the privilege of tuning the 53-cycle with good facilities. Although not really necessary for practically pure harmony, the intelligent tuner of this instrument can easily get *inside of a nil*, and far inside of it; and there are various very interesting ways of proving the work of tuning as it progresses, so as to come out *straight* at the end of the cycle.

This description, however, is far from being as satisfactory to me as is the instrument, but it is true so far as it goes. Mr. Ellis's account of my Number Three, in his last edition of Helmholtz, London, 1885, is not too good, although the best he could do from my letters. The instrument could scarcely become a popular one; it cannot be made *very* cheaply; the keyboard is the last thing to be "monkeyed" with, it is so easy for the unlearned—which generally means every one, with a single exception!—to bring out, by touching wrong keys which they are sure to do, far more horrible combinations and far more horrible melody(?) than has ever been conceived of or written about *historically* (?), even though it be wafted from the ends of the earth, or reproduced—in imagination—from our ever-abused and insulted ancestors! Yet I do have visitors who, after a little inspection, easily find the real and true music contained so abundantly in the instrument. It could soon be played, however, by the late Mr. Poole, or Mr. Bosanquet, if either could see it. No one of my manuals has ever, to my knowledge, been seen by any other inventor of enharmonic manuals. Yes, there is one exception; but I think he never manufactured a manual from his plan.

The practicability—under my unmusicianly fingers at least—and the beautiful rendering of such solid chord music

as constitutes its sphere, would greatly surprise an audience of the harmony-loving; and it is even particulaly enjoyed by all who love music; and the joke is, that people are apt to praise *the tone*, while the tones are not remarkably fine at all. The pure *harmony* deceives them in that respect. Pipe tones, and even most reed organ tones, are better; for despite everything, there is necessarily too much woodiness etc., in even this last.

In lately reading the "Story of a Musical Life," by the late Dr. Geo. F. Root, whom I never saw, and did not know of his death till I had nearly finished the book,* I was particularly wishing that he could hear on this instrument some of his own music and also other music more elaborate than he usually composed. With all my appreciation of the uncial scale for it sown proper music, I must say that hymnal quartette music is simply spoiled—I don't know of a milder word—by our uncial scale harmony (?)

As to modulation, neither Mr. Poole's organ, nor his keyboards, nor the organs of Liston and of Perronet Thompson, nor the reed instruments of Colin Brown and of Helmholtz, and all others of my knowledge save Mr. Bosanquets, could play the general run of quartette music which this very compact instrument does—and in practically perfect tune.

Yet—and I must say it here—I can not play on either this or any other instrument *at sight*. I have to read mostly with my *ears*, though when in doubt of a note I look and ascertain. My father taught me to sing from notes when a child; but, for various reasons I have never become *familiar* with our terrible notation (although the almost universal language of music and the best yet known). I regret this, of course, in one sense; yet—and let those believe it who can—there is no probability of my ever having otherwise encompassed this whole subject, and it is the thorough master of notation who is the least likely to ever form any conception of intonation.

The Octave interval being, in this instrument, actually cut scientifically into 53 equal intervals, or compromised commas, as we cut it into 12 unces, or compromised semi-

* Dr. Root is hale and hearty.—*Ed.* MUSIC.

tones, in our uncial scale, admits of the same unlimited modulation as the latter. Can it be played, then, in 53 keys? No; some simple music it can play in twenty or thirty, while some other cannot be played in quite the usual number of keys; and this only because modulation by Fifths or Thirds is always rapidly running toward either the back or the front of the manual—where it would *jump off*—and some of the tones wanted to fill a chord will be on the opposite side, and therefore cannot be well touched. Continued use, however, enables me, even in some of these exceptional cases, to jump the board, which is less than a foot wide, for the tone or tones wanted. But a case of this kind scarcely need arise; for there is a plenty of desirable key-notes near the middle. Singers, what few I have ever had, are delighted with the ease with which their voices come into its harmony.

Of course it is very difficult for any one to *begin* to learn to finger the instrument; and hardly any one else has tried to do so; but, as an offset to its peculiar difficulties, there are two great advantages of fingering not existing in the common keyboard. Every similar scale and every similar chord and interval is precisely alike, in shape, for all keys. Moreover—and this great advantage is not in Mr. Bosanquet's, though in Poole's, Brown's, and others—all true Fifths, and consequently Fourths, are conspicuous, their digitals being of the very same appearance to the eye. These two advantages are much greater than would be at first supposed. The eye and hand thus become habituated to one and the same act for similar things, regardless of key. The largest part of the work of mastering the common manual is in playing in so many keys, and all fingered differently.

I know the immense difference—the almost gulf—between existing musical habits and conceptions and those which are required to do what is possible with a 53-system instrument; and this will partly explain why I surprise some persons by not making the harmon public. I can now only hope to do something, in my remaining years, to make the science of Tune a little better known.

JAMES PAUL WHITE.

HANS VON BUELOW.

(JANUARY 8, 1830---FEBRUARY 12, 1894.)

"La musique, comme toute, est ce qu'il y' a de plus pur, de moins material dans ce monde."

THE one, who, above all, by his life and its work has proved those words of his, has gone hence to rest. His life—such an exception from that of ordinary mortals was, in its beginning, even an exception from that of its like, of genius: for his infancy was not of that miraculous kind, which stuns the world. At the age of nine Bülow showed musical gifts, and only much latter after law studies, did they ripen to their full glory for the benefit of humanity. For the benefit, we say; his many enemies seem to belie this; but on searching, one will find they were short sighted enough not to perceive through his worldly personal means, sublime ends of highest art. Good and great were always the Master's aims, and while his feet were restlessly wandering over this earth, his spirit was in the skies, beholding what but few beheld, joining the fellow spirits of the greatest. Ask powerful and unprejudiced men of all domains of musical art what feats the deceased Master has achieved in each. His adversaries even had to acknowledge him as the greatest *conductor*—and if the orchestra is the grandest, most complicated, most expressive of musical instruments, he thereby, was the greatest *virtuoso*, apart from his absolute, objective mastership on the pianoforte, where his interpretation of our greatest composers, of Beethoven's ideas especially, sacrificed the vain glory of technical brilliancy, of personal effusions, to the purest expression of the composer–spirit's revelations.

His editions of Beethoven's Sonatas and of works of other composers will remain the infallible guides to mysteries of beauty, square-stones in the development of musical pedagogy.

His transcriptions (here, we will only mention the

ingenious transformation of the orchestra partition of "Tristan and Isolde," perhaps the most difficult ever written, into a piano score) are as classic as the originals.

Bülow has written some exquisite compositions, but—his friends can tell wonders of it—his modesty was as great as his genius; he never sought to expand the slight reputation of his own productions, and with marvellous insight—a worthy example—devoted every moment (he so often warned his pupils of "les moments perdus") to what he felt and proved his Creator had foremost intended him for. But we clearly can behold his productive genius in the greatness and originality of his reproductions! They, alas, are doomed to die in their very birth,—but to uphold their memory, a monument on by gone heroism, is our noble task.

BARON VON OVERBECK.

MONUMENT TO VON BUELOW.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot in Germany to erect a suitable monument to the great virtuoso, Hans Von Bülow. An association has been formed and the following circular distributed:

"Han's Von Bülow, the great and gifted Master in the sphere of reproductive music and the unsurpassed interpreter of musical genius, has passed away, but his work has survived him, and the seed he has sown has fructified a thousand fold.

It is proposed to erect a monument to honor his memory which will bear witness to future generations of the conspicuous service he has rendered in the art development of this century.

It is designed to place this memorial in the city where were spent the closing years of his life—years rich in incessant activity and noblest toil—and to select for this purpose either the grave that holds his mortal remains or the green lawns that he found so restful when reposing from his work.

He was ever a loyal advocate of all that was truly good and great, and every sincere effort appealed to his sympathy and found in him a disinterested promoter.

As a fearless champion of German art, Bülow earned fresh fame for his country, and his compatriots, putting aside all party spirit, will consider it a sacred duty to preserve and honor his memory by a lasting tribute.

But besides his fellow-countryman, thousands who owe him many hours of inward exaltation and purest enjoyment will not hesitate thus to express their gratitude and affection.

John Boie, Pius Warburg (Altona), Herrmann v. Helmholtz, Joseph Joachim, Ernst Mendelsshon-Bartholdy, Aldolph Menzel, Julius Rodenberg, Friedrich Spielhagen, Felix v. Weingartne, Hermann Wolff (Berlin), H. H. Meier. Jun., F. Weinlig, (Bremen) Eugene d'Albert (Coswig i S.), L. E. Amsinck, Herrmann Behn, A. Ed. Böhme, Ed. W. Brackenhoeft, Justus Brinckmann, Friedrich Chrysander, H. Donnenberg, Engel-Reimers, Martin Haller, Emil Hartmeyer, Siegmund Hinrichsen, Theodor Kirchner, Alfred Lichtwarck, Ascan Lutteroth, Gustav Mahler, Gustav Petersen, Rudolph Petersen [Address: Treasurer, Hamburg, North German Bank], Franz Rosatzin, Richard v. Schmidt-Pauli (Hamburg), Felix Mottl (Karlsruhe), Klaus Groth (Kiel), Paul Heyse, Franz v. Lenbach, Paul Marsop (Munich), Richard Strauss (Weimar), Johannes Brahms (Vienna).

Baroness Romaine Von Overbeck, 1325 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C., having had the great kindness to take charge of contributions for the Bülow Memorial, the North American admirers of the late Hans Van Bülow who intend to contribute to the monument are herewith kindly requested to pay over their gifts to the above named lady.

The Present of the Hamburg Committee for the Hans Von Bulow Memorial,

SIEGMUND HINRICHSEN."

On the seventh of March a concert was given in aid of the fund to erect a suitable monument to the memory of Dr. Hans Von Bülow in the large concert hall in Hamburg, which was barely sufficient to hold the numbers assembled to do honor to the great artist to whom we owe such hours of heavenly joy, and who has led us to the beauties of the symphonic works of the greatest masters with that intelligent and warm subjectivety so peculiar to his genius. The

concert was opened with a very beautiful prologue by Heinrich Bulthaupt which was splendidly delivered by the celebrated actress Francisca Ellmenreich, This was followed by the noble elegy of Schiller—"Nänie"—arranged by Brahms for chorus and orchestra. Under the direction of Guluis Spengel and "The Caecilian Verein" this composition was worthily rendered.

Hans Von Bülows Songs "Die Entsagende" awoke in us the recollection of an almost forgotten poet, Carl Beck, who was looked upon in his day as the German Byron.

These exquisite songs were sung by Mme. Klafsky and received with much enthusiasm, and were followed by songs of Beethoven and Schubert.

A wonderful interpretation of the Funeral March from the Götterdämmerung under Prof. Barth's direction received a great ovation. The C minor symphony of Beethoven was wonderfully played by Bülow's old orchestra which was a worthy finale to this noble effort to honor the memory of a great master. The concert could not have closed in a more beautiful, powerful or imposing manner. It had grown from its original form into a great and widespread demonstration for that master who so often on this same spot had revealed to us the wonders of the great classic composers.—*Hamburg Correspondent.*

"A GROWL."

EVERYBODY is hard up for new music; a Macedonian cry is heard for something new to read, play or teach. It is not so easy to acquaint one's self with novelties, for often they present a strange, uninviting and forbidding front; a very complete technic is required, besides readiness of reading to pass the initial difficulties, and discover the possibilities lying beyond. For these and other reasons many depend upon the alluring descriptive catalogues sent out by enterprising music firms who employ a fairly imaginative editor to set forth their goods; others again throw themselves on the tender mercies of the clerk at the music store, who usually experience a fainting sensation when asked for something light and pleasing in grade three and a half. Teachers in large cities are approached under every conceivable pretense for lists of teaching material, so as to interest and advance those who live away from the centres.

But alas, the proportion of new music which is really available and practicable is infinitely small when compared to the enormous quantity put on the market daily. European publishers stock up our eastern houses, and these in turn fill the shelves of western firms with an accumulation of obsolete material, not worth its weight as paper; from these the teacher receives it, who either gets stuck himself in case the house he deals with does not appreciate the privilege of receiving soiled music in return for clean copies, or causes the fathers of his pupils to stand aghast at the size of the bill incurred for sheet music.

Take the later works of Saint-Saens for instance; ever since he wrote that fragmentary and ineffective Raphsodie d'Auvergne he has ground out other works of the same musical form; those who remembered the effectiveness of his second Concerto, and the singular charm of his G Minor Mazurka and C Minor Gavotte, naturally invested in the new compositions, but only to find notes, notes and again

notes without much meaning. In his "Africa" and "Caprice Arabe" there is an absolute dearth of music; the same is the case with his last Suite for Piano, and a Theme Variée op. 97; in striking contrast however is an Allegro Appassionato op. 70, which is in his delightful earlier vein, full of live ideas and effects. Saint-Saens is a great traveler, and according to trusty reports only composes when in far away climes; this may account for the fact that many of his works sound far-fetched.

Some years ago I began to play the works of Louis Schytte, introducing his little "At Eve" at the Music Teachers' National Meeting in New York; his Etudes op. 48 rival those of Chopin's easily, especially the first in A flat; a Polonaise in E op. 11 is quite heroic; the Augener edition includes two volumes of his selected works containing much of value, even if of unequal importance; Schytte has written many useful things for teaching purposes, among them singularly enough six real easy Sonatines op. 76; anyone who has taught much of the make-believe easy music of the present day, will appreciate the difficulty of the task; of smaller but very charming pieces there is an Elfin Dance opus 70, an Aubade opus 77 and a Berceuse in G. The Staccato Etude opus 57 is very important, and anyone in search of a first-class modern Sonata will do well to look over his opus 53; the first two movements in particular are very attractive; for teaching I would recommend a set of Etudes op. 75; his Concerto will, I apprehend, never be popular; it is a thankless task to introduce new concertos, unless they are presented by a Joseffy, whose performance (one might call it a reproduction) of the Brahms Second Concerto will long live in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present. The encore fiend who was out in force on this occasion was for once baffled, for Joseffy after repeating the last movement of the Concerto, wisely refused to appease public wrath by playing Liszt's Second Rhapsody as an encore. Some of the females present have not gotten over their hysterical disappointment yet. Another singular feature of his reappearance after a long absence from the concert stage is the rapidity with which Tau-

sig pupils and relatives are appearing everywhere; this sort of advertising is hardly fair to those who are not fortunate enough to be fathered by some high dignitary or can boast of some great artist as uncle; Tausig has been dead just twenty-four years; he did not teach long enough to create a school; after all it is not what one is taught, but what one absorbs, vulgo learns; in this case Joseffy is the only one who is lineally Tausig's successor, possessing the former master's specialties, having added thereto his own individuality and vast experience.

There is not much of Tschaikowsky's which is practical; after his death a set of 18 piano pieces appeared, which if written by anyone else might have found it difficult to secure a publisher. We find, however, in his opus 19 a brilliant Scherzo in D and a set of ingenuous Variations in F; the Chant Sans Paroles rivals Rubinstein's Melody in F in charm, and a Romance opus 5 in F minor merits attention.

Speaking of Rubinstein, his Gavotte opus 38 should appear more often on concert programs; it is usually a mistake to imitate the older forms and present them in modern garb. A Gigue by Haendel, Scarlatti or Bach was a real dance, treated with masterly perfection. Contrast with these legitimate developments of a certain art form and artistic period such modern Gigues as those by Navratil op. 12, Sgambati, op. 23, Moszkowski, op. 50, and by Westerhout and Pfeiffer, and the difference is very apparent. The imitators catch the mere outline, but neither the spirit nor contents. Raff was more fortunate, and Schumann's Gigue op. 32 will pass.

I see that Breitkopf and Haertel are advertising an edition of the classics in their original form. They urge, and not without reason, that the festive editor and reviewer who has been abroad in the land, has edited and reviewed the works of the great masters until it is impossible to tell that the composer had any rights in the matter. It is well known that Rubinstein never permitted his students to use annotated editions, but always referred to the original text. In the case of a masterly production like Bülow's edition of Bach's Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue

all objections to edited editions are swept away. The trouble is that the smaller fry have gotten hold of the work, and made ducks and drakes of the original text. Germer's so-called Academic Edition is enough to give one a congestive chill; his presentation of the text in the Bach Inventions for instance, is simply absurd. Riemann goes to still greater extremes. Both the last named gentlemen have lately been indulging in a pitched battle of personalities in German papers; the old Roman augurs used to smile knowingly when meeting; these people, less politic, expose each other's fallacies. If however the B. & H. edition will reproduce all the old embellishments, the mordents, long appoggiatura, inverted trills, etc., it will soon be relegated to the shelf, for we now-a-days demand music written out, as it is intended to be played, and for teaching purposes it should always be so; it is incomprehensible why the Peters Edition for instance should continue the use of the obsolete breve at the end of the opening studies in the Clementi Gradus (Kullak Ed.)

Of this work I would commend the Franz Kullak Edition, which culls from the entire 100 studies the most important. Kullak has also lately published a Piano Method and a set of studies which contain much of vital interest; one of the latter, entitled "Elfen" is a masterpiece. Franz is just beginning to enjoy some of the recognition which was totally denied him during his father's life.

Of the modern Italian School I cannot say much for Sgambati, who seems labored and artificial; Martucci shows ability in a Study op. 9 and Mazurka op. 4; Cesi has lately published a valuable collection of works by the old French and Italian masters, which is to be urgently recommended; it is finely edited and should be generally known. Westerhout has written an attractive Sonata in A in ancient style, and a number of pretty trifles, like the Badinerie, Bal d'Enfans and Momento Capriccioso.

The Russians write much; they avoid the commonplace and are often abstruse. I recall a pretty nocturne by Naprawnik, and fascinating Valse op. 2 No. 2 by Antipow; Karganoff is a salon writer in Bendel's style. Some Pre-

ludes by Rachmaninoff are veritable fin de siècle music, but when you are through you have simply your labor for your pains.

Chaminade of France writes much—too much; most of her music is a musical St. Vitus Dance in rhythm, not French, but Frenchy; occasionally a bright idea quickly extinguished by want of musicianly development; a few nice things like the Toccata op. 39, the Lisonjera and a Rigaudon for 4 hands.

In Germany mostly cheap trash by the groundlings, or imitations of Brahms by writers like D'Albert; very little natural or spontaneous music; once in a while an oasis like the four pieces opus 52 by Reinhold of Vienna, who is not ashamed to write music which any one can enjoy.

Bach's works will soon have as many commentaries as the Bible. I see that both Klindworth and Busoni have lately published editions of the Well-Tempered Clavichord. Are we not drifting into an affectation on the subject of Bach? Sauer is about five fourths correct when in a London interview he says that Bach's works are not fit for public performance and should only be used in private. The uses of Bach study are strictly defined and limited; it will help to accomplish only certain points and there it stops. The graded edition of Bach, elimating all useless and obsolete material is yet to make its appearance.

EMIL LIEBLING.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

FEW young men have made for themselves so honorable a record as Mr. Walter Damrosch in connection with German opera. By the death of his lamented father, the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, about ten years ago, the son, then but a little more than twenty-one, was placed in the responsible position of musical director of a large and first class opera company, pledged to the production of all the standard works, at the Metropolitan opera house in New York. In the course of the season the company came here and produced among other important works Wagner's "Valkyrie" for the first time here. Mr. Walter Damrosch remained connected with the Metropolitan company for one or two years more, if my memory serves me correctly, being then displaced in favor of Mr. Anton Seidl. The German opera under Seidl came here for about two weeks season about six years ago, and among their novelties was "Die Meistersinger." The leading tenor was Alvary, and Lili Lehmann was the prima donna. Inasmuch as these two short seasons were all the first class productions of German opera in Chicago during twenty years, it will be seen that Mr. Walter Damrosch's addition of a week at this time was a very important one.

The repertory of the week, in order of performance: "Die Walküre," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde" (1st time), "Siegfried," "Tannhauser" (2), and "Die Meistersinger." "Die Gotterdaemmerung" was promised, but omitted on account of the illness of Frau Sucher, who was unable to appear. From an historical point of view the first production of "Tristan and Isolde" was the most notable event of the season. But the week as a whole was extremely enjoyable, in spite of certain deductions which must be made. But of these later.

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The strength of the company was the orchestra, which

without being larger than several others that have played here in opera was distinctly of rare excellence. The number must have been about sixty men, among them many old favorites from the Thomas orchestra of former seasons, such as Eller of the English horn, Bour of the oboe, etc. The brass was superb. This company of players went admirably together and with delightful nuance throughout everything in the repertory, which as the reader will observe, contained those criterions of orchestral ability Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Gotterdaemmerung" which had been prepared. All this, of course redounds to the credit of Mr. Damrosch, for everybody knows that an orchestra never play difficult music well unless made to do so by the strong hand of a conductor.

The chorus was also remarkably well trained, and contained many young and fresh voices. It acquitted itself well in such trying places as those of the pilgrim chorus in "Tannhauser" and the Swan chorus in "Lohengrin."

* * *

The list of principal singers had been made up with considerable difficulty, owing to the long contracts which bound most of the leading exponents of Wagnerian character. The sopranos showed the names of Frau Sucher, Frl Gadski, Frl. Elsa Kutscherra, and others. The tenors were Messrs Alvary and Rothmuhl. Basses, Messrs Emil Fischer, Conrad Behrens, Rudolph Oberhauser, etc. Baritones, Messrs Franz Schwarz and James F. Thompson, etc. On the whole the list of principals was short, and as experience showed too short, the illness of the leading soprano causing the imperfect presentation of one opera, (Tristan) and the omission of another (Gotterdaemmerung).

Of Frau Sucher unfortunately we are not able to speak, since upon the only occasion when she sung she was so seriously handicapped by indisposition as not to be able to do herself justice. One is sure from her reputation that had she been in her usual health she would have shown herself an artist of the first class. Frl. Gadski is a prima donna after a manager's heart—being amiable, willing, and strong. Without her it would have been very different.

Herr Alvary is not the singer he used to be. His voice has a certain hardness which only at rare intervals becomes really expressive, and which is sometimes not quite true in intonation. Herr Rothmuhl is a younger tenor of excellent quality, and his work in Lohengrin, Walther, was admirable and highly appreciated.

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Speaking of newspaper writing about music, what ought we to say of the following from the *Times-Herald* notice of the Damrosch performance of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," with which the season concluded Saturday night, April 21st.

"The Meistersinger" is long drawn out, and at many points wearisome, and it is difficult to maintain the interest between the oases of song that occur now and then. Wagner labeled this work a comic opera, but the only comic element connected with it is the idea that it is comic. There is a vein of satire which is swallowed up quite frequently in a wilderness of verbiage and recitation. These facts, however, are in the nature of ancient history, as the opera although not frequently rendered, is reasonably familiar to all who keep in touch with the more important musical compositions."

Two manners of treatment are proper in the case of this citation. The first is to deny all its statements except the one implying that the opera of the Mastersingers is long. It *is* very long. "Oases" of song is good. Any opera able to offer such pieces of music as the finale in which Beckmesser's serenade occurs, the prize song, the "Am stillen Herd," Sach's songs, and the great quintette, has reason to be thankful that its lines have fallen so pleasantly. Moreover, this opera is without exception the most pleasingly instrumented not alone of Wagner's works (which as dramatically determined application of instrumental music of the most elaborate and richly conceived description stand quite at the apex of operatic art) but of all dramatic works whatever. Differing from all the other works of Wagner, where deep emotional conflicts and sombre fates render necessary long sketches of serious and

sombre music, with not a little that is perilously near confusion and a discord, the opera of the Mastersingers has no moments of this kind at all. From first to last there is the pompous and a trifle pedantic spirit of the ancient guild of the Mastersingers, the fresh love music of Eva and Walther. and manly simplicity of Sachs, and the farcical music of Bechmesser, and the amusing play of the apprentices. These comprise the fundamental determinations of the music; and there is nothing in the work conflicting with them. It is true that there is a certain flavor of monotony in the music, taken as a whole, due to the persistence in Wagner's mind of certain progressions of the prize song. This song occurs about seven times in the score, and at some intervals apart—a circumstance intending and serving to fix it in the mind of the hearer, as the determinative and characteristic element in the opera --and to train the hearer for an act of poetic justice, by so filling his ears with the progressions of this great song as to make him at one with the dramatist in finding it the turning point of the action. It appears to me as if Wagner employed some of these progressions unconsciously. His ears were full of them, and he fell into them without knowing it. Very likely he may have composed the successive numbers at long intervals. Be this as it may, the music of this opera is without exception more grateful to hear, and better rewards the musician than the music of any opera whatever, not even excepting any work of any other composer, or even Wagner's own "Tristan and Isolde"—which from a musical standpoint is a prodigious creation.

Then take the point of familiarity with the work—Chicago familiarity. How and when was this familiarity created? Wagner's "Mastersingers" has been performed, so far as I now recall, exactly in one season of opera previously --that of German opera which Seidl conducted at the Chicago opera house, about 1886. It may have been given twice then; hardly more. Alvary was Walther. At one of the performances some one else was put in his place. These were the only performances of the work which were ever given in this city. In New York it may have been

given a dozen times all told. How then is "familiarity" to be presumed? When an official critic knows no more of it than that it contains long stretches of wearisome orchestration, and pretends to be comic when it is not—where should the outside music loving public be found with reference to this work?

* * *

The production of "Tristan and Isolde" announced for Monday took place on Wednesday. The two central characters were Alvary and Frau Sucher. The latter, as already mentioned, was suffering from a severe indisposition, and consequently was not able to make her usual impression. She acted the part, which is about all that is to be said of her. She is an imposing figure, and when in the mood must be a very great artist.

The music of this opera perhaps illustrates Wagner's theory of bringing the entire circle of keys nearer together better than any other work of his, for it is perhaps more chromatic that even the "Gotterdaemmerung." Often the fundamental basses proceed regularly enough, while at the same time the music is so full of chromatic dissonances, passing tones and appoggiaturas, as to be almost bewildering. But all of these are prepared and resolved with indescribable mastery, and what might easily become unbearable relations of conflicting tones are concealed so carefully by discreet instrumentation as to make this music what its author intended, an improvisation of the most impassioned love music. In this point of view the opera is without peer upon the stage. From the sombre prelude to the inspired finale, the Isolde's "Love-Death," nothing else exists like it. The sombre has large place in it; there are many and many long moments when very little takes place; but later there is something done which rewards the waiter and the listener. It is a great honor to Mr. Damrosch to have given us this work. He deserves highly of Chicago.

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There are funny side issues in the Wagnerian drama. One of the most curious is the rate of movement needed

upon the stage. These mythical characters of Wagner are in a sense immortals. The eternal ages of God are theirs. Hence there is no hurry. Action in the proper sense there is none; but, instead thereof, generally a quantity of slow posturing, with gestures frozen in mid-air, or permitted to die down by the slow process of decay. And with it all a vast amount of heavy standing around, while the orchestra plays the inner life of the scene. No one can say that this heavy posturing does not as truthfully represent the drama as any amount of quick action would do; better represent it; for the music is something wonderful, and fully justifies the encomiums which the Wagnerian devotees pour upon it. Color, tonality, rhythm, and thematic work "groan and travail in pain," as St. Paul phrases is, in order that through the ears of the beholder the inner meaning of this drama may come; and his own soul be moved in unison therewith.

Nevertheless, when there has been a half hour of this posturing obligato upon the ground basis of the music, there comes later a real movement, and then how exciting it suddenly becomes! Any measurable rate of movement would seem quick when brought into comparison with this heavy standing still and waiting for the orchestra to yearn its brazen and catgut heart out. And what an effect! Think of the spring delights duet and the sword drawing in "The Valkyrie;" the finding of Brunnhilde in "Siegfried;" the great finale of "Gotterdaemmerung." Then when it happened to suit Wagner to depict rapid action, how ably he does. Consider the valkyrie sisters as obligato to the famous "Ride of the Valkyries."

Of all the heavy standing around, and if possible still heavier sitting still, commend me to "Tristan and Isolde." This, being the most intense of all the Wagnerian dramas, and having in it the fullest human interest, takes a characteristically heavy quality of the main Wagnerian ingredient —repose. It is of the same piece as the Del Sartean principle of devitalization. The first step towards getting an intelligent life *in* is to get unintelligent life *out*. In short Wagner's music is like his action; when it is necessary to

move, it moves; but never for the sake of moving. It is like using the pedal in piano playing. When you need the pedal use it; when you do not need it let it alone. So with Wagner.

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And when all is said and done, Wagner was a great master; the greatest of masters of all variaties of impassioned and soul-racking kinds of music. From the pilgrim chorus in "Tannhauser" to the Valkyrie business and the Isolde's death, it is music, *music*, MUSIC. The drama is behind it; but the force which moves us and fills us and awakens in us the deep and elemental emotions of the human soul, is Wagner's music.

* * *

I do not care about the so-called "ethical" standpoint in these dramas. The question before the house is not whether Siegmund did right to marry his twin sister; or whether Wagner meant us to infer that he regarded it as excusable. The ethical question underlying is entirely another, the fate which overtook the delinquents. But most of all, this: That given heroic human hearts in such and such relations, this music is what they must have felt. Beyond this application the moral does not go. When I am told the story of Bluebeard am I to be taken to book as to whether I approve of his process of divorce? Surely not; it is a fairy story I am told. Or when I read of ghosts, is it to raise a question of science? We seek to know too much.

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In fact I doubt whether Wagner undertook to point a moral in more than one of his operas. It is "Lohengrin," the moral being that a woman happily married does well not to ask too many "fool questions." What more potent moral could one ask?

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It was rather an ill-natured man, I am afraid, who when asked how he had liked "Tristan and Isolde" said that he liked it extremely and did not remember of ever before having attended a grand opera where there was nobody who

could sing, when he had enjoyed it so well. As vocal criticism this was not quite wide; and as art-appreciation, also, it was rather close. For in Tristan as well as in others, it is not a question of singing, but of orchestral throbbing, singing, and soul stirring.

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Among the penances and pleasures of the closing days of lent were a number of piano recitals, some of which for one reason or another call for comment. First of these, by reason of the program, was that of Mr. Frederic Horace Clark's playing of the last five sonatas of Beethoven, which took place at Lyon & Healy's, Tuesday, April 9.

The last five sonatas of Beethoven include at least three very large and important works. One of these, the sonata for hammer clavier, opus 106, is extremely long, and closes with a fugue, which the great majority of musicians would rather not hear. It is not a very good fugue, it is preposterously long, and awfully tedious—qualities not to be concealed by any player, be he never so clever and artistic, and at best only mitigated by delicate and sensitive treatment. The sonata, opus 110 closes with a fugue, which although not so bad as the one in opus 106 is nevertheless far from being so interesting a fugue as almost any good one of Bach. Another piece which takes a player's artistic quality is the slow movement of the opus 106, an Adagio, quite Schumannesque with its long-spun movement and preponderance of accompaniment figures coming in upon the half beat. This movement although very long and very serious might be instrumented into a great piece for orchestra; but for piano solo only the most masterly treatment will at all answer.

Again, the sonata opus 110 contains in its first movement some very charming lyric ideas, and some very light and pleasing accessory treatment in the way of flying arpeggios—both calling for delicacy in the player. The sonata opus 111, by many esteemed the best of all the Beethoven pianoforte sonatas, opens with an introduction, in which some very beautiful harmonic changes lead us to an Allegro,

which is tumultuous in the extreme; this great Allegro leads to the second movement, an Arietta with variations—one of the longest of all the Beethoven slow movements, written in a most elaborate and charming manner. All of these works of the latest Beethoven period, written after he had become totally deaf, and when he had become an old man, ripe and full of experience, are characterized by depth of soul, vigor of opposing moods, and masterly knowledge of what can be done upon the piano.

For an artist to offer these five great works in a single program is risky and almost unkind at best, since their depth and seriousness not to mention their great length (the whole taking at least two hours and a half) make demands upon listeners which can never be fully met. Enthusiastic musical students, prepared by much previous study of the printed copies, still find a program of this character, even by a Buelow, too much for one dose. By the time the really interesting ones are reached the listener is past being interested in anything, while as for the average listener it is simply intolerable—a bore of wholly monumental proportions. And it is a great pity to do this thing and charge it to the great and honored name of Beethoven. Even Beethoven would have shuddered if some one else had offered to play for him the whole series in a single dose, before his hearing had become impaired.

But in case some one arises with ambition to undertake this especial form of the impossible, he needs certain personal and artistic qualities, which may as well be named in the order of their importance for this particular business—if this sacred term may be applied where there is and can be no business. First, the capacity to play attractively and with plenty of contrast, but above all with reserve and delicacy. For, if we are going to perform an act of piety to the manes of Beethoven, surely it is of the first consideration to make our act include in it the suffrages of as many hearts as possible. Then, of course, one needs great endurance, a first rate technique, and delicate and sensitive musical perceptions. If to these be added the capacity of losing himself in Beethoven, it is just possible that a few

exceptionally gifted listeners may derive from a cruel experience of this kind a few detatched moments of enjoyment. But it would be little less than a miracle it any one hearer were to enjoy the whole. It is worse than the longest and most forgetful of Wagnerian operas.

Mr. Frederic Horace Clark is a Beethoven student of whom one wishes to speak with great respect for his enthusiasm and persistence, and high idea of music. On the present occasion, moreover, it is understood that family circumstances had combined to make him very nervous, so much so that he was unfit for a task of this magnitude. Moreover, inasmuch as the recital was private and complimentary it is not a proper subject for criticism; and on this ground alone criticism is witheld. Mr. Clarke takes the position that when he offers his playing for pay, he will then be open to public criticism. For that time let us wait.

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Mr. Emil Liebling gave a piano recital at Kimball Hall, April 11th, with the following program:

Sonata, G minor,	*Scarlatti-Tausig*
Bourree,	*Bach*
Passacaglia,	*Haendel*
Sonata, Opus 7,	*Grieg*
Nocturne in A,	*Ficki*
Spring Song and Valse Noble,	*Neupert*
Gavotte in A minor,	*Brandeis*
Sonnet de Petrarca,	*Liszt*
[With second Piano.]	
At the Spring,	*Joseffy*
Larghetto from Cogcerto Op, 16. "	*Henselt*
Concertstueck, Op. 79, "	*Weber*

The variety of music covered was large, but as every one knows, it was a mere bagatelle beside what the artist might have given us. The playing was extremely fine and enjoyable. The advent of that great artist, Mr Joseffy, appears to have had a good influence upon our local master, and he played with greater life, and with a brighter and more musical tone-quality than remembered of him before. He made great use of the elastic touches in all their varieties, and produced a broad and living quality of tone which was distinctly creditable to him and to the instrument he played—which never sounded better. With reference to the selections in detail, perhaps the best work of all was done in the

Grieg sonata and the Henselt Larghetto. In both the interpretation was characterized by a union of breadth and refinement which is rarely heard; and in the Grieg movements there was a great variety of tone-shading employed. The novelty from Liszt, the "Sonnet of Petrarch" proved a rose which might have smelled just as sweet under some other name, since in the nature of the case the pianoforte is an instrument knowing Petrarch no more than it does St. Francis, or the birds. Neither has it an equivalent or the character of sonnet. This however, is a detail. The piece of the entire program showing least of novelty was that old evergreen, Weber's Concertstuecke. This venerable relic has been in the concert repertory of pianists even since its appearance in 1808; and while its age is not a fact for which it can be held unfavorably responsible, it at least accounts for the impossibility of applying to it modern methods to any great extent. It covers a small province of piano playing, and I for one never hear it without wondering why it is played? That it was well done on this occasion is understood.

Mr. Harrison M. Wild played the second piano to the concerto, the concert piece and to Mr. Joseffy's "At the Spring," to which Mr Liebling has made this addition—designed perhaps to render it a surer study in long maintained rapid motion.

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I have in hand a very interesting account of the present condition of the American College of Musicians, which is now being newly organized under the laws of the state of New York. The laws of New York are at the same time strict and liberal concerning educational institutions. There is a board of Regents which has absolute control of granting charters, authorizing examinations and conferring degrees, whereby no school is permitted to undertake such work until after satisfying the Regents that the plan is sound and worthy of confidence. The newly appointed board of trustees consists of twenty of the more prominent musicians of the entire country. The officiary remains as last elected, President Parsons at the head and Mr. Robert

Bonner secretary. The American College of Musicians, as is well known, is not a teaching body, but an examining body; and the plans embrace administration of its examinations in the main cities of the country—as fast as demand exists. The ends sought are two: First, to certify to professional fitness; second to bar out incompetence from the honorable distinction which professional thoroughness should properly confer.

President Parsons has appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. Frederic W. Root, Calvin B. Cady and W. S. B. Mathews to prepare a report for the July meeting upon a practical plan of Music Extension—according to the suggestions and plans advocated in MUSIC some years ago.

W. S. B. M.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

A FEW PLEASING TEACHING PIECES.

THE old saying that a prophet is without honor in his own country is doubly valid in music. Here is that genial and highly gifted as well as successful man, Mr. Emil Liebling who for these ten or fifteen years now has been author of quite a number of elegantly written salon pieces for piano. Yet how very few of them have the local teachers used among their pupils! The other day one of my pupils brought me his Florence waltz, written perhaps fifteen years ago, and published by the Chicago Music Company, in the days when Mr. E. G. Newell was at the head of its affairs. The piece is of about the the difficulty of the Weniawsky waltz, which is so often used—being about the sixth grade of difficulty. Its main obstacle to ordinary use is the introduction, which is not only troublesome for the fingers but doubly so in points of rhythm; I speak now of the place where the left hand part runs in arpeggio figures in double touches, while the right hand has a totally different rhythm. But the waltz is very pleasing, and capable of being done brilliantly and with effect. And later when the principal subject is brought back it has a still more brilliant treatment which is very effective. I enjoyed hearing it so much and the pupil liked it so well for her fingers that I have since used several copies with the same satisfactory effect.

Another piece of peculiar value which I have lately been using again is Dr. William Mason's Monody. This is a sort of treatise or fantasia upon a single melodic idea, which is worked up beautifully and in a masterly manner, so that it makes a salon piece of about six pages. It is of the seventh grade of difficulty, and has for the pupil an entirely peculiar value. Owing to its being developed out of one theme, it traverses a wide variety of harmonies and diversified treatment, whereby for an exercise in memorizing it has about the same mental value as any good piece of Bach's. It tends towards clearness of musical thought. Moreover it is an excellent study in touch, and accentuation, and is capable of being used in place of a study, yet afterwards available for parlor use. All of Mason's pieces depend upon two points for their success with the player:—They must have a good and musical touch, and must be played upon a good piano. They are so delicately treated that if they are played with the ordinary exercise touch of the well trained conservatory pupil, they amount to nothing; and if they are not played upon a good piano the effects which Mr. Mason designed will not follow. Dr. Mason almost invariably plays upon a very sonorous and freely vibrating Steinway grand, upon which many

effects of sympathetic resonance are possible which the great majority of pianos miss. Every composer is influenced by the peculiarities of the pianoforte upon which he ordinarily plays, for if it be capable of unusual effects, these will be found in his works.

I have lately revived the use of one of the Gottschalk pieces with most excellent effect. I speak of his March of the Night, in which he imagines the army of Ossian coming down the mountains and defiling before him while the song of the night bird is occasionally heard. The stately procession passes before him and defiles into the distance where it dies away. Shorn of this imaginative conception, the piece is a very melodious march, pleasing to every one, and needing to be accounted for in only two particulars. The introduction is a crescendo, beginning in a very distant effect, of which only now and then a note of the music is audible. Then there is a single line four times repeated crescendo, the army coming nearer and nearer. The management of these four crescendos, each of which needs to be brought up farther than the preceding is rather a nice study. Moreover inasmuch as the treble descends with tied and syncopated notes, it is not possible to carry much crescendo in this hand; but the bass, which marches upwards stepwise has to do the work. To play this steadily without unevenness or faltering is the art of this part of the work. When the march proper begins it is merely a question of good melody and a sharp treatment of the dotted eighth and the sixteenth, characteristic of the march rhythm. The dotted note has the force of a quarter, and the sixteenth the effect of a grace note before the following dotted note. Hence in all cases the hand must be ready for the dotted note following before the sixteenth note is played. It will require careful training of the pupil before this will be done, the influence of the counting of the time being to make the pupil conceive the dotted note and sixteenth appertaining to it for completing the beat as a single idea, whereas the two notes belong to two different ideas, the true rhythm being from the sixteenth to the dotted note. The running passages upon the third page and later in the piece need to be taught by rote first, in order to make the pupil begin with a true conception of the effect of the run when played rapidly; otherwise they will pause before affixing the final note, in order to ascertain where the bass ought to be.

It is a curious feature of this piece and some others of Gottschalk that although they were in their day written for advanced amateurs, they are now no more than of the fourth grade of difficulty and can be learned by pupils of musical intelligence rather below the normal. In fact, like all works of artists of real genius, they have in them that stimulating something belonging to minds of the first order, and no pupil can play them, particularly if they are thoroughly studied, without deriving stimulation as well as pleasure from them. Moreover they are easier than the new pieces, because the harmonies are simpler and the technical demands upon the left hand are very insignificant.

W. S. B. M.

SOME FIRST LESSONS, AND HOW TO GIVE ONE.

I

NOT being a prodigy I did not pick out classical tunes on the piano at the tender age of two in the weird and fantastic moonlight. Even at the mature age of ten I could not play "everything I heard" by ear. I did not love music and no early manuscripts are extant which would indicate a surprising amount of creative talent.

Music as a profession was a kind of after-thought with me, but some how or other I always managed to keep just a litile ahead of t'other fellow, playing well when there was something depending on the playing, composing with more or less success when it seemed necessary and expedient to compose, and writing whenever I could think of anything worth committing to paper. In short, I never waited for the inspiration to do the thing, but just went to work, did it, and let the rest take care of itself, which it usually did.

In the selection of my first teacher my father acted somewhat on the same principle, which caused the man, who asked for a railroad ticket to Springfield, to say in reply to the query, which Springfield he meant, Mass. or Ill.? "Whichever is the cheapest." My first pedagogue was a totally blind man, Adolf Kruff, under whose direction I contracted every conceivable bad habit.

In 1866 I went to Heinrich Ehrlich, who was then enjoying considerable fame in Berlin. I remember that he started me in Beethoven's sonata, op. 27, No. 1, following it in quick succession with the Schumann concerto and a number of salon pieces. I mainly recollect him as reclining in an enormous bentwood rocking-chair, swinging furiously to and fro. There was no attempt made at detailed work or discussion. A total absence of system precluded all possibility of improvement. Faults were never properly located nor were remedies ever suggested. A happy-go-luck way of teaching, and there is more of it done across the water than people here dream of.

On my return to Europe in 1874 I concluded to study with Theodor Kullak, then the leading teacher in Berlin. At my initial call he told me to prepare for my first lesson the A minor prelude by Bach-Liszt and the opening movement from Chopin's F minor concerto. These selections rather staggered me, for although I could read both at sight, I yet was so keenly alive to my deficiencies and real needs that I doubted the wisdom of starting, as it were at the top of the ladder. What I had anticipated was a thorough course of technical dril in its practical application to piano playing and teaching, and here I found myself at once placed in a line of

work which should have been the legitimate outcome of years of systematic study. When Kullak had heard as much of my rendering of the Bach prelude as he could stand, he proceeded to demonstrate his own reading of the same, which really opened up a totally new vista as to the proper requirements of Bach playing. Every accent and phrase was accurately suggested, and I utilized his suggestions by incorporating them in the text of my copy on my return home.

This lesson served to post me on the whole question of Bach phrasing, for the same principles applied to and governed everything else, wheather it was a fugue or an English suite. The Chopin concerto was similarly treated. Kullak had the faculty of giving a dignified, noble and impressive interpretation of a theme. He insisted on clearly defined accentuation and rhythm, a correct division of a composition as to its motifs, phrases and sentences, and above all on moderate tempi and absolutely even and clear finger work. Every excess, whether of speed or force, was to him an abomination.

But he expected much of his pupils and those who could not keep up the pace which he set for them were left to fall and perish by the wayside. He furnished everything except brains.

Later on I read with him Beethoven's sonata in D-minor, op. 31, No. 2. and to this very day I play it exactly as he interpreted it.

I remember how severely he criticised my performance of some Songs Without Words by Mendelssohn, and whatever success I have since had in making much of the possibilities of short and easy pieces I owe to the valuable hints then received. In short, to the right pupil he was an ideal teacher, but for the rank and file of comfortable and self-satisfied mediocrity he had no earthly use.

At the end of the winter a misunderstanding between us caused me to go to Vienna, where I started in with Dachs, one of the well-known professors of the Conservatory. I played for him the G minor Fantasie and Fugue by Bach–Liszt, and encountered a perfect tornado of abuse. Everything was bad. He found fault with my technique and interpretation both. To say that I was delighted would be to state my feelings mildly, for I reasoned, that if this master found such serious fault with my performance after a years study with an authority like Kullak, and absolutely nothing to commend he evidently had higher ideals as to technical possibilities and musical conception. I felt that I had at last come to the right front of learning, and was to be henceforth guided correctly to the very pinnacle of musical and pianistic attainments. I found out afterwards that this gentle mode of brutally sitting down on new applicants was only just a little way Dachs had with him.

He informed me that I had studied works far beyond my capacity and proposed to take me through the Clementi gradus and some Weber sonatas. "Barkis was willin'" and we started in. Withont any preparation on my part I read for him at the very first lesson eleven études and the A flat sonata by Weber. In the second lesson he proposed the Reinecke Concerto in F-sharp minor. This rather astonished me, for I had received absolutely none of

that instruction which he claimed I was in such urgent need of. However, "de gustibus non est disputandum." I looked over the Concerto. After I had taken ten or twelve so called lessons I had the inspiration to ask him to play something for me. In an evil moment he consented and favored me with such a performance as would insure to any of my pupils a very warm reception on my part.

This settled his hash. I settled my indebtedness and left Vienna, having much improved in my billiards, but only moderately so in my piano playing.

Musical World. EMIL LIEBLING.

My Dear Mr. Mathews.—I was delighted with your article on Songs and Singing.

Your question at the end I would answer thus, the art songs will never be sung till a race of singers (call them such for present courtesy) are bred, who can play the Piano part of those same songs. Until they, the singers, will have gone through the study of their only medium, the piano—and have acquired ability to play Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Bach and the best of modern works—and become permeated with the beauty of all which is comprehended in this class of music.

These beautiful songs by Schubert, Franz and Schumann, are really only adapted to small cultured audiences, in Chamber Concerts—to small Coteries of people, who themselves are steeped, if I may use the word, in the delight of such poetic harmonical creations—people who are in affiliation kindredly with the creators of them. Where are such people to be found?—here and there a few; beyond that few we must not expect to find them in the present life. An easy unworked success, is all that the majority will strive for. Some of us, poor ardent slaves to music are discouraged because the mass remain content with trash. We can but be sorry that they do not reach out beyond and strive to get into the ideal world, of the best in music.

Believe me truly yours.

THOMAS RYAN.

GOODRICH'S ANALYTICAL HARMONY.

IN replying to your criticism of my Analytical Harmony I do not intend to dispute your right to praise or condemn the book, but I have thought that certain points, about which opinion differs, might be discussed with a view to possible benefits occurring therefrom.

Your principal objection to my system seems to be, that I do not adopt the Hauptmann—Riemann theory of "key" and reject the idea of scale formation. This I do not, because such a course would be contrary to my judgment and experience. In an article

entitled, Supposed Physical Basis of Harmony, (published in the *Musical Courier* last August) I demonstrated to the satisfaction of such musicians as Gleason, Foote and Foerster that the "under scale system" of Riemann does not rest upon scientific or artistic foundation. I believe it to be very vague and hypothetical, and therefore I must be allowed to question the assertion that a "key is a family of chords bearing relation to a central one called a tonic." Key was established as the index or tonic to certain melodic series of sounds, called a *scale*, long before the three perfect cadence harmonics were known. A key—impression can be created and determined very easily and positively without any chords whatever. Simply play or sing any normal scale, ascending or descending, and the tonality is established to the satisfaction of every musician. As key is simply the name applied to a given tonality by way of specific designation, does it not follow that when we recognize the tonality we also know the fundamental, or key—tone? When you refer to the *key of A* the *scale of A* is included in the thought. And if the *scale of A* is suggested does not every one understand that *A* is tonic, or key—tone?

Of course a scale may be so written as to suggest no particular key; but when we name the tonic by saying, for *e, g,* the *scale of B flat*, do we not suggest those tones whose tonic in *B flat*,—in other words, the key of *B flat*?

It does not seem to me that the method of forming keys and scales from the tonic, sub-dominant and dominant harmonies is a simple one, for in order to constract chords of a certain class the pupil must understand intervals, and intervals belong primarily to scale construction.

In my book on harmony the pupil is presupposed to be acquainted at the outset with this preliminary knowledge, which the elementary teacher imparts in whatever way he will. This fact you seem to have overlooked in your review of the work.

But throughout the text there are numerous references to the fact that certain chords embrace every tone in that particular key, (pp. 23, 127, 184: This is a conclusion which any intelligent student ought to reach without explanation from the theorist, but from a harmonic point of view I stated that the fact as a justication of the harmonies—not of the scale!

In treating of the diminished 7th chords (chapter 39) an example of chromatic progression is given wherein the tonality is undecided. The corresponding dominant 7th chord is thus introduced as a means of establishing the key tone, not necessarily the key (as Hanptmann explains it), for the mode may be major or minor. There is, as we know, a material difference between *A flat major and A flat minor*, but in the instance (to quote from the the text) "the main point to determine is, the *key-tone*; the mode is of secondary importance." I stated this proposition on my own responsibility, but since the book has been so cordially approved by our best composers I am inclined to feel strengthened in my belief.

You also note, with disfavor, "that an entire hundred pages of the book are occupied before we come to inversions." Re-arrange

ments of the chords are explained and extensively used, but according to my experience pupils who are not considerably advanced commit inumerable errors in their attempts to manage real-bases and inverted harmonies. When the root is not lowermost the chord is more or less out of balance, and in order to restore the equilibrium the pupil must possess some knowledge and judgment. Even Richter, in his Manual of Harmony, produces a bad effect with certain real-bases (quoted on p. 258 of Analytical Harmony). I have therefore deemed it more proper to require from the student a *raison d'etre* for every inverted base. I believe every real-base ought to present an apparent object in order to justify its existence and make it effective. Several harmony teachers have spoken approving of this feature of my work, but since your own experience seems to be against it there is no better way than for teachers to carefully consider both sides of the subject, and finally adopt that method which produce the best resuls.

Chicago., A. G. GOODRICH.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

NEW MUSIC.

GRADED MATERIALS FOR THE PIANOFORTE. Vol. II. Grades III and VI. W. S. B. Mathews. John Church Company. Pp. 57. $1.00.

Grade III contains fourteen studies, the authors represented, Czerny 3, Reinhold 1, Le Couppey 3, Heller 2, Schumann 1, Rudolph Viole 1, Doering 2, Tyson Wolff 1, Loeschhorn 1. In grade IV there are fifteen studies, the authors represented being: Loeschhorn 5, Heller 3, Bach 3, Czerny 1, Tschaikowsky 1, Schumann 1. The Heller pieces are from the opus 45, Book 2; and the Loeschhorn from the opus 66, Book 1. The Bach pieces are from the two-part Inventions. These studies are intended to provide a reasonable amount of finger work and quite a little valuable exercise in expressive and intelligent playing. Their advantage over the use of the books of studies by individual authors lies mainly in the variety of style and consequent relief from monotony and greater versatility in the playing.

LETTERS OF A BARITONE. By Francis Walker. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo. Pp. 300. $1.25.

The letters of a Baritone are written as if to home folks, and contain a transcript of the writer's life and study in Florence under two different teachers of singing, the chief one being the Cavaliere Cortesi, who according to Mr. Walker's account must be an interesting and able teacher. The letters show Mr. Walker as an intelligent student and observer, appreciative of that larger Florence, which is so nearly what Dante imagined it, one of the most charming places in the world; and taking everything broadly and with noble aims: Many small particulars of life and study find place, and all with agreeable reason, and never in the petty spirit which sometimes illustration in works of the character. On the whole this is to be reckoned not only a valuable addition to its class, but as perhaps the most interesting of all. Or if quite so much cannot be said of it it is only for lack of some commanding personality, like that of Liszt, to serve it as hero. There is no hero in Mr. Walker's book, although his teacher, the Cavaliere Cortesi comes near being so. There are extracts to be made from the book later.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST COMPOSERS, edited by Karl Klauser, J. B. Millet Company, Boston, Publishers, Numbers 11 to 20.

The portraits in the present series are those of Messrs. W. C. E. Seeboeck. H. H. Huss, B. E. Woolf, E. R. Kroeger, Constantine Sternberg, Martin Roeder, E. A. MacDowell, Edgar Stillman

Kelley, W. L. Blumenschein, Henry Schoenefeld. The compositions contained are all of medium difficulty and the range covered is rather wide. The works are therefore of particular value for amateur musicians having fine taste and only a moderate technic. All the portraits in this series as will be seen from the present and former notice, are American composers, or composers living in America.

Theodore Presser.

MICHAEL H. GROSS. Op. 24, "Romanza." A pleasing and somewhat elaborately written romance for the viola.

John Church Company.

HOFFMAN, AUGUST WM. "Bianca." A pleasing gavotte; fourth grade. Well worthy the attention of teachers. "Valse d' Amour." A popular and pleasing waltz. Often played by Gilmores's band. Fourth grade.

SCHARWENKA XAVER. Op. 78, Serenade. Well done melodious and effective. Fifth grade.

JORDAN, HARRY C. "Isabella." Popular Third grade.

PACHER, J. A. "The Brook." A favorite old study by a popular author, newly printed and edited. Fourth grade.

RAVINA, H. Allegro Classique, op. 94. An available teaching piece of the early part of the fifth grade.

Breitkopf & Haertel.

MACDOWELL, E. A. Op. 18, Barcarolle. A very pleasing but by no means easy composition; rather elusive in harmony but very pleasing when well done. A good study in touch and a delicate melodic nuance. Fifth grade.

MACDOWELL, E. A. Technical Exercises. A series of exercises for rendering the fingers more independent, consisting generally of one or more fingers held while the others move in difficult combinations. The intervals and keyboard positions are new in this. The principle is old.

HERMANN CARRI, "Special Scale Studies," A series of special exercises of scales with arpeggios accompaniment, the scales moving evenly but not in regular multiple with the arpeggios. The first exercise is the leading motive from the Chopin Fantasy Impromptu.

SCHNECKER, P. A. "My Lady's Bower." A pleasing and not difficult transcription. Advanced fourth grade.

MACDOWELL. Op. 9. Two Songs.
"Deserted."
"Slumber Song."
Two Songs from Opus 33.
"Cradle Hymn."
"Idylle."

The four songs above mentioned afford fine illustrations of the modern art of poetic writing, which differs from the olden manner, even that of Schubert, in having a less noticeable melody, and

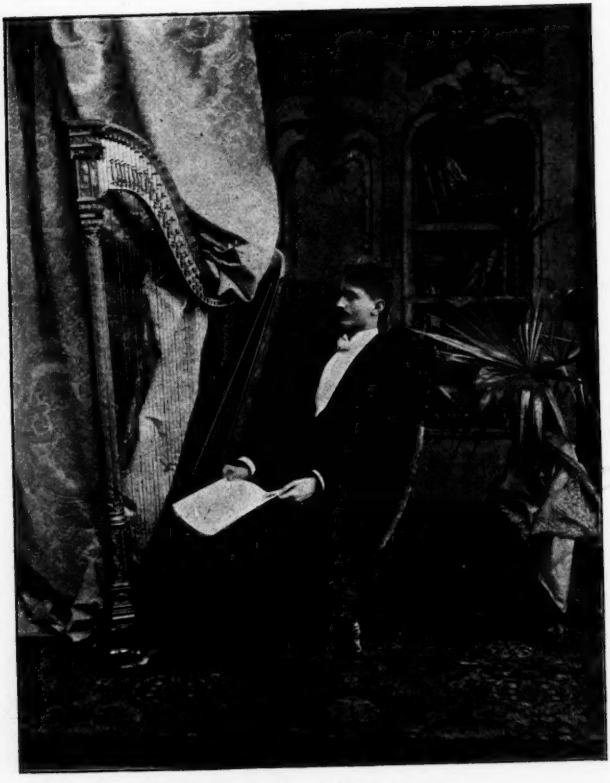
in carrying the text both in melody and harmony in such a manner that the whole together makes one. "Deserted" is to the words of Burns, "Ye banks and braes." The second is by a poet unmentioned—possibly and not unlikely by the composer himself. It is a dainty affair. The Cradle hymn is to the latin words "Dormi Jesu," the English by Coleridge. And the Idylle from Goethe.

Each of these lovely little pieces requires to be treated daintily and tenderly, with musical handling as gentle as possible, and with scarcely anywhere from beginning to finish a full cadence, but each period passing into the next following by a gentle transition. And especially the pianoforte part delicately interwoven with the voice making with it not so much an accompaniment as a sort of ble for mezzo soprano voice.

ARTHUR NEVIN. Op. 5. Antique Wedding Music. H. Kleber & Bro., Pittsburgh.

Wedding March.
Bridal Song.
Minuet.
Evening Song.

The "antique" element in the wedding Music of Mr. Arthur Nevin is mainly imaginary, and restricted to the selection of titles, for the music itself is of today, and not of the past. The March is one of those compositions which one hesitates to characterize. If the work of an old composer, one would call rather commonplace; but if the work of a young writer, whose style had not yet acquired ease and consistency, one would pass it as giving promise. On the whole the Wedding March does not appear to possess the striking charm of melody and harmony which such a composition ought to have. Parts of it are clever; other parts are common place. The Bridal Song is full of enharmonic modulation, and appealing effects, the dissonances of which might be interpreted as not altogether suggestive of unmixed good to the union thus inaugurated. The Minuet is perhaps the best movement of all. It contains a remarkable relation of keys, the principal key of E flat being followed in the trio by that of A major. This kind of descensus Averni is accomplished easy enough in these days of pliant and complaisant diminished sevenths, but exactly as in ancient days the ascent again is not so easy—and so Mr. Nevin seems to have found it. The closing piece, the evening Song, is quite as pleasing as either of the other numbers. but here as in the Bridal Song there is a middle part in 3-4 measure to a principal part in 4-4. The change disturbs the unity of the movement—in fact creates two movements, since the pulsation and movement are the foundations of the rhythmic unity of a composition. One will be glad te see more of the work of this composer, who is a younger brother of the famous Mr. Ethelbert Nevin.



MR. EDMUND SCHUECKER, HARPIST.

MUSIC

JUNE, 1895.

PURE MUSIC.

THERE is a certain class of conservative musicians, the avowed opponents of the emotional and descriptive phases of the art, who pride themselves on what they call a strictly classical taste, and who always have a great deal to tell us about Pure Music. By this they seem to mean music which is infinitely above all merely human interest and expression, which floats in an etherial supermundane element, where neither Nature nor human emotion has a place, and which is only to be breathed by a few of the elect. It disdains all sympathetic connection with the sentient life of humanity, and bases its claim to superiority upon a chaste, subtle charm, peculiar to itself, only to be felt by the initiated, and dependent wholly upon the originality of its themes, the perfection of its symmetry, and the ingenuity of its development, or in other words, the beauty of its external form and the skill displayed in its construction.

According to the class of musicians above mentioned, these are the only items of consequence in a composition. Their interest centres exclusively in the technical details of a work, irrespective of the presence or absence of other merit. If it chances to be there, as is frequently the case, they never perceive it, do not even make the effort: if absent, they never miss it, and find the work precisely as enjoyable, provided it is only made according to rule and tradition. They are constantly calling upon us to rise to their own lofty plane of contemplation, where only the intrinsic excellence of the music as such is allowed to count,

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where the first essential of the novice is to learn that music *per se* is an end, not a means, and to forget the very fundamental definition of art "The expression of life in form."

The fact is, they have little or no interest in art, they are merely musicians; intellectually of a high order, it may be, but none the less narrowly limited to the mechanical requirements and technical knowledge of their specialty, apparently failing to realize the very reason why that specialty exists at all. It may be interesting and instructive, from the standpoint of the shop, to study the muscles in the Venus of Milo or count the brush-strokes in the Sistine Madonna, to acquaint oneself with the progressive steps and the anatomical details of a great musical work; but it certainly is not permissible to stop there and find or seek to find nothing else: for that there is something else to be found I scarcely need say, a something for which and by reason of which the work came into being, and which alone deserves immortality, the embodiment of a lofty ideal conception, coming direct from the heart and brain of the artist, and appealing at once to the emotions and intellect of humanity; to which the technical skill was but a servant employed for a purpose, who having done his work should retire modestly into the background, content with his due meed of praise for careful painstaking labor, but claiming and receiving little share in the glory of the artist. We do not greatly extol the amanuensis who transcribes the thoughts of a great poet, even though he may write a fine hand and spell faultlessly. Technical skill is only the private secretary to genius.

But to return to "pure music." The very idea is impossible and absurd on the face of it, as we shall see at once if we apply it to any other of the arts. Try for instance to imagine pure poetry, that is poetry which is perfect in form and finish, in rhyme and rhythm, which conforms absolutely to every rule of prosody, and which would sound very musical to the ear of a foreigner who did not know a word of the language; but which means and expresses absolutely nothing, and has no suggestion of either thought or mood. It is of course preposterous. As I do not think at the mo-

ment of any verses quite bad enough to illustrate the point, I append an original sample.

Through midnight expanses
The mad light advances,
And made right he prances,
Confessing, denying:
While rounding the ocean,
While ringing devotion
In rhythmical motion
Expressing, defying.

Now why didst thou leave me
Nor try to bereave me
Ne'er fly and deceive me
By lingering longer.
I go out to meet thee
In grand rout to greet thee
And greatly to beat thee
With stripes ever stronger.

I believe that the above scans perfectly. Its form is correct and considerably complex. Its rhymes are frequent, often double, always musical, and it abounds in alliteration. Moreover its sentences can be analysed and parsed with ease, and it adheres to all the laws and traditions of syntax and prosody. I do not think either that anyone will venture the criticism that I have degraded my muse by fettering her to matters mundane, or that I have used the lofty art of poetry as a means to the end of expressing either thought or emotion. On the contrary I have permitted her to spread her airy pinions and freely soar into that higher realm of abstract beauty, which is supposed to be her proper and only worthy sphere. I defy the most captious critic to find any fault with my poem, regarded strictly from the standpoint of pure poetry. Yet it is not a poem at all. It is simply words, done up into neat and symmetrical bundles, like packages of scented soap. And for the reason that it means nothing, expresses nothing, contains no rational suggestion of either external or psychological phenomena, embodies and causes no experience; in brief is not in touch with human life at any single point, except possibly by its pleasurable sensuous effect upon the auditory nerve.

The absurdity of the position in regard to "Pure Music" is equally seen when applied to painting. Form and color

are the two main features of the pictorial art, as tone and time are of music. Yet the most perfect control of them by any master, if isolated from all other elements of his art, would not make a picture. Forbid to painting all representations of Nature or of human life, and all suggestion of thought and emotion, as the extreme partisans of Pure Music would have us do for that art, and to what would we reduce it? To a mere decorative industry, on a par with dyeing and weaving, shut out from the domain of art.

Imagine the most exquisite blending of colors and variety of tints which the palette can furnish, and the most symmetrical and complex intricacies of graceful forms, superior, if that were possible, to anything presented by Nature in sunset sky or floral contours, and the two could not make a picture having the least approach to artistic pretentions. We have a practical illustration and proof of this in history, in the painting and frescoes of the Arabs of the Middle Ages. Strictly forbidden by their religion to make an image of any created thing, vegetable, animal or human, they developed the greatest faculty for original designs which the world has ever seen, convolutions of curve and figure, full of grace, beauty and intricacy, familiar to all other times and nations, and models for them, under the name of Arabesques. But their painting never rose above the level of mere decoration, simply from the restriction referred to; for that the Arabs possessed the intellectual power and the artistic temperament to have produced a race of painters, is fully evinced by their literature and their architecture, while their superior skill of hand and eye is more than proven by their decorative designs. Their religion simply passed sentence of death upon painting as an art among them.

A musical composition constructed upon the same principles, and I have occasionally though rarely, heard such, is no more a work of art than my senseless jingle of words or the arabesques of the Saracens. Fortunately there have been but few such written, and these few are seldom played for obvious reasons. All *pure music*, so called, that is, music making no distinct reference to external scenes and

actual events, is simply music which deals with the subtler, deeper phases of man's spiritual life, with the primal forces of thought and emotion, before they have developed into action or crystalized into definite expression. We find in it the precipitated elements of moods, disassociated from merely personal local causes and environment the direct expression of the emotional states and mental attitudes, rather than intensely focused feelings, or definitely formulated thought. It is the same with lyric poetry, which portrays no scene, describes no character, relates no episode, simply lays bare a human mind and soul to other kindred minds and souls.

It is often said that music begins where language ends, because it has the power of embodying an abstract emotion, without accounting for it or localizing it; and of appealing directly to a responsive emotion in the listener without the necessity of employing as transmitting medium the agencies of description, comparison and symbolism which are indispensable to language. But, for all that, its expression and suggestion are none the less real, distinct and forceful, for those who have ears to hear.

Let me make myself once for all distinctly understood. I do not maintain that all music, or even the greater part of it, portrays or suggests actual events, scenes, characters, or even distinct, easily narratable personal experiences, such as love episodes, professional disappointments and discouragements, home-sick longings of the exile, etc., to be found in biographies of the composer or elsewhere. Some of the finest compositions have just such significance or references and are not a whit the less artistically worthy on that account; but many more do not. What I claim is that every composition worth a hearing, precisely like every art work in other lines, must and does express something; must and does embody some phase, however subtle, vague or complex, of the soul-life of its creator; even if it is nothing more than an unintentional reflection of his mental and emotional state at the time of writing, faintly but inevitably colored by the times and conditions in which he lived, and his own local and personal environment.

I further maintain that a thorough acquaintance with those times, conditions and environment, as well as the peculiar individuality of the composer himself, will often furnish a key to unsuspected treasures of thought and mood contained within the rigid forms of the most faultless specimens of so-called pure music.

Let me go one step farther, and confidently assert that this subtle content, this vital essence, sometimes thought, sometimes feeling, more often that finer art principle compounded of both, which I will call for convenience the soul of an art work, is universal, indestructable and everywhere and at all time immortal in its identity, no matter under what form it chances to be manifested. It alone vitalizes whatever art form may contain it. It is capable of frequent and facile metempsychosis from one form to another. All that is needed is the enchanter's wand of a mastering genius to compel this etherial spirit to come forth from the realm of mystery where it loves to dwell, beyond the reach of common minds, and tangibly to materialize in any desired form.

Thus the vital principle of any good poem might have been equally well embodied, might even now be translated in music or painting; and the true spirit and significance of any good composition might just as well have found first expression, and might now be re-expressed, with equal force, through the mediums of either poetry or painting. Each appeared to the world in its present form merely because, when its subject matter agitated and quickened the mind of its creator, he naturally expressed himself through that medium most fluent and familiar to him. It merely happened to be a verse, rather than song, or *vice versa*, its simply because parent was poet or songster, not because its artistic germ had any innate and inevitable affinity for words or tone or color.

Of course some minor details of form and diction, mere details of external construction, have to be sacrificed in all translations from one art form to another, just as is the case when a poem is transferred to a foreign language. But their place can be supplied by others conformable to

the peculiar laws and necessities of the new medium, while all that is vital in the original may be retained. This has been frequently done from poetry to music, why not the reverse? Witness Beethoven's overture to Egmont, and Schumann's Manfred music, in which moods, rather than events and actual experiences, are treated.

Similarly I hold that even such pure and lofty expressions of abstract emotional states as Beethoven's eighth symphony or Schubert's C major symphony, in which no possible reference can be traced to external physical life, might be translated into equally perfect and soul-stirring utterances by a poet, who should employ the resources of an adequate genius in the performance of such a task.

If, as I firmly believe, this position is tenable, it proves conclusively that there is and must be in every art work a psychological germ, wholly independent of form and finish, of sensuous beauty and technical perfection, which is alone of immortal worth, that is absolutely essential to its very existence; and it follows logically that just as there can be no real poetry which means nothing, no true painting which pictures nothing, so there can be no genuine music which expresses nothing. That its expressive power is wasted upon many, who therefore deny its presence, counts for naught. The same is true of poetry in a somewhat lesser degree. Is love less real because the cynic denies its existence? Is pain less poignant because unknown in the mineral kingdom, or because the dead have ceased to feel it?

The soul which once has thrilled to the sad sweet of love, or the sharp yet tremulous notes of pain, and to their vibrant echoes in the mystic harmonies of all great music, recognizes infallibly the familiar tones. It knows that music not only *may be* but that it *is* expression; that without it there is no music worth the name, as there can be no life worth counting such without sensation; that the best music is that which gives us most expression; and it challenges controversy with the assertion that in this sense there is no such thing as Pure Music.

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY

HOW TO TAKE AN A. C. M. DEGREE.

A thing has value to us only in accordance with what it does for us, or what we can do with it. All collegiate degrees mean something definite to collegiate people; they mean something very indefinite to those who know not what they represent. Stated broadly, any degree is but payment for work accomplished in an excellent manner. It attests that the holder of the degree has done so much work, and has done it at least as well as certain limits admit. Definitely it cannot have been done in a poorer manner than would be represented by a certain valuation, and it may be much better. It is easily understood, then, that ten people holding the same degree represent not one and the same quantity. The only definite thing that can be said of them collectively is that they represent nothing less than a certain fixed minimun. Therein, consequently, lies all the power of a degree as to definite limitation. It says one is possessed of no less knowledge than a certain factor; he may possess more. It really marks, then, not how much one knows, but how little.

No reputable college grants a degree on anything but absolutely definite work. That work is varied and cumulative; by which I mean that it moves to a certain definite objective point from the beginning. It shoud not be disjointed like the contents of a rag-bag, but unified like the bits of a fine mosaic. In the several branches of study which go to make up the curriculum there will be found two classes; the first, of primary importance which determine the specialized character of the course; the second, subjects subsidiary to the primaries, their attendants, but not so important as to become foremost in value. The candidate for degree is judged chiefly from the character of work done in the primary studies. The result depends on them more than on the secondary subjects.

In the collegiate body of which I am writing there is no

provision made for the overseeing of work as it is going on; only the finished result is judged. The candidate merely comes forward for examination. There is here, as usually is the case, an examination of two-fold character. The specialty,—be it Piano, Voice, Composition or whatever else—is considered an independent element of test which of itself shall rate as high as a specialty, seventy-five per cent. Every special examination is accompanied by a Theoretic examination which, as a whole, also assumes the value of a specialty. The Theoretic examination being made of several items, and these items being of various values, it has been deemed best,—the reasons are easily inferred,—to place the highest test on the subjects of foremost importance—in this case in Harmony, Counterpoint and Terminology; because on these three rest the real musical education; the real strength and fibre of a musical thinker and earnest teacher grows out of them. The others, History, Acoustics, Form, help to build up these, but are of less value in the practical, every day life of an advanced teacher. Yet let me say here that I shall show later how much such subjects as the last three mentioned and others allied to them which I have not mentioned at all, go to make up the broad thinker, the definite instructor, the musician thoroughly competent to think independently. The difference between the intellectual man who knows his strength and how to use it, and the loosely learned man who has no knowlege of himself as a brain worker, is represented when I say that the one has judgment and moves slowly, the other has no judgment and attempts to move like a locomotive. Now good judgment coolly exercised is a possession and a habit. To acquire it one must work in a slow way and with judgment; then it becomes a habit to think logically. Hence the first thing to say to an intending candidate for degree is to be positive of what there is to do, and to do it slowly. Next, can it be done alone by the candidate or not? If he needs help let him get the best he can. The best instruction saves time, there is more progress and less friction. If he takes up his specialty with a teacher he will feel his strength before he tries it, and should know the measure of

it. The Theoretical work will require considerable knowledge of the subjects, and demands an application of it that is designed to show with how much judgment the candidate regards each subject as a whole. The catch question is more and more disappearing from examination papers of all kinds and an appeal to the candidate as a person of mature thought rather than as a bundle of facts, is taking its place. The mere gathering of knowledge should never win one a degree; only judgment ripened by contact with knowledge and its conversion into true education is worthy of any collegiate distinction.

Regarding the subject of the examination papers it may be helpful if I speak of them, giving as I can salient points on each. First, it may be not amiss to say that the practical application of knowledge is everywhere looked for and appreciated in the examinations of the A. C. M. Good judgment is valued far more highly than good memory *per se*. The candidate being ever regarded as a teacher, it is easily understood that this practicability is of worth.

In the papers of Harmony and Counterpoint the candidate is most rigorously judged. Here, if anywhere, a practical working knowledge of the subject is of value. Well chosen tests which require to be worked out give ample evidence of how well grounded the candidate may be on the matter of the text. Textual questions are everywhere of value chiefly in so far as they exhibit one's ability to be clear and logical in explanation. It is especially for this particular that the Terminology paper is formulated. Clearness in expression and evidence of ability to think in a straight line in *simple words* are expected. It is to be said, however, that there is no text book in English on the subject of musical terms, which is really representative as an excellent work for instruction. The standard English Dictionaries are very misleading in regard to musical terms in our own language.

The subject next important is that of Form; that part of the examination requiring an analysis is the test which shows most conclusively one's comprehension of the subject. It is sincerely to be regretted that more is not made of the

study of Form. Even to the most elementary teacher so much depends for an understanding of simple musical works, on the knowledge of the form or shape in which they are constructed, that without it one must miss the spirit of a work. Many are guided a little way by intuition. But intuition, inexplicable as it is, is not knowledge, and knowledge itself, to be of greatest value, must be organized.

The Acoustic paper is simple in its demands. A careful reading of a standard text book in those chapters which treat of the subject as distinctly connected with practical music, would amply prepare a student. But it must be remembered that a proper understanding of the subject even to the slight extent indicated, requires much careful reading of not very much text, and much more careful thinking upon its meaning. A few Acoustic experiments scientifically performed are valuable experience. It is everywhere the broad comprehension and ripened judgment that tell, more especially in the Fellow and Master examinations. No paper indicates so much the requirement for just those qualities in the candidate as the paper on History. Its few questions indicate the necessity for a fairly wide knowledge of the best known works in Musical Literature; more especially as applying to the advanced degrees. To the candidate for the associateship degree it may be said that the outlines of a good general handbook are first necesary; then the reading of a larger work, supplemented by some reading of the best biographies, a few critical works and the like.

In conclusion I am going to say that an intending candidate taking a practical view of the matter would prepare for examination with these thoughts in mind:—

To take sufficient time in preparation as to feel fully at ease on all his subjects.

To be thoroughly practical in all he does.

To rely on the judgment before the memory.

To prepare for an examination so that the week or two previous to the time may be spent in rest rather than in forcing for the coming situation.

To remember that forcing matters so as barely to pass is a credit to no one.

THOMAS TAPPER.

CERTAIN COMPOSITIONS OF TSCHAIKOWSKY.

AMONG the compositions of the period which have recently attracted the attention of our best musicians and teachers, are foremost those of the late great Russian composer, Pierre Iltitsch (Peter) Tschaikowsky, who was born in the year 1840, in the provinces of Perm, adjoining Siberia, and whose sudden death of cholera, November 6, 1893, is a matter of deep regret in the musical world. This great writer of modern music, was, like the late Hans von Bulow, educated for jurisprudence and only began the study of the theory of music at the age of 22, when he entered the Conservatory established by Anton Rubinstein at St. Petersburg, where three year later, in 1865, he completed the course, and was immediately appointed Professor of of Composition at the Moscow Conservatory, then founded by Nicholas Rubinstein. This position he held for twelve years, till 1877, since which time he devoted himself exclusively to composition, as teaching was not to his taste. Among his latest works are a number of pianoforte pieces of marked peculiarity. His op. 72 is a collection of eighteen pieces, a number of which have delighted me to such an extent that I concluded to assist in making my musical sisters throughout the country acquainted with their rare and striking beauties. Most of these compositions, if properly interpreted will arouse the imagination and convey a story to the intent listener. There is, for instance, No. 3, called Tendre Reproches, where one can easily imagine two sisters, the one a quiet, thoughtful girl of 25 years, who has gone through many adverse circumstonces with her parents, while the younger one, not yet out of her teens, has been away to school where she acquired a silly, saucy way of behavior, which the older of the two at first vainly tries to subdue, but after an excited effort conquers.

By listening carefully to No. 8, the "Dialogue," we can weave a romance for ourselves without much effort. Let

us imagine a Dialogue between a violoncello and a violin, the 'cello representing the lover, and the violin his beloved, while out for a stroll through the woodland on a moonlit eve. In playing the melody imitate the deep sonorous sounds of a violoncello on the one hand and the sweet strains of a violin on the other, by using a sustained or melodic quality of tone; see that a true, pure legato is produced in the melody. Make the piano sing by playing with a broad though delicate and gentle touch—subdue the accompaniment. Measures thirty-nine to forty-eight inclusive need careful analysing and much practice to be rendered intelligently, and with full appreciation of their many hidden beauties. The tempo M. M.=120 is what makes the piece difficult and places it in grade VI, where ten grades are used. When mastered and played with fine expression it more than repays the labor expended in the unraveling of its treasures. Be careful about the syncopated tones, measures thirty-nine to forty-eight and fifty-nine to sixty-seven inclusive.

The piece consists of three distinct ideas which should be brought out according to their relative importance to each other. The first subject soft and sweet, but with varying expression; the second increases in strength and passion and gradually leads up to the grand climax at measure forty-nine, where the third subject presents itself, the young couple being detected by a disapproving father. At measure fifty-nine the excitement still exists but gradually diminishes, till with the *ritenuto molto*, measure sixty-eight it entirely dies away. Beginning with measure fifty-nine, we can imagine the young lady's kind-hearted mother pleading for the young people and finally winning the stern father's consent. Notice the beautiful effect at measures sixty-one and sixty-five. The whole piece is a short but exquisite tone poem.

Space does not permit more than superficial mention of the remaining numbers of the op. 72, the names of which are as follows:

1. Impromptu.
2. Berceuse.

3. Tendre Reproches.
4. Danse Caracteristique.
5. Meditation.
6. Mazurka pour Danser.
7. Polacca de Concert.
8. Dialogue.
9. Un poco di Schumann.
10. Scherzo Fantaisie.
11. Valse Bluette.
12. L'Espiegle.
13. Echo Rustique.
14. Chant Elegiaque.
15. Un poco di Chopin.
16. Valse a cinq temps.
17. Passe Lontain. Invitation au Trepak.
18. Scene Dansante.

Of these the Polacca de Concert and the Valse a Cinq Temps deserve special mention, the former being an exceedingly brilliant concert piece and the latter a very useful study in rhythm, being written in 5-8 time.

The above eighteen pieces, together with six songs op. 63, with German and English words, were recently published and copyrighted by R. F. Loehr, of Milwaukee, for the United States, this being the first time a Russian composer's works were published in this country simultaneously with all other countries, which feat was accomplished by Mr. Loehr through his having been a friend of the deceased. Mr. Loehr speaks very highly of the many good qualities of the great composer.

A. E. Gether.

ON THE INHERENT DIFFICULTIES OF MUSICAL CRITICISM.

IT is rather a curious fact that at the moment when so much space is occupied in the journalism with criticism of new musical works, that perhaps there never was a time when the current writing upon this class of subjects was held in so much disrespect by the artistic musician and composer. Not alone do opinions differ diametrically concerning quality of performance, but even concerning subject matter opinions differ still more widely, if possible.

Another curious fact is the general tone of pessimism which pervades critical notices of performance. Any one who is in the habit of reading journalistic notices of musical performances even in our largest cities, if of a credulous disposition will conclude that imperfection is the rule; and a really admirable performance is almost or quite never attained. Take for instance the recent season of grand opera in New York and Chicago. Here was a company of artists brought together "regardless," as the boys say, in order to combine every essential attractive and artistic element for the adequate presentation of grand opera of the highest class. I did not have the pleasure of reading the New York daily papers concerning the performances, but from what I know of the men writing them I think it extremely doubtful whether a real approval was accorded to more than a modicum of the performances; and it would not surprise me to find that not more than about one performance a week met with recognition. In Chicago it was much the same. In the journal which for more than thirty years held the post of honor in the city (*The Tribune*), I doubt whether there have been two really cordial notices of these opera performances. No matter who sang, nor what the opera, there was always a rose leaf turned here, something out of place there, and so on—always an undercurrent of

unsatisfied desire. This curious pessimistic dyspepsia is not confined to the dailies; it pervades the musical press as well. And when the tone is not sniffy and captious, it is too often what Schumann used to call "honey-daubing" and fulsome.

Still more curiously, while the musical artists themselves, and particularly musical composers, have almost universally been generous towards new works, and have praised them in proportion to their novelty, the professed critics have generally condemned new works in exactly the same measure. This was illustrated upon the widest possible scale in the history of Wagner; and it is illustrated over again in the history of many others, not excepting that greatest of living artists, Johannes Brahms.

These facts will be admitted by the reader almost without controversy; but their explanation is not so easy. One explanation we may dismiss with a word, although it is offered entirely too often. Namely, we may be quite sure that as a rule all these gentlemen aim at reporting the facts correctly, and are not consciously biased by prejudgments, and still less by malice or smallness. Yet the question only becomes all the more difficult, *why* such a difference should exist in the popular estimation of works and performances which one would say on *á priori* grounds, ought to have been good enough to awaken at least a moderate percentage of artistic delight.

This brings us to the core of the subject, the complete divergence of the planes in which art-music operates and that in which it is criticised. When a good critic reviews a novel, for example he can tell the story, note the particularities of the style, and in general give a verdict concerning the work which the intelligent reader will find later to voice the greater number of his own impressions and tacit opinions. It is almost the same with the critical examination of poetry. It is possible to write of a new poem in such a way as not to spoil it for the reader, and at the same time without widely diverging from a mental tone congenial to the sympathetic reader of the poem in question immediately after completing its perusal.

I am aware that here we come upon dangerous ground.

For both with regard to the novel and still more with the poem it is possible for a critical examination to end by completely spoiling the novel or poem for readers of the criticism, except in cases where the book possesses a vitality and convincing quality of its own sufficient to override the work of the critic. When James Russel Lowell, for instance, writes of something of Emerson, he does not spoil Emerson's essay for us; but on the contrary awakens us to a higher view of its value. And he does this not by simply praising the work, but by unaffectedly pointing out its central idea, the felicity of its performance; and the delicate spiritual insight which illumines it. Many other examples of the same sort will occur to the reader, and show conclusively that it is not impossible to criticise a literary work without hindering its success, but on the contrary to its direct aid.

For while it is true that the critical attitude of mind is in itself contrary to the artistically receptive, (a question of *Empfindung* as opposed to *Anschauung*), it is also true that whatever of critical insight the essay may manifest must necessarily be expressed through the same medium as the literary art work itself, namely, through words containing ideas. Hence while the critic and author may contradict each other and mutually misunderstand each other, they are nevertheless operating in the same or parallel planes. This is not the case between the musical composer and the musical critic, as we will see.

Art-music consists of tonal combinations living and moving at the same time in three planes—*key* or modality, *rhythm*, and *intensity;* and the combinations possible between these three elements are practically endless. It is this fact which makes music so peculiarly adapted to express soul-fluctuations, determinations, moods, and reverie. These tonal combinations do not convey distinct ideas; no vital image is called up by them, or can be suggested by them, except in the most remote manner. No word, no combination of words is suggested, and no combination of words can be framed which the musician will accept as a fair equivalent for the least of the tone-poems which afford him delight. Tone-

poetry is more intelligible and enjoyable after a true musical training; but this is not always necessary for very high enjoyment even in the most elaborate forms of it. Moreover, many forms of music are spontaneously intelligible to all who, in New Testament parlance, "have ears to hear"—i. e., are gifted with musical intuition.

The lover of music does not reason concerning it. He hears a strong composition for the first time and immediately it stirs him, awakens him, thrills him, and affords a soul-stirring delight which no other art can equal; for no other art is able in this manner to speak to living soul by means of living and evanescent forms which explain themselves to the inner intelligence of the musically endowed. No matter how great the composition, no matter how small; there is absolutely nothing which can be said or written concerning it which by any possibility can awaken in the soul of the reader an impression corresponding to that which the work itself would give. The most that is possible is for the criticism to so speak to the reader, that he having also heard the composition recalls the impressions which it gave him, and recognizes in the critic a congenial soul. This is absolutely everything that can be done, and here ends the influence and scope of criticism in so far as it concerns itself with subject matter of high class tone-poetry.

Other uses the critic can indeed perform; such as pointing out many subordinate circumstances of the new work. One can speak of the general form of the treatment, the tone-coloring, and the clevernesses of thematic work. Even the nobility of a lyric slow movement is open to praise in words; but by no possibility can the critic, be he ever so clever, touch so much as the hem of the garment of melody with which the great composer has clothed his work.

In the case of a dramatic lyric work it is possible for the critic to point out that the correspondence between a moment of the drama and the music superimposed upon it; or even to go to the length of declaring that the music seems to grow out of the dramatic moment. And this would seem at first sight to be high praise. Yet it is not. The opposite, that the music did *not* agree in its inner spirit with its mo-

ment of the drama, would indeed be high condemnation; but music goes so much farther in representing the soul-complications of a dramatic action that when it *does* agree it goes far beyond this and illuminates; enlarges, elevates, and raises a quite common bit of poetry into the plane of the ideal. This is one reason why such frightfully bad opera books do not kill the music which is set to them. If only the music have in it the element of soul appeal, it will live and persist, in spite of the tendency towards elaborate and complicated combinations.

Yet while the fact that what he says is in a plane entirely foreign to that in which the music itself operates, and this to such a degree that it often happens that the lover of the music finds the words dull and lifeless; and the reader of the words may be without power to be moved by the tonal-combinations, there are other difficulties which cut a great figure in this contradiction between the critic and his mission of usefulness in art. The main two of these disturbing elements are the *personal*, and the element of *mood*. It very rarely happens that an individual gifted with musical intuition in any high degree is able at the same time to write concerning music effectively. This is mainly on account of the absorbing nature of specially musical endowment. Music reaches the inner life, the heart, of such an individual, and touches it so deeply that what he feels by reason of it and through it seems to him something sacred, and impossible to express in words. It *is* impossible. He is right.

And even when a capacity exists in a literary writer for the higher things in musical art, there is still the unmanageable question of mood. No matter how fine or catholic a critic may be, when the mood fails to fit the work, or when some kind of mental pre-occupation prevents his giving himself up to the mood of the music, he cannot write truly concerning it, even in the low plane I have described as the only possible one. This element probably cuts a larger figure in the pessimism of current criticism of music than any other one disturbing influence. Moreover, while the mood may be right, or at least not inconsistant with the music, if the style of the music be new more than one hear-

ing is necessary before a critic can really be sure of his own affection concerning the work. This happens in all first hearings of new works. And this is at the foundation of the generally observed superiority of afternoon criticisms over those in the morning papers. The writer upon the morning paper hurries to his office, after four or five hours close attention in the concert room; there is no time to lose. On the way he has been pondering, and perhaps by good luck is able to decide whether he thinks fat or lean most preponderates in the joint he has so tediously been carving. But there is no time for impressions to clear themselves, and that he arrives finally at a just valuation and occasional glimmers of appreciation, is the most one ought to expect. The inevitable speed and pressure of this kind of work forever stand in the way of its attaining uniform value until the day of miracles is in again. The writer on the afternoon paper sleeps on his impressions. In the morning, cool and refreshed, he sits down and leisurely completes his copy. It reaches the compositor about 11 A. M., about ten hours later than that of his co-worker upon the morning edition.

There is another element which often works a disturbance in the value of musical criticism. I refer to the quality of interpretation. There are two kinds of critics, both consciencious—the one to a fault. A new work is announced. Both men get a printed copy (the score they call it, but it is generally the vocal score or a piano arrangement) and both spend some time in looking through the chief numbers. If the work is at all strange it is very possible that neither one of them is able to form any adequate musical idea of it, even by considerable study. Now it often happens that in actual performance the work sounds entirely different from what had been expected. Dissonances smooth themselves out, tempi are strangely faster than expected, and what seemed dreary stretches of thematic work turn out to be enjoyable. And certain pieces which seemed in playing them over to make little or no effect, turn out to have the very root of the matter in them. Hence in place of a performance dry and dull the critic finds himself awakened and and all his preconceived impressions overturned.

Note the difference between the two men: The one goes back to his office, still full of his preconceived impressions, and writes according to the conclusions he had formed from his study of the printed copy; the other goes back full of the stir and awakening of the actual effect, and writes in this mood—something entirely different and contradictory to what he had intended and expected to write when he started for the performance. The one had real musical feeling and capacity which finally dominated his work: the other had what I might call musical intelligence, by which I mean a form of intelligence which gives opinions but not real illumination. It is easy to see that the work of these two men will be of entirely unlike value and influence.

Thus we see that musical criticism is by no means as simple a matter as the novice would suppose. Moreover, the mischief which it may and does do is by no means small. For one thing, curiously enough, it is the newspaper critic who next to the obsolete prima donna is responsible for confining our opera reperatory to the old list, and keeping out new works until they are becoming venerable and their success has been a thousand times tested in other countries. This comes from the inability of nearly all newspaper critics to absorb and justly weigh musical impressions of a new kind. Accordingly when the new work is attempted, inasmuch as it has nothing in it that they have heard before they jump at the conclusion that its novelty is absence of tunefulness, and condemn it. This also reacts upon the singers who themselves are much influenced by this attitude of the critics, since it is certain that whenever they undertake a new part the critic will find it of questionable value, and therefore they prefer to stick to the old ones. In fact the singers attitude towards critisism is curiously different in the case of new and old works. In the old works a singer goes on with the old parts regardless of what the critics say as long as the box office indorses her efforts. But concerning the new ones she is naturally anxious and less confident; here a very little adverse criticism is enough to deter her from taking it up.

I have thus far failed to mention one of the greatest

obstacles the newspaper writer upon music has to labor under. It is the attitude of the Philistine journalist who commonly gravitates to the position of managing editor. That a sonata or symphony, or even an opera or cantata, should be as well worth talking about as a new play or a new book, a managing editor of this kind too often fails to understand. And when the matter runs off into fine drawn distinctions he cuts it without mercy. And here, moreover, is another of those contradictions of which the world is full. When the managing editor is able to understand half of a critical article, he makes no bones of cutting out the other half on the ground that the critic got beyond his depth; but when he is not able to uderstand a single word of the article, as also not unlikely happens, he very often religiously preserves the whole, uuder the impression that it is too deep to sacrifice. So whichever way we turn in this business we find the road full of pitfalls, to such a degree that there is probably not one man doing this kind of work anywhere but finds it very unsatisfactory; and by the same token there is probably nowhere excepting possibly in the case of three or four fortunate individuals in Boston and New York, any musical critic upon a daily newspaper who is able to stand well at the same time with the three parties in interest,—the paper, the musical public, and himself. And when all is done he had a thousand times rather hear good mnsic than to write about it—although it may be the one form of art which goes most nearly to his soul.

W. S. B. M

TO SINGERS.

MR. MATHEWS has established a great Magazine, one that holds a unique position as the only one where a serious consideration of art for arts sake is possible. The theoretician, the pianist, the composer, and all the abstract thinkers on musical subjects have always had their hearing in these columns. But that great mass of music lovers who find their keenest enjoyment in the voice has scarcely had an equal sbare. It is the aim of "Music" to be as widely useful as possible and aim every form of musical activity. So it has been decided to devote one little corner to the voice. Here song and the singer will reign supreme. Elsewhere organists may rage at the lack of musicianship of church singers, theoreticians may rail at our ignorance of harmonic structure, and in short all the race of musicians may pour the vials of their wrath on our devoted heads;—but here we shall be among ourselves to talk over and study matters of interest to us, heedless of the storm that thunders about us.

Mr. Mathews has asked me to undertake this, so I wish to give my confession of Faith so to speak.

First, that the Italian theories for training the voice are the best. This does not mean that any man who claims to teach the voice by the "Italian method" is a good teacher; nor that there are not fine voice teachers among the Germans, the Frenchmen, the Englishmen, and our own fellow-countrymen. But it does mean that from time immemorial the Italian singers, the products of the Italian School have been the world's greatest singers. That in Italy the voice as an instrument is more loved for itself alone, and better understood, than anywhere else in the world. There is no denying the charlatanry that has traded on that great name, but like any other luxurious growth of noxious weeds it only bears the more striking witness to the richness of the soil.

But that is only for the training of the instrument. The

training of the artist is another question. While there is an enormous creative energy that has sprung into life in Italy during these last few years, and energy that has written its motto *Verismo* in letters of blood, and has shaken the whole world with *Otello*, *Falstaff*, *La Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci*, to mention no more, yet the vast bulk of the music that an artist wishes to study and sing has been written by the Northern Masters. The great Germans have set the standard, they have written the noblest, purest music they could imagine for music's sake. Every singer who has a particle of the artist's blood in his veins wishes to enrol himself among the seekers after the best; this means that he is a student of German Music and wishes to be a singer of German songs. In the earlier years of this century there was a reaction among musicians against the demands of the singer. Operas, concert arias, and songs had been considered from the singers standpoint; a song was good, not as it was beautiful music, not as some fine lyric was clothed with a richer life;—but as it was singable, as it gave the singer full scope to display his virtuosity. So deeply was this idea rooted in men's minds, and so did it offend the earnest musicians, that the new race, Schubert, Schumann, and all the host who have followed them, wished to know nothing of the voice technically; their only aim was to give the richest musical expression to their aspirrations, utterly regardless of any such infinitely petty questions as, "was it singable"—"did it suit the voice;" as Beethoven said to a violinist who was complaining of the immense technical difficulty of some of his later quartettes: —"what! do you think that when I have some great truth to express I can stop to think of your miserable squeaking fiddle?" So the singers of those days refused to sing Schubert's songs because they were to difficult, and unvocal! Think of it, all that boundless wealth of purest melody cast aside as unvocal!

Times have changed, we know more now. We know that the highest art of the singer is not in vocalizing but in interpretation. *What* he sings more than *how* he sings it is the question today. The millenium will come when the

thoroughly trained vocalist brings all the power of his technique to the interpretation of the noblest music, when he scorns to merely exhibite his skill as Sandow does his muscle. When the Italian love for the beautiful tone, for the fire, for the infinite possibilities of expression of the human voice shall be wedded to the German reverence for true poetry set to worthy music. It is to be, perhaps, in the power of us in America to have a mighty hand in shaping the course of musical growth. Music is firmly rooting itself here, and is becoming a greater factor each day in our daily life. We have no traditions to bind us, but are to be very largely the architects of our taste and ambitions. Then let us set the highest standard before us, since the ideal is not only true but practical. It is saying that two and two make four, to say that the better command of vocal technic you have the better you can sing the best music. Yet it is sometimes lost sight of from the fact that many of the most highly trained singers have been inartistic enough to wish to sing some of the forms of music that only serve to display virtuosity. But let us take some of the others. Lilli Lehman, for instance, trained in the Italian School, making her debut in "Sonnambula," but like the true artist growing until she sang Wagner's heaviest operas as no other woman has ever sung them. More too. Tonight she would sing Brunnhilde with a breadth and power beyond description, next the Priestess in "Norma" with a *cantabile* to charm the very stones, and the following a group of songs with the delicacy and finish of a salon singer. She was a rare exception, not merely because she was so great a singer but because she was so great an artist. Another would have gone contentedly on singing "Sonnambula" and like operas and have ended her days a lovely *soprano leggiero*. That is why most singers fail. They have the voices. They work and study hard until they reach a certain point of technical proficiency and then they seem to think they are singers. They are beautiful vocalizers, but, until their love and appreciation for the best in music has been developed so that they wish to sing only that, they are not singers. We should simply smile if a pianist played for us and asked

us to admire him simply because he could run all the possible scales and arpeggios on the piano with perfect ease. In all instrumental music we have outgrown that rudimentary stage, but we are not yet out of the mist when it comes to singing; all imaginable skill to be used for the adequate interpretation of great works; but simply for display,—never!

I have spoken of the German songs because including the allied races, Hungarian, Austrian, Scandinavian and Polish, they form the overwhelming majority of the world's best songs. But that does not shut our eyes to the composers of other nationalities who have written beautiful music. Especially our own fellow-countrymen who are entering the lists fully equiped to defend the honor of American Musicianship. The only question is;—Is the music worthy? If it be, it makes not a particle of difference who wrote it.

It is high time that a determined stand be made for music sung in our language. There is every reason of art and logic in favor, except one, that the music was written for one certain position of the words and that both poem and music suffer serious injury when any translation is used. Now this is only a half truth as it stands, but even admitting the full force without qualification, should that one consideration outway all others? If a singer gives a song in a language that he does not understand, will he bring out all those delicate shades of expression that are the very essence of song-singing? Because he has been drilled on a set of sounds until he can repeat them like a parrot, is that "poetry wedded to music?" Or is it nonsense to say so? But supposing the singer understands the language thoroughly and brings out the utmost depth of meaning of the poetry,—and two people in the audience have understood him. Is this the way that the best music is to be made a vital necessity of our lives and not a feeble exotic? It seems doubtful. Where the singer does understand the language and can give adequate interpretation to the poem then it has an excuse. But where the singer does not know the meaning of what he is saying, then ninety nine

times out of a hundred he does twice the violence to the song that he would by giving it in a good translation, where he could enter into the spirit of what he was saying and give it the vital warmth of intelligence. So far as its being easier to sing in one language than another, that has nothing to do with the question, it is not the easiness but the worth of the thing we are considering. But the only language that can claim this distinction, Italian, plays too small a part in the song literature of today to have weight. As for French or German, in what respect are they superior to our own? Is it in the delicate nasal quality of the one, or the gutteral rasp of the other? Some day the music lovers of this country will be honest with themselves, and say:—"I know the music is beautiful, and I know that it would appeal to me with twice the force if I could only understand what the words mean." Then it will only be a short time before they will dare to brave the wrath of our musical Mrs Grundy and say:—"We demand to have the music sung in our own tongue. If the music loses some of its delicacy we are sorry, but what it loses there it will make up five fold in its power to stir us."

There is enough hearty enthusiasm in the American character when it is sure of its ground. On the Board of Trade, or at a political meeting, it can challenge comparison with the world for the vigor and freedom with which it expresses its opinion. But the average American at a concert is still pretty much in the frame of mind of the observant youth from the country when the finger bowls were brought on. He knew it looked like lemonade but he wasn't going to make a move until he saw some one else begin.

Another thing. Among ourselves we may as well admit it, the standard of general musical education has not been very high among singers. Even in so comparatively simple a question as reading at sight for the ordinary routine of church work, many are hopelessly stumped and have to take all the music home the week before, to study. Now this is wrong and entirely unnecessary. Any man of ordinary musical intelligence can learn to read music just as he can learn to read words, if he will give a little real

study to the subject. Of course some people are "natural readers" and they are to be envied, but any one can learn to read church music with reasonable rapidity and correctness if he will. Yet there are choirs that have to rehearse the same quartette a dozen times and more, not for the shading and fine effects of good quartette singing, but that all the singers may be able to get their notes correctly. What a waste of time and strength;—foolish waste, too. We don't like to have organists to adopt their tone of superior wisdom and sneeringly remark that that is all that can be expected of singers. This arouses all the mulishness in us and we will sing it wrong next time just for spite. But after all it is the truth in it that hurts. The way to pull the organist's sting is to learn how to read:—and what an unhappy and forlorn set they will be when they no longer can growl at the singers:—though I imagine they wont lose that pleasure before next Christmas.

In all musical matters we have been, and in certain ways still are, provincial. We import all our music from over the water. Our orchestras and conductors are German almost to a man, and they treat their audiences with a very ill concealed contempt. It seems hardly courteous when some of them, who in their own homes were unable to own an instrument good enough to play a solo on, here as a result of American liberality live in comparative luxury. We have been too busy making money to have had either time or inclination to cultivate the arts. But now there is already a leisure class that demands the very best that the world affords. In fact it demands too much, it is not for the music but for the individual interpreters that it cares, If some great star is advertised to sing, well and good, the house is crowded. But let the same opera be given with singers who give a good interpretation but are not "celebrities"—and in a few weeks the organization is bankrupt. We here in America have for several seasons had a greater number of artists of the first rank brought together into one company, than can be found in any of the great subsidized Opera Houses of Europe. But has the general public appreciated that fact? It seems doubtful. It has rather made

them hypercritical of individual excellence than begotten in them a real love of the music. However, there has been one most encouraging incident this season, and that was the German Opera season in New York and other cities. When the idea first suggested itself to Walter Damrosch he approached Abbey and Grau and wished them to take the management of the scheme. But they, as experienced managers, knew to a dot what the public wanted and declined to enter into the undertaking because there "was no money in it." Damrosch thought differently. So he went ahead, engaged a good company, in which there were artists of the first rank, but where the main object was not the exploiting of individual virtuosity, but an *ensemble* that should give opera with honest fidelity to the intentions of the composer. What was the result? The theatres everywhere the company played were crowded. The audiences admitted that there were flaws in the rendition, but these were all forgiven for the straight forward earnestness of the productions as a whole. This is a happy omen. It showed an advance of taste in the right direction. Some day another mighty step will be taken and we shall hear opera in our native tongue. Just so long as it is imported and sung by foreigners in various languages it will have no life in the hearts of the great mass of the people;—and rightly so. The very essence of opera is in the force of the dramatic situation, and to appreciate that demands that the audience understand each word as the singer gives it. One noble, though mismanaged and ill fated attempt was made a few years ago. It did not do what was expected of it. It did not win for itself a permanent foothold, and it is useless now to go into the reasons for its failure. But it did one thing of inestimable value. It proved beyond question that magnificent performances of opera could be given where the English language was used exclusively. "Lohengrin" with Emma Juch as Elsa, Helen Hastreiter as Ortrud, and William Ludwig as Telramund, was superb. A better Senta and Dutchman than Juch and Ludwig we have not seen. Many more cases might be cited but these two are enough. As a young man at the time and unable to speak

any foreign language I know what it meant to me to know what was going on. Scarcely a day passes when we do not meet some one who will not go to the opera because he can't understand what it is about. Of course these people are not the most musical part of the community, but they are just the people that music would appeal to if it was brought to them in a form they could understand.

Think what the oratorio has done here in broadening the musical feeling of the country. How every city and many little towns have their choral societies that study and produce these works, and think what the opera with its added dramatic interest might do if the people could have it in a form to appeal to them. It is not so very long ago that Germany was in absolute bondage to the Italians, when it was felt that the German language was utterly unsuited to musical setting, and every German who wished to sing "classical" music had to do so in Italian. That day has forever passed away in Germany, thanks to the genius and indomitable will of a few men. Just so surely it will pass away in America, and let us thank heaven that we have been born early enough to aid in the great work.

There is a race of musicians growing up in this country who have the advantage of all the old world has to teach, but who are nevertheless Americans loving our country, believing in it, ready and anxious to write opera in our language if only there were a ghost of a chance that it ever would be produced. Is there no Mæcenas, no Ludwig of Bavaria, to do as noble a work for America as they did for their fatherland? These men have already won an enduring place as writers of oratorio, in chamber music, in songs. It is but a step to the opera, and several have been begun, but left unfinished because the outlook for performance seemed so dubious. We have singers, orchestras, money and a great nation proud of its strength and in all matters save art boastful of its superiority. Let but some man arise who could touch the chord of our National pride and history, and a school of opera would leap into being full armed as Minerva. The times are ripe, we are tired of bondage to the foreigner.

Art is making itself now in America, and it is a nobler destiny to be among those who hew out the path along which it shall march, than to come after to enjoy the fruits of others' labors. We are the pioneers. What after generations are to have, depends very largely on the goal that we set for ourselves now in our daily work. It is our duty that this goal shall be the very highest. This is the postulate that will underly the new vocal department in MUSIC.

KARLETON HACKETT.

GRIEG'S "ICH WEISS EIN KLEINES MAEDCHEN."

She lives within my heart with sorrow rife,
Half guessing earth's chance price of her sweet birth;
She plucks me flowers red with nature's mirth,—
I can not smile, she dare not know my strife.

PHILIP B. GOETZ.

SINGING AND THE WAGNER OPERA.

SOME years ago Mr. Theodore Thomas, in an article which appears in a prominent eastern magazine, expressed the opinion that musical art was returning in its general drift to the human voice as its vital idea. This would illustrate in musical art the theory which the Italian philosopher, Vico, formulated concerning the history of nations, namely that there is a rise, a climax and a retrogression; that all human development proceeds in concentric circles or in waves of alternation. It scarcely admits of a doubt that music began in the emotional cries of the voice and that by many slow increments of complexity it reached to the glories of modern art. The word, sheathed and enveloped in the musical tone, is, from the dramatic point of view, the acme of emotional expression; and yet from another point of view, the freedom of tonal development is checked by the existence of the word. In tracing the history of musical art we discover a divergence resulting in a separation between voices and instruments and yet the mutual dependence and reaction of voices and instruments upon each other impresses the mind no less deeply. No where do we find a more remarkable example than in the development of the violin and the female voice. At the very period when the idea of removing frets from bowed instruments gave birth to that Ariel of the orchestra, the violin, women began to be admitted to the stage as public singers and the violin taught the voice agility while the voice taught the violin emotion.

The eighteenth century was the golden epoch of Italian vocalism. Voices then, if we can trust the records, reached a mechanical perfection which caused them to vie with the aerial agilities of the flute and the stentorian potencies of the trumpet. We read of Farinelli delivering with one breath a phrase of three hundred notes, and again that, on a wager, he outvied and exhausted a professional trum-

peter. This was the time when words not only shrank into the background but oftentimes secreted themselves in the remotest recesses of the tone-labyrinth, and the "lingering sweetness, long drawn out" displayed its alluring charms at the expense of definite meaning; for oftentimes a single word, or even a single syllable, served as a hook to hold suspended a long efflorescent streamer, a flowering, pendulous vine of roulades. Against this extreme tendency, which carried music almost beyond the verge of any definite or dramatic significance, Gluck made a sturdy protest in the eighteenth century, and a hundred years later Richard Wagner, when national styles had become more differentiated, built up a school of art which, by many degrees, may claim greater originality and more self-existent force than any other type of art ever developed. The recent juxtaposition in the same city, Chicago, and in the same place, the Auditorium, of Italian and French opera on the one hand and ultra German opera, that is the music dramas of Richard Wagner, on the other, calls into the fore-ground of our contemplation the great vexed question, dramatic or lyric; declamatory or florid; which? There are not wanting vocal artists such as Frau Lili Lehman-Kalisch and Mrs Francesca Guthrie-Moyer, who shine conspicuously in the two contrasted styles, while others, such as Madame Melba and Miss Brema, are completely identified with one. The outcry made by the more aggressive champions of Wagner's art against all the instrumental affinities of the human larynx, and the equally bitter contempt poured upon Wagner's short phrases of speech-like declamation by the adherents of the "bel canto" provoke both amusement and vexation. As well might we demand that all reading should be confined to Shakespeare as to insist that all singing should be dramatic.

In this, as in all mooted questions, the final word must be sought deep in the roots of things where nature's purpose is written in her mystic runes. While man possesses the instinct of imitation, so long that form of imitative art known as the drama will exist, and no amount of repressive law or ethical objection to the poisonous parasites which

attach themselves to the stage will serve to eradicate the drama. Again, in the musical world, no amount of æsthetic preaching from the philosophic heights or denunciatory utterances from the pulpits of scorn, will stop the love of florid vocal art. The largest houses drawn during the three weeks of Italian and French opera were to hear the fascinating pyrotechnics of Madam Melba. The simple truth is that the beauty which lies in a pathetic phrase of declamation just elevated above the current of spoken language like the cup of a water-lily, and undulating to every ripple of the current, does and must appeal to what is deepest in us; and yet, on the other hand, it is equally fundamental in human nature that we cannot endure a constant abiding in the abysmal depths of painful feeling or on the solemn mountain-tops of ecstatic exaltation, but that we must spend part of our time in the sunny middle region of birds that carol and flutter, and leaves that rustle, breezes that frolic with happy blossoms, and human beings that laugh and gossip and sing from the sources of feeling natural but less intense. There is one element also which enters into many forms of artistic enjoyment, namely the emotion of wonder. A predisposition to the marvellous exists in human nature and at times comes to the surface in the culture of occult sciences; alchemy, palmistry, astrology, hypnotism, witchcraft and the like.

This disposition of the human mind effects also the artistic region and makes us inclined to admire feats of agility or whatever is so unusual as to pique the sense of wonder and feed the appetite for the marvellous by its unexplained existence. Mere uncommoness gratifies the taste and agreeably excites the attention of human beings at every level of culture, and probably the time will never come when the adventurous climber who attains to the perilous altitudes and slippery semi-tones above the second added line above the treble staff, or the vigorous burrower who forces his voice into the subterraneous caverns that stretch downward from the F below the bass staff, will fail to stir a wave of applause by their perilous feats. There is nothing essentially unmusical in admiring such details but it shows a

very narrow intelligence to prize them out of proportion to their relative place in art. The most ardent lover of Beethoven or devout worshiper of Bach would have committed no sacrilege by admiring and enjoying the phenomenal trills of Gottschalk or the famous crescendo of Rubinstein and yet such pleasures are but an insignificant fragment of the joy which art has to bestow upon us. No art-product can ever be justly estimated or truly prized till it is contemplated from the right distance and the right point of view. He who would study the stars and read those hieroglyphics of eternal fire must use a telescope; he who would contemplate the gorgeous feathers of a fly's wing or behold the hideous universe of warring animalculae ensphered in the dew-drop, must call into requisition the microscope, and a like reasonableness should be employed by the art connoisseur. There is no reason why one may not listen on Monday evening to the melodramatic wonders of Meyerbeer's Huguenots and on Tuesday evening to the severe, simple, dignified pathos of Gluck's Alceste; on Wednesday evening hear Rossini's resonant Switzers sing in manly tones of patriotic heroism and on Thursday evening hear with rapt delight the gay delicious melodies of Mozart's Marriage of Figaro; on Friday night listen with devotion to Beethoven's sublime apothesis of conjugal love in Fidelio and on Saturday evening absorb the splendors of the joy and the humor in Wagner's Meistersinger. If one continued these contrasts and listened to the dainty, innocent arias of Bellini's Sonnambula one evening and to the heart-rending, passionate climaxes of Wagner's Tristan and Isolde the next there would be really no inconsistency, but, on the contrary, the evidence of a complete, well-balanced artistic nature. The purpose of life in the world is to develop a man;—to perfect human nature. A certain bigoted one-sidedness and agressive vehemence may be indispensible to those great souls whose mission in the world is to inaugurate an epoch or to divert the current of human development into a new channel; but for the connoisseur—the man of culture—many-sidedness is the watch-word; his mind should be an octagonal tower with windows opening at every angle. Manifold as are the

products of musical genius, they belong, one and all, to the true student.

One of the rarest seasons of high-art enjoyment ever granted to any American city was that lately given between Monday April fifteenth and Saturday April twentieth at the Auditorium, under the masterly baton of Walter Damrosch. The wonderfully unique and passionately vivid style of Wagner was brought constantly to the public attention, and the beauties of the matchless orchestra were a constant source of delight. Wagner places the voice at the summit of interest indeed, but the vocal tone is only a conspicuous crowning flower in a most gorgeous bouquet. The thrilling phrases of the voice which follow closely the accents of emotional speech and only just heighten them into the realm of tones, are certainly an intense utterance of the character; but the eloquence of the instruments with their more varied symbolic voices may be said without exaggeration actually to transcend the singing itself. There is scarcely a page of Wagner's scores which would not be interesting and expressive if heard as an instrumental number alone. One of the most perfect examples of this is that admirable concert number which has been made by selecting from a half dozen places, in the second act of Siegfried, the music describing the rustling forest and the caroling prophetic birds. The most astounding masterpiece of tonal constructiveness to be found anywhere in the whole repertoire of the art is that retrospective dirge and epitone of a whole history, the funeral music of Siegfried in Die Gotterdammerung. The abstinence from ornament and the fragmentary character of the vocal phrases he was compelled to by the nature of his composite art, but we need not, in order to feel this art to the depth of our nature, necessarily eschew the delights of an eight measure melody that plants its four sections symmetrically upon our ears, nor shrink from the frivolities of scales arpeggios and trills as from something unclean according to the law.

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

BEETHOVEN'S NOTE-BOOK OF 1803.

III.

A THEME of a marked character having been found, the work now took a new phase. A nodal point had been formed toward which the lines ran in both directions, and from which a governing influence could be exerted. In general the sketches for the final subject, which now follow, contrast with the former sketches by increased efforts to gain variety of content. A procedure, the very opposite of that noticed in the second subordinate subject, is employed. The sketches of the second subordinate subject show, when studied in their succession, increasing limitations in the choice of material, although not in its employment. The matter for the development of this part is taken from the theme itself, but in the sketches of the final subject, on the contrary, the opening theme is not considered
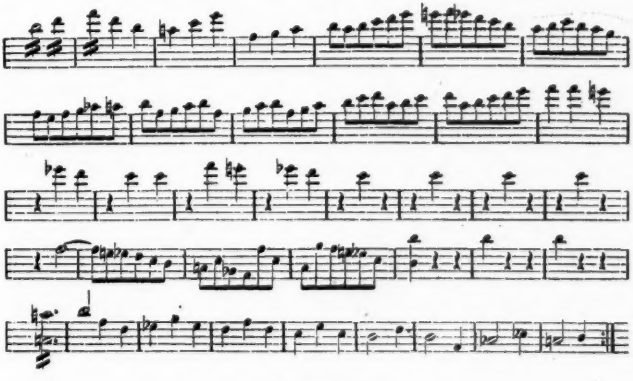


FIGURE 18.

as containing the motives for treatment, but new and other motives are brought forward in succession. The aim was here to establish a counterbalance to the concentrated nature of the second subordinate subject, by a number of themes, one following rapidly after the other; in other words, it was necessary to impart to the final subject that

swing and mobility lacking in the second subordinate. Any interweaving of fragments of the leading subject was not considered at the time. On the contrary, there now came into the foreground the three passage-like sections, already mentioned as being for the first time combined in a sketch which in the sketch-book appears after the 16th page and was given by us on a preceding page.

It is however by no means the case that Beethoven after finding the three important elements of the final subject, and after fixing on a special opening theme, had made straight his way before him to the final reading of the score. There yet remained many a crook and a turn. We confine ourselves to the consideration of the more important phenomena. In a sketch (p. 18) (figure 18) which follows the first greater sketch, in which the final subject appears beginning with an independent theme, and in another sketch which quickly follows (p. 18) (figure 19) whose beginning we have already given, (fig. 8 of this Exposition)
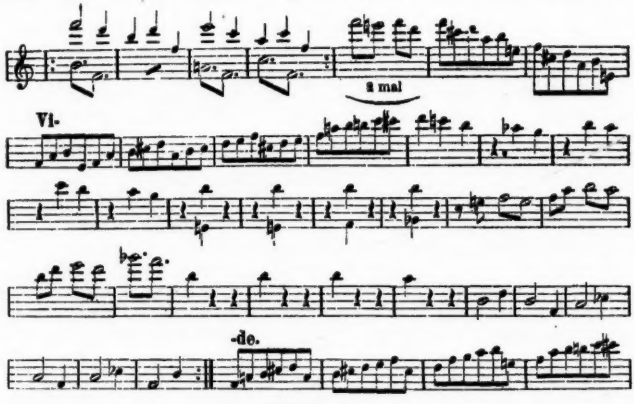


FIGURE 19.

no progress seems to have been made. There is a lack of swing and of fluency in the runs which are brought in after the repeated opening measures of the final subject. The fault lies mostly in the fact that these runs hold fast to one harmony. Every thing now depends on the formation of the first passage. In the fourth greater sketch which soon follows, a new motive is employed, which in the transfor-

mation, to be found in a variant of this fourth greater sketch, (p. 21) (figure 20) reveals itself as a part of
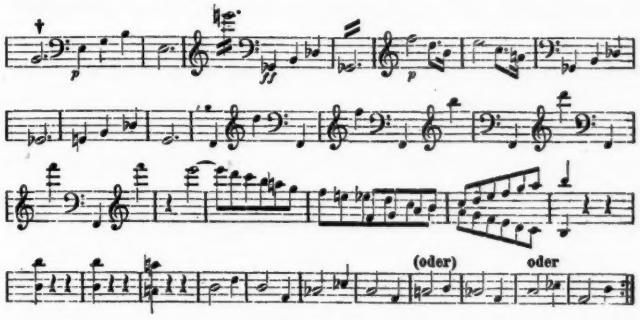


FIGURE 20.

the leading subject. So, as we see, Beethoven at this point returned to an earlier idea; for the motive in question is on the whole the same that was abandoned after playing a role in the early sketches of the final subject. This motive is now cultivated again. An exception is given in the following sketch (p. 22) (figure 21) in which
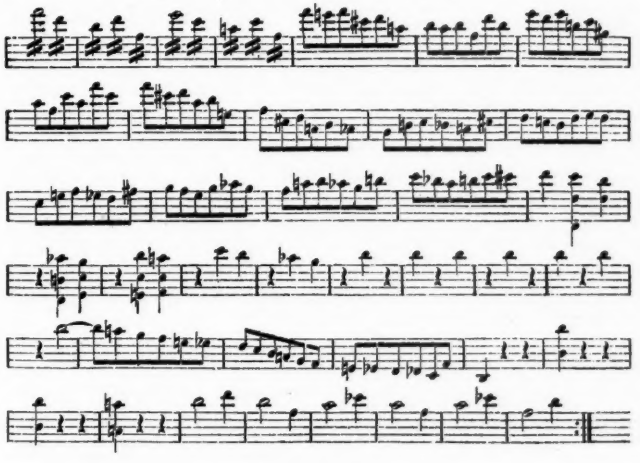


FIGURE 21.

the motive does not appear at all. In the foregoing sketch a perceptible approach is made to the printed version. In the measures 9 to 25 the three motives have

been extended and have taken their final shape. The first passage forms an exception, being longer in the sketch than in the score. But this difference does not affect the essence of the thing. The principal thing is, that in this passage, which constantly pushes on and upward, a change of harmony has been found for each quarter note, and thereby a means attained effectively to introduce the syncopated quarter notes with their quarter rests. Nevertheless that which he found was not quite the thing. Beethoven essayed other inflections, as the following sketch shows (p. 26) (fig. 22).
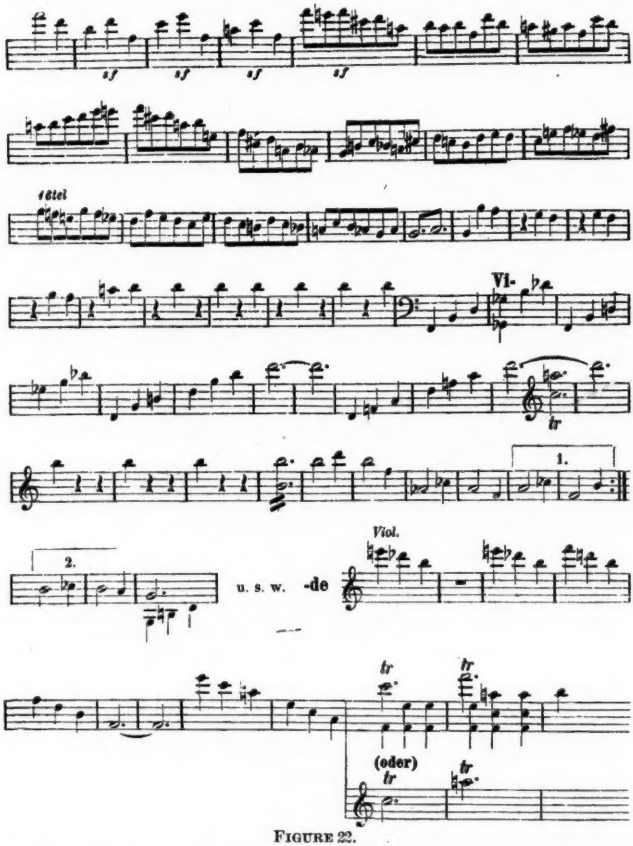


FIGURE 22.

In this sketch and in its variant the motive which was

omitted in the foregoing sketch is taken up again; but by abbreviation it becomes the third measure of the leading subject. Herewith and by changing the position of the motive, the way is made open for the final form. The question may now be raised: But for these many and different attempts to employ the leading subject, or some parts of it, in the final subject, would Beethoven have come upon that so striking passage of the score where the syncopated chords, one opposing the other, are suddenly interrupted by the motive from the leading subject, rising as it were from out of the depths?

Still another phenomenon remains to be mentioned. In the last sketches, in which variations of the opening theme of the final subject are essayed, Beethoven has used the figure with which the succeeding passage begins. And since the passage appears as the sequal of the varied theme, the beginning of the final subject appears, up to the entrance of the greater notes, as entity having one underlying motive. In the score this consolidation does not occur. The opening theme is varied, to be sure, but in such a manner that the passage appears lacking in logical motive connection with that going before. Beethoven must have had good reasons for abandoning the sketched version. Perhaps he gave it up because the eighth notes of the variation less befitted that determined character with which the final subject should begin than the longer and more incisive staccato notes which one reads in the score.

There now follow a few little sketches, which are of less importance and can be passed by. Herewith we reach the end of the sketches for the first part of the first movement.

To the second part, the Development, belong many short sketches and two sketches which include the whole part itself. As in the other case, so here the lesser sketches are continued in the greater.

From the first of these lesser sketches we learn, that before any work had been done on this part of the movement, Beethoven had decided on the lyric episode in E minor and on its entrance in that key. Consequently an

objective point was given to the modulation; although its exact course was not laid out. At all events, there were to be far reaching modulations.

Furthermore, it seems to have been soon decided upon that shortly before the end of this part of the movement, the opening phrase of the leading subject should enter in the tonic and under the dominant seventh harmony. This assertion we base on a sketch from one of the first pages of the sketch-book (page 4) (figure 23) in which this
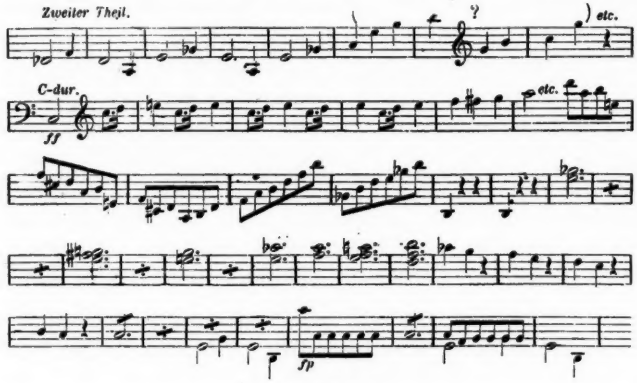


FIGURE 23.

celebrated place occurs, and whose written testimony, as beheld by the eye, proves that it was actually penned by Beethoven, and that this peculiar idea occured
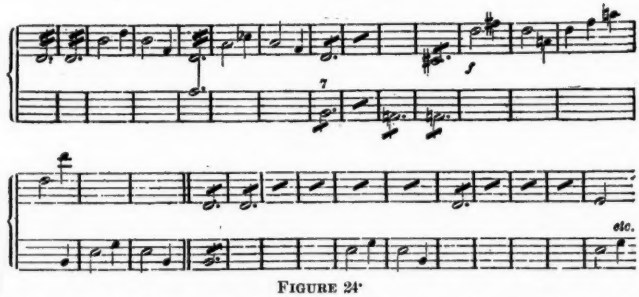


FIGURE 24.

to him long before the second part was planned, even in its outlines. Beethoven also attempted other more or less peculiar ways of introducing the third part of the move-

ment. We present a part of those lesser sketches which illustrate this portion of our story, in the order in which they appear. Another part will be given later.

In one of these which we give (page 30) (figure 24) Beethoven has come upon the idea of bringing into the leading subject, shortly before the beginning of the third part, in the remote key of D flat major; then in the appended variant, he changes his mind. It is possible, although not probable, that Beethoven abandoned this idea because a modulatory effect was to be used some measures later and would have been weakened by this earlier transition. We mean the place in the beginning of the third part where the

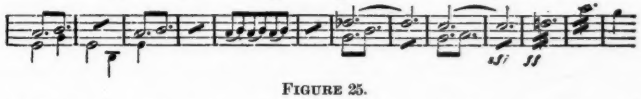


FIGURE 25.

leading subject reappears in E flat major and goes to F major. The dissonance at the entrance of the theme in the

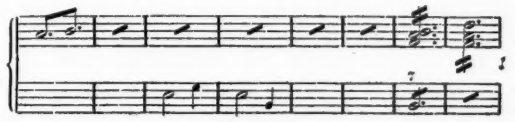


FIGURE 26.

above variant exceeds in harshness the dissonance in the score. In a later sketch Beethoven returns to this same dissonance—a proof that the idea of such a fashion of mate-
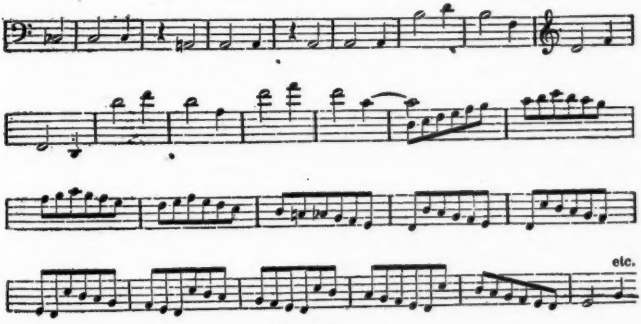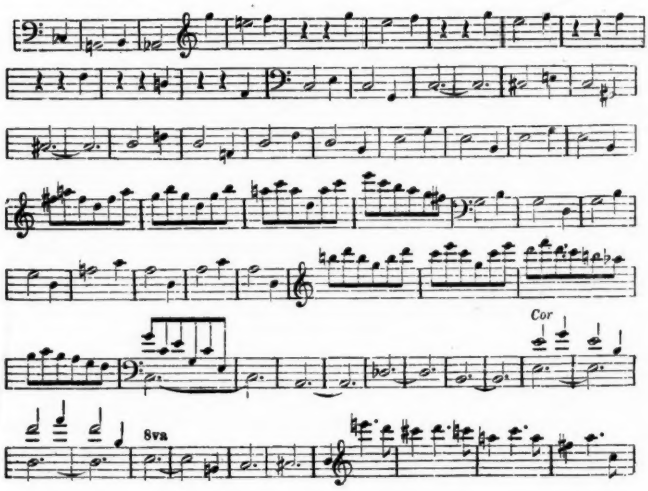


FIGURE 27.

rial was by no means a passing whim, and that this mode of leading into the third part received at least consideration.

In these two, (p. 32) (figure 25), and (p. 33) (figure 26) and in other sketches, with a few changes; the original of this "return" is again taken up. In one (p. 35) (figure 27) instead of the characteristic Return, a run has been employed. But this procedure was abandoned. In the sketches which soon follow, to be given later, Beethoven again takes up and developes this Return and holds fast to it ever after.

We have here before us three different modes of leading into the third part of the movement. If Beethoven hesitated between one or the other modes, it cannot have been for long. It must be remarked, too, that no sketch occurs hinting at any fourth mode of transition, such as of late days has been suggested by some people, and attempted for this part of the movement, having as its basis a substitution of something for the present Return. There is no manner of doubt that Beethoven wrote this passage with definite intention; and if one bears in mind the peculiarity of the place and the fact that it was planned in the beginning, the presumption is upheld that Beethoven had here some symbolical meaning in mind. And in this design, or intention, we find the explanation of this place.

Inasmuch as the second (p. 38 onward) of the two
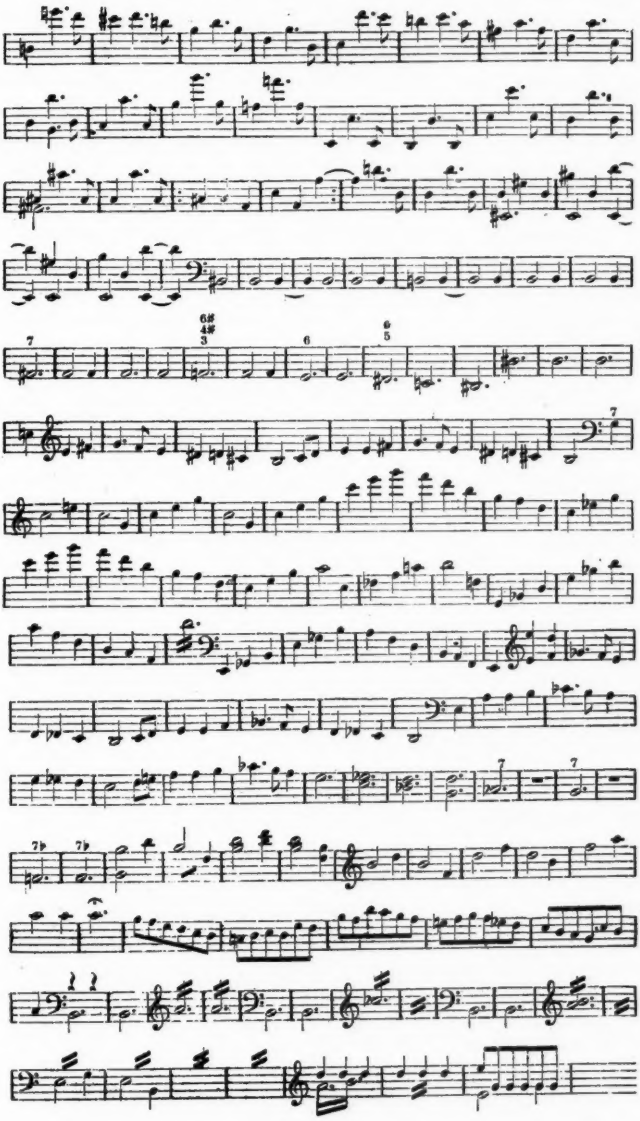




FIGURE 28.

greater sketches coincides essentially with the printed form, a few places which we will mention later being excepted, it

is necessary only to present the first greater sketch (p. 34 onwrd), in its entirety, (figure 28).

A comparison of this sketch with the score shows that the lines of both meet exactly at six different points, and again diverge. The majority of the following sketches have reference to the places of divergence. Let us follow the work.

In measure 12 of this first greater sketch Beethoven causes the first measures of the leading subject to enter in C minor. In the second greater sketch and in the score this leading idea is touched fourteen measures later and is preceded by the motive of transition from the beginning of the first part. The reason for this change lay in the following. The beginning of the leading subject was used shortly before the end of the first part, and this proximity called for a more impressive connecting link than the interlude which appears here at the beginning of the second part and is based mostly on the dominant of C minor. The best right to take up the connection seemed to belong to this transitional motive, because of all foregoing themes it was
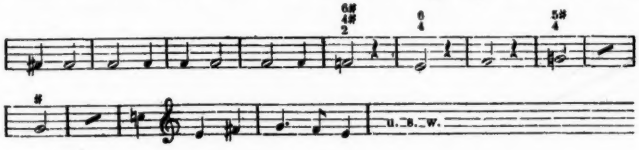


FIGURE 29.

the one longest unused. Furthermore, its bright major character made it well fitted to effectively heighten the subsequent entrance of the leading subject in C minor.

The fourteen measures which in the above sketch precede the melody in E minor, Beethoven has changed here, (p. 38) (figure 29), and (p. 39) (figure 30).
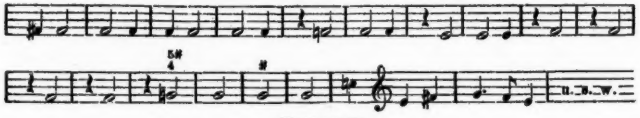


FIGURE 30.

Comparing one with the other, these versions in the order of their origination and with the use of the score,

which contains the final reading, we learn that the dissonances increase in harshness and that the rhythms gradually strive to find a contrast to the introduction of the elegaic melody; to procede and to offset as it were the dark blue of the latter by some glaring color.

The melody of the episode, entering later in E flat minor, is not handled as in the first greater sketch, (p. 38) (fig. 31).

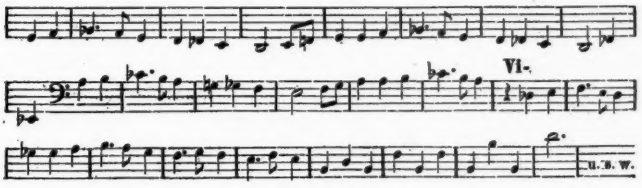


FIGURE 31.

The modulation is carried from A flat minor to G flat major, the use of the latter key showing an approach to the printed version. But we look in vain for that happy turn that we find in the score, from E flat minor directly to G flat major, and also for the beautiful entrance of the leading subject on the fourth step of the latter key. In a variant of the sketch last given (p. 39) (figure 32) we find this same



FIGURE 32.

entrance, but weakened by the preceding A flat minor. And so this little characteristic which one finds in the score, where the key of A flat minor is passed or jumped over, was not the work of a first inspiration.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

From the German of Gustav Nottebohm.

Translated by BENJAMIN CUTTER.

XVI

On an uneven square from which innumerable ray-like streets and alleys extended, rose St. Gudule. Light and transparent in architecture, proud in form, the church rises out of the city in which move the spirits of Egmont and Horn. Its walks are blackened as if it were mourning for the crimes which men have committed in God's name, and through its cool wave floats the mouldy atmosphere of a vault.

Gesa entered. It was gloomy; thick shadows surrounded the feet of the brown worm-eaten church seats and the whitish straw chairs. Only a few persons were still in the church. In vain did the violinist at first search for his betrothed. He saw a couple of old women, a child in a blue pinafore, that with difficulty stood on tip-toes to reach the water in the consecrated basin, two beggars at the door, no one else. No priest stood at the altar; the service was at an end. The child had tripped out, the women had withdrawn. A last time he looked attentively round the building; then he approached the altar to say a short prayer. In spite of the fantastic pantheism in which Delileo had brought him up, a strong adherence to the catholic belief had remained to him, an adherence which perhaps his mother had inculcated in him in long forgotten hours. Then suddenly he heard something—a sigh. In the deepest shadow, almost at his feet, crouched a dark form. A sweet embarrassment overcame him. "Annette" whispered he, "Annette!"

Then she rose from the shadow. She stared at him, gave a short cry and shuddering leaned against a pillar.

"Annette, what is the matter with you?" called he, horrified, almost angry, "are you afraid of me?"

She shook her head. Was it the twilight which made her look so pale, so ashy? "You came so suddenly and I

am sick." "Sick, my poor heart—then really—I appeared before you like a ghost. I wished to please myself with your surprise—silly egoist that I am, pardon me." Thus he stammered, and quite forgetting where he was, he wished to draw her to him. She repelled him. "Not here," said she, "not here!" and looked around at the holy walls with a solemn glance, "not here!"

Leaning on his arm she stepped into the open air.

The atmosphere was damp and sultry; the clouds hung low; a swallow fluttered anxiously over the square. In comparison with the pale church twilight it was still light out doors.

Gesa rested longing eyes on the face of his betrothed. It was deathly pale, the cheeks thinner, the eyes larger, the lips darker than formerly; little lines around the mouth and the nose, sad shadows about the eyes heightened their formerly purely material beauty.

"I had quite forgotten how charming you are," murmured he with a voice suffocated with passion. She smiled at him—a strange confused smile, which made her still more beautiful, and deepened the shadows under her eyes.

It seemed to him suddenly that she reminded him of some one—of something—still in vain did he search his mind. Surely not of the pale, withering roses which leaned their tender heads against the pavement—and—but not—yes—a little—Annette reminded him of Guiseppina.

Her hand, which she at first had merely passively given him, now nestled tenderly on his arm. As he guided her steps towards the Rue Ravestein, she held him suddenly back.

"If we could take a round about way," whispered she. "Take me in the park—by all your favorite places, do you hear?"

"My heart, my treasure," murmured he passionately.

The perfume of withering flowers still impregnated the atmosphere, and the smell of fresh acacia blossoms mingled with it.

They entered the park. It was as if dead. Through the dark treetops from time to time was something like a shudder of anxiety—like a trembling in the air.

"And are you really ill?" murmured he.

"Yes," replied she, and her voice sounded hollow and gasping, like a suppressed cry of anxiety; then she burst out passionately. "Why did you leave me alone?"

"You first sent me yourself," replied he half jestingly, "and then I could no longer stay."

"That is true," said she simply.

They were both silent. It grew darker. Suddenly she stood still: "Do you remember, here, in the autumn, there was always a large puddle over which you used to carry me? Do you remember?"

He nodded smiling. They went a few steps further. The white reflection of the evening light played over the water in a basin. "And here you told me of Nice—of Engelsbai!"

Again he smiled, and they went further. They came to a statue. "Here you made me a present of the villa in Bordighera. Do you remember? We built castles in the air—wonderfully beautiful air castles!" said the girl.

The shivering in the tree tops became stronger. She bent her head back and looked at the violinist as if sunk in a dream.

"No one sees us," whispered she, "kiss me!" and she offered him her lips. He kissed her long, tenderly, burningly. She smiled.

"Once more!" whispered she, so softly that her voice harmonized with the rustling of the leaves.

He kissed her once again, then he murmured: "I did not know how beautiful life is, until to day!"

A long, sobbing sigh passed through the trees. "Come home or else the storm will overtake us," said she, and her voice sounded suddenly harsh. They turned around.

XVII

"I will not ask you to wear it but you shall keep it in all honor as a relic." Gesa said to his betrothed, when he gave her Guiseppina's cross. "It was the best that she possessed."

He had told Annette of the pale singer, of the touching, shy manner with which she had handed him the gift. An-

nette had kissed the cross at the door of the house where she had taken leave of him.

"Father is not coming home before midnight to-day, Farewell!" Whereupon he at first looked at her longingly, but then, yielding to her decision, said calmly: "Till to-morrow!"

Now he sat in his old little room, opposite No. 10, and thought over the evening. A painfully sweet feeling of happiness swelled in his veins. Never before had Annette appeared so bewitchingly beautiful to him, never yet had met him so heart-winningly tenderly. The recollection of her tender smile, of her sweet beaming glance, crept caressingly through his heart. His soul could not think enough of the bliss which awaited him at her side!

But she was ill. A cold shudder suddenly passed through his warm dream. She was ill, very ill. Her tenderness was that of a parting one, and her beauty that—

And suddenly a fearful anxiety overcame him. The hollow, sultry storm wind soughed without, and from the street rose a smell of filth and withering flowers.

He looked over at Annette's window; it was open; a delicate head leaned out. Against the wall of the old house covered with bluish moonlight was outlined a delicate black silhouette.

"Annette!" called Gesa, across the sloping street. "Annette!"

Through the grey veil of twilight he saw her smile. "Good night," breathed she. She laid both her little hands on her lips and threw him a kiss. Then she withdrew. Leaden silence rested on the Rue Ravestein. A benumbing intoxication of happiness had overpowered Gesa. With her smile in his heart, he fell asleep.

It was not yet five o'clock in the morning, when a strange commotion animated the alley. Gesa awoke. Excited voices, hasty steps sounded together. Had a fire broken out? Ever more mysterious became the disturbance without. Something had happened. He hurried into his clothes and hastened out.

The air was still harsh. In the dull morning light min-

gled a pale reddish shimmer. The sparrows on the roof twittered over-loudly. Under Delileo's windows stood a few people—touzled women who rubbed the sleep out of their eyes, several men in blouses on their way to work. Like a crowd of vultures with eager eyes, and far outstretched heads they crowded round each other. The vegetable woman took the lead in conversation. Her features expressed the pride of having herself passed through something terrible. He did not quickly understand what had happened, no, very, very slowly. He heard the vegetable woman say.

"As I tell you, they have just sent my boy to the apothecary—it is too late—much too late."

"Has Monsieur had a stroke?" asked Gesa breathlessly. "Mon—sieur Delileo!" repeated the women. Some turned away. "Annette!"—He grew giddy—What—what could—

Half out of his senses he hurried up the stairs. He burst open the door of his betrothed's little room. He knew the room well; it was the same that he had lived in years before, with his mother, only now it was adorned in the daintiest manner. Old Delileo sat on the edge of the little bed, and stared with tearless despair, at something which the white hangings of the bed concealed.

"Father!" called Gesa.

Then the old man started up quickly, he trembled in his whole body, passed his hand over his forehead—his poor yellow face twitched.

"Be pitiful!" stammered he with broken, unrecognizable voice. "Be pitiful!—she repented—she is—dead!"

Gesa tore the curtain back. There, on the little white bed, waxy pale, but still beautiful as ever, the smile of farewell on her lips,—lay Annette!

She had put on the blue dress in which he had seen her fourteen months before for the first time; Guiseppina's cross hung round her neck.

* * *

There is a grief so painful that no hand is tender enough to touch it, and so deep that no heart is courageous enough to fathom it. Silently we bow the head as before something

holy, and with our pity mingles a kind of reverence.

How could he blame her where she lay before him in the dear blue dress, every fold of which cried out to him "Pardon—not to our desecrated love do I appeal—but to our sweet, dallying friendship—forgive the sister what the betrothed sinned against you."

How could he blame her, the recollection of her farewell kiss still on his lips?

She had drawn her engagement ring from her finger and laid it on a table by her bed, in an envelope on which stood written in her large, unformed, childish writing. "To my dear, dear brother Gesa. God bless him a thousand times!"

He placed the ring on her finger again and kissed her cold hand.

The horrible mystery which separates us from our dead is so incomprehensible that we never understand the extent of our loss as long as we see a beloved corpse before us. Involuntarily, it seems to us as if the dead know of each little service which we show them, and this thought is to us a calming one, a consolation.

The whole bitterness of our pain we feel first when we bury our happiness, and life with its sober customs and needs steps up to us and commands: "What have you longer to do with death? I have my right!"

And so the deepest misery overcame Gesa when, returning with his foster father from tne church yard where they had buried the poor little one, he found all arranged in the green sitting room. Annette's little favorite things removed, and the table set for *two*.

They sat opposite each other, the old journalist and the young violinist. Both ate nothing. Gesa was silent—Delileo stroked his hand compassionately, and murmured from time to time. "My poor boy! my poor boy!"

Suddenly Gesa rested his great eyes staringly on the face of the old man. "Who was it, father?" he asked harshly. The "melancholy man" lowered his eyes, crumpled his napkin: "I do not know?" stammered he.

Gesa started up. "Father!"

"I knew nothing of the whole affair—she never confided

in me—only very recently I had a suspicion—a fear."—The old man became even more embarrassed.

"You certainly must have noticed that Annette was interested in some one!" burst out Gesa, anger in his eyes, shame on his cheeks. "Ah God! She fell under a quite demoniac charm—" at this the old man stopped and closed his lips firmly, as over a fearful secret.

* * *

The days followed each other monotonously, sadly. The old man went about his business. Gesa sat in the green sitting room and brooded. He spoke nothing of travelling away. He feared ever meeting his old acquaintances to whom he had formerly talked much of his happiness. There was a single man for whom he longed, and that was—De Stery.

De Sterny had such a rare, almost womanly, tender manner of understanding and of pitying! And then he would not be astonished, he had indeed forseen all.

Gesa informed himself of De Sterny's stopping place. The virtuoso was in England. Gesa wrote him a simple long letter in which he told the friend of Annette's sudden death, and concluded thus, "Let me know when you come to Paris again, I would then move there in order to work for a while near you. Intercourse with you is the only thing in the world that can still afford me any consolation."

He received no answer to this letter. He moved over to Delileo's house and now occupied Annette's room.

Once, when he sat at the little writing table of the poor girl, and rummaged in the drawers for an envelope, he found, squeezed in a crack, half of a torn note. He recognized—De Sterny's writing.

"—sed with happiness. About one o'clock in the Rue de la Montagne.

Your S."

The violinist read the note twice, then he looked round him with a stupefied, dull expression—stretched up his arms, as do those shot through the heart—and sank to the ground unconscious.

* * *

A slow nervous fever laid him low, broke his health and the little bit of energy that he still had for life.

When he, a weary convalescent, with gray hair, began to creep around his little room, he immediately sought pen and ink. Each day he addressed a fresh letter to De Sterny and tore it in pieces again. When Delileo, who had cared for him during his whole illness, like a mother begged: "Do not excite yourself! Do not excite yourself!" he sighed each time.

"I must have it off my heart!" and scratched a new letter and never sent it. One day he said to himself that it was not proper for him to write, that his honor demanded that he should exact reparation, by word of mouth from De Sterny. But before that could happen his health must be restored. From that time he wrote no more.

He lived his brooding life, idly and sadly. In his pain mingled a glowing shame. Incessantly he expected to meet some one who would ask after his betrothed, or after his friend. At this thought the blood rose to his cheeks, and even if he was quite alone at home, he turned his face to the wall.

He trembled in his whole body, a raging fury overcame him, when he thought of the betrayer. Then occured to him the thousand kindnesses with which the virtuoso had petted him, his lovability in intercourse, the hearty tone of his voice. He grasped his temples and groaned. He could not understand it.

And the days passed; he did not seek out De Sterny. A terrible shyness took possession of him. By day, he never left Delileo's home, but when his health was some what restored he accustomed himself to got out at night. He was still young. He tried to stun his grief. In the midst of the wildest orgies he sat, pale and silent, with staring, expressionless face.

This unenjoyable dissipationhe soon gave up; his wounded heart sought other means of alleviation, and slowly, gradually, he gave himself up to drink.

Music he neglected wholly. Every tone works his recollection. If he had been obliged to continue his career in

order to earn his living, he would probably not have so completely gone to ruin. But the capital which he had brought with him from America had enabled him to live.

If old Delileo, who was cut to the heart to see his darling suffer so hopelessly, questioned him in reference to his future. Gesa answered him every time: "I will work again, only let me alone for a little—I am too unhappy!" And ever more convulsively, he hid his shyness in the world forgotten shadows of tne Rue Ravestein. He disappeared in them as his foster father had formerly disappeared there.

There are alleys like the Rue Ravestein in all large cities; there are many of them in Paris. One flees thither if one has experienced a fiasco, or a great pain there conceals itself from the mockery of enemies, the compassion of friends—the compassion, which, at the best is nothing but a sentimental form of scorn. One never has the intention of remaining all ones life in this unhealthy darkness, only one will not grudge his wound time to heal. One forms projects, during the voluntary exile; one dreams of once more appearing in the world, of rehabitating one's self by a great success. The dreams are never fulfilled.

For such alleys are graves, and whoever after long years escapes their solitude, wanders among men surrounded by an atmosphere of mould, embarrassed by ideas long out of date, like a resurrected corpse who speaks a dead language.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

From the German of Ossip Schubin.

Translated by ELISE LATHROP.

THREE LYRICS.

I. A NOCTURNE.

Murmur, Soft Winds,
Over the slumbrous sea, whose velvet waves
Wash with low, lapping sound in rocky caves
Where dreaming mermaids rest,
Rocked on the ocean's breast,
By white foam-fingers caressed.
Murmur, Soft Winds!

Shine, Silver Moon,
Gleam through the branches on the ice-bound brook,
Which hides itself in many a forest nook
Where first Spring violets grow,
Blood-purple on the snow,
That the heart of winter may know
That Summer's heart beats below.
Shine, Silver Moon.

Love, Youthful Heart!
Now, while thy halcyon days are long and bright,
While no dark cloud bedims the glowing light,
The eager years rush on
Life's Springtime soon is gone.
Love, Youthful Heart!

II. A SCHERZO.

One little word from thee, my dearest,
Is more to me than shining gold;
One little smile from thee, my fairest,
Is worth far more than gems untold.

One soft caress from thee, my loved one,
Outweighs all treasures earth could buy;
When thy sweet lips to mine are pressing
The joys of heaven I deny.

For when I clasp thee to my beating heart
I have all wealth man can desire,
Thy hair the gold, thine eyes the jewels,
Thy glowing lips the heavenly fire.

III. A REVERIE.

Look up, sad soul!
Into the days that are to be!
Across life's moaning sea
Where storm waves roll,
A distant glory glows
Tinging the angry surge
With hues of rose
And promising for thee
That which thou long'st for most—Repose.

Rise up sad soul!
Launch forth thy timid barque,
Though shadows may be dark
And waves still roll.
Steer for that rosy light
Which cleaves the night.
Sail up that pathway bright
Until at last,
Life's voyage past,
Thy barque sails safe in amber seas
Fanned by a summer breeze.
And thou, sad soul, art lulled to sleep,
Rocked on eternal tides
Which ebb and flow
Resistless, slow.

Awake, Oh dreaming soul! Awake!
The land is near
And o'er the opalescent wave
Thou soon shalt hear
Sweet music sounding in sublimest strains.
Look toward yon glowing west
Where island-jewels rest
Upon the ocean's breast—
Look; soul, canst thou not trace
Upon the strand some dear familiar face?
Oh! rapturous soul, thy barque
Now touches land.
Look up! On every hand
A hundred arms stretch forth in glad embrace!
Oh soul, though thou art free
Look back across the sea
Into the days that are to be
Where none can ever fill thy vacant place.

FRANK E. SAWYER.

READING FOR THE MUSICAL-LITERARY CLUBS

MUSIC IN NORTH AMERICA.

INTRODUCTION.

The history of music in this country, so far as the great mass of the people is concerned, outside of the larger cities, is mainly the history of Psalmody. The early settlers of New England were a church going people, and so are their descendants to this day, whether they remain in their ancestral home or are scattered all over our immense national domain from Main to Oregon. New England was the early home of Psalmody, of the singing school and of the musical convention. Wherever the Yankee migrated he took with him his love for singing sacred music, not only in Sunday worship but in social gatherings, in weekly singing schools conducted by itinerant masters who rode about the country with their violins, and in occasional larger gatherings. This form of social enjoyment is to be found to this day among the descendants of New Englanders in the farming communities of Ohio and of other states west of the Alleghanies and in the smaller towns and villages. Our account of music in America, then, must consist, in a considerable degree, of an account of the vicissitudes of Psalmody and in a critical estimate of its educational results.

At a somewhat later date came popular songs of a secular character consisting largely of so-called negro melodies, and during the late war there was an enormous development of patriotic songs in which the popular feeling found expression. A part of our account of music in this country must therefore consist of an exhibit of the various types of secular song which have been current among the people in general, with notices of the song writers.

Side by side with this went the development of the instruments popular in every farmer's household. The cabi-

net organ and its precursor the melodeon and the seraphine. To these must be added the mechanical organette, which is now as popular in this country as the Swiss music box is among the European peasantry. The chapters on the subjects above mentioned will be nearly or quite an exhaustive estimate of the development of music and of the present condition of musical culture among the Anglo Saxon residents of the country districts.

To complete our exhibit of the state of popular music, it will be necessary to give some account of the spontaneous original music of our Southern negro population, of the Indians, many of who have already become American citizens, and of the Chinese residents. This account is necessary, not only because these races taken together form no small fractiont of our population, but also because the scales on which their popular melodies are based are of great scientific interest and may not improbably exert some influence on the future theory and practice of music among the most highly educated classes.

Then will come an account of the development of music in our sea-board and afterwards in our inland cities with an estimate of the various forces which have been contributing factors in this development.

CHAPTER I.

IT is hard for any American nowadays to picture to himself the condition of sacred music in New England for about a century and a half after the landing of the Pilgrims. Whatever virtues the Puritans had, a love and appreciation of the Fine Arts, music included, was not among them. They did, indeed, think it meet to sing the praises of God in their meeting houses, but both the alleged poetry of the hymns and the music to which those hymns were sung, were, for the most part, crude and barbarous beyond description. Literary and musical taste there was none. The rude metrical psalms and hymns were "lined out" by one of the deacons and sung by the whole congregation in a way that no cultivated ear could have endured. "Lining out"

meant that the deacon read aloud a single line of the hymn. After this had been sung, the congregation was silent while the deacon read another line. Then they sung this one, and so the ridiculous performance went on until the psalm or hymn was finished. A more thoroughly barbarous, inartistic, repulsive method of spoiling good poetry and song could not have been devised. It was, perhaps, just as well that these people had neither good song nor good poetry.

It was inevitable, of course, that this state of things should not always continue. In their justifiable revolt against the corruptions, the formalities and the immoralities of their own time the Puritans had gone too far. In their anxiety to break with all associations connected with Romanism and Episcopacy they had repudiated, for themselves and for their children, many things which are as truly found in healthy human natures as is the law of morality and of religion. The satisfaction of the intellect, of the sense of beauty and of the sense of order, decorum, the fitness of things, is as legitimate if not as imperative a need as the satisfaction of the sense of duty. It was inevitable, therefore, that sooner or later the children of the Puritans, inheriting their sturdy independence and their readiness to revolt against irrational tyranny of any sort, should demand and obtain for themselves some of the intellectual and æthetic satisfactions which they had been wrongfully denied. Sooner or later the perception of the poverty and wretchedness of the musical side of Puritanism was sure to be awakened, and with this awakening came the dawn of revolution and of musical progress.

But there was an inconceivably great mass of prejudice to contend with before any reform of psalmody could be carried out or even begun. The Puritan spirit was, beyond question, fanatical, and the fanatical zeal which reduced all public worship to its lowest terms, banished all forms of beauty and good taste. In 1723, a full century after the landing of the Pilgrims, the following protest against any improvement in the barbarous psalmody then current was made by a writer in the New England *Chronicle:* "Truly, I have a great jealousy that if we once begin to sing by rule,

the next thing will be to pray by rule and preach by rule, *and then comes Popery.*" And this view was doubtless widespread.

The efforts at improvement had begun at least fifteen or twenty years before this. In 1712, the Rev. John Tufts, of Roxbury, had published a book called "A very plain and easy Introduction to the Art of Singing Psalm Tunes; with the Cantus or Trebles of Twenty-eight Tunes contrived in such a manner as that the Learner may attain the Skill of Singing them with the greatest Ease and Speed imaginable." Although this was the first book of the kind published in New England, it was doubtless preceded by numerous efforts of enlightened ministers and others to improve the musical part of their worship. But we know very little of any determined efforts to use note books until the year 1721. Notwithstanding the Rev. Mr Tufts' publication, the singing of the congregations was still mostly by rote and was confined to a few tunes, probably not more than five or six. These having been learned solely by ear, were sung in different versions by different congregations and even by different individuals in the same congregation. The result was a horrid confusion and discord which tortured the more sensitive ears, especially of the educated ministers. Yet it was a full half-century, that is up to about the time of the Declaration of Independence, before the opposition to "Singing by note" was entirely silenced.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNINGS OF REFORM.

To the more cultivated and enlightened of her Puritan clergy, New England owes the gradual improvement of her psalmody. In 1720 the Rev. Thomas Symmes, of Bradford, Mass., published an essay, entitled "The Reasonableness of Regular Singing, or Singing by Note," in which he argued with great power against the stupid, ignorant, fanatical objections to reform in the musical portion of the Puritan worship. John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, published a similar tract in 1725. Symmes strongly advo-

cated the establishment of singing schools, in which the young people of the congregations might be taught to sing properly. He was ably seconded by the more progressive elements in the churches, and from this time on the New England singing school became an established institution. Singing societies were soon organized in various parts of New England, and they not only had the effect of improving the psalmody in public worship, but they also kindled a love of music in many households, and were the real foundation on which the superstructure of modern musical culture is built. They also resulted in the organization of choirs to lead the musical portion of divine service.

With the practice of psalmody in the singing schools, choirs and organized societies, and the consequent awakening of the musical sense and the improvement of musical taste, there soon came the demand for a greater variety of tunes. The Rev. Mr. Tufts' book was followed in 1721 by another, compiled from English sources, by the Rev. Thomas Walter, of Roxbury, and soon after the middle of the century began that activity in the compilation of hymn tunes which is still vigorously carried on at the present day. These compilations were naturally drawn from the works of the English psalmodists, beginning with Fausen. From that day to this; with the exception of the Revolutionary period, English psalmody writers have furnished a considerable and valuable portion of American hymn tunes. Of late years the German Choral has been introduced into many of our collections, although it can hardly be said to have established itself in the favor of American congregations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

A COMPARISON OF THOMSON AND YSAYE.

HAVING studied several years under the best violin masters in this country and across the water, I forgive myself, on the ground of some experience, for essaying the critic and assuming to give to my fellow students — and those interested who have not always opportunities for hearing for themselves, a little more discriminating review than I have yet seen of the two great Belgian violinists, Thomson and Ysaye—who are at present attracting such universal admiration and comparative comment. After one ard the best, has studied intelligently and enjoyed association with musicians—they certainly listen with different ears—of course the conditions under which one hears music have much to do with their judgment and it is important that they be familiar with the compositions, to appreciate either the difficulties or the beauties.

A student in hearing Thomson play listens and comments mentally something after the following manner.

A very loose bass, sharp rapid scales, remarkably limpid chords—chords that seem to absorb the tone from the strings;—"Liquid, low, silvery, streamed the tones beneath the enchanted bow." Disappointing quality of tone, however, in broad legato passages, charming and altogether admirable simplicity in the Rubinstein and Svendsen Romances. Then the Paganini. What faultless accuracy, and evenness! Such attractiveness too in his serious scholarly, uneffected, unassuming personality! Hear those octaves—rather *feel* them on the ends of your fingers—and the light even clean staccato. You are filled with wondering admiration and respect, for the artist as well as for the unusual performance. Thomson is unique in this attainment.

In recalling his works one must always hear in memory his Paganini playing. The witchery of the "Wizard" is certainly lacking, but could even Paganini, we wonder, over-

come with easy grace the great difficulties, by no means lessened by Thomson's arrangement.

Ysaye played some weeks later the Saint Saens Concerto No. 3 and the delightful Scotch Fantasie by Bruch, responding several times (after sufficiently prolonged applause.)

Ysaye is imposing and somewhat disdainful in appearance; there is always, however, a quiet dignity and straightforwardness that commands respect. In all probability he is conscious of his great power over his listeners; surely his audience feels it, and it is delightful too. His school is distinctively French, but French in its purity. It is much more difficult to analyse his playing. If one listens critically, there is little if anything to offend; his tone is always musical and of carrying quality, like the rare tenor, and much more desirable than if produced at the cost of purity. Everything he did seemed spontaneous, in truth inspired.

Perhaps there may not have been the absolute methodical relapsation in all passages but the whole was glorious, and as Max Bendix said—"he creeps up under your vest." There are rarely those who possess both artistic merit and magnetism. Ysaye and Paderewski are two such, and it is perfectly safe for even those students holding the severest ideas concerning art to enthuse over Ysaye without fear of enjoying too much.

I heard Thomson twice afterward but my criticism remained the same. The very loose bow required for the certain liquid effects he produces mars the tone quality in broader work when one hears too often the stick. He is a giant in the violin world; but of the two Ysaye unquestionably was given the ampler gift from above. A student *learns* more from Thomson, and enjoys much, but receives from Ysaye greater inspiration; for "that which issues from the heart, alone can bind the hearts of others to your own."

A. L. S.

A TALK WITH FRANCIS WILSON.

THOSE who have met the genial operatic manager and comedian, Mr Francis Wilson, know him to be a quiet, intelligent, and refined gentleman, with plenty of ideas of his own, and a manner of telling them which charms the listener. During his recent sojourn in Chicago, where for three weeks he played "The Devil's Deputy" in the Chicago opera-house, a representative of *Music* managed to propound certain questions to him.

"What have you on hand, Mr. Wilson, to bring out after your present opera is done?"

We have the Bernand and Sullivan opera, "The Chieftain," now running at the Savoy, which we will put on next September at Abbey's, in New York, and run it just the same as we do all the others; run in New York for about two or three months, then go on our usual tour through the country.

"You haven't seen that opera at all?"

I have read it; didn't buy a pig in a poke, you know. The criticisms of it are glorious, perfectly glorious. The characters are very funny, the story is interesting, and since then I have also read the score.

"I take it that there must also be what so many of these farce-operas lack, a thread of tenderness and sentiment?"

Yes, and there's a consistency in Sullivan's operas that perhaps no other composer reaches. You know how much he is worshipped over there. Sometimes the pieces with which he is connected don't always take over here, for the reason that his books are such that they don't appeal to the American public; but where the interest of the story is one that will catch the general public it has never failed. Take "The Mikado," for instance; that will go in any country, except, perhaps, Japan. I heard of some Japanese who saw it and didn't like it; thought it was a burlesque.

"How about the taste for light opera, is it increasing?"

With the general public I don't think there's any question but that the stringency of the times affected light opera pretty much as it has all other business. It affected grand opera too, if they will only admit it. Light opera isn't such a superlatively excellent thing that it is exempt from misfortunes. The gods don't smile on light opera to the exclusion of everything else, you know.

"You had something, when I saw you on the ship, you were studying, a new part which you brought out next year. What was it?"

"The Merry Monarch." There is rather an interesting little story connected with it. It was French—I get most of these thing that I do, from the French, except the Gilbert and Sullivan pieces. I read the book and found the story to be interesting, then I got the score; the music is generally uninteresting. I went to see the composer, a man named Chabrier, there in Paris; he played over the score for me and there was very little in it of a taking character, from my point of view. But the book was extremely interesting with one or two exceptions; the climaxes were wrong, strange to say. I say "strange to say," because the French are the best constructionists in tne world. All the other nations can go to school to the French in the matter of dramatic construction. Well, I asked Chabrier in what the piece was lacking. He pointed out to me one or two places. The piece was an awful failure in Paris—awful—such a failure that it was scarcely known at all when I inquired for it; but I had read over a little publication I had called, "La-Premiere," and I found this book and the story rather appealed to me, so with Chabrier's hint as to what he thought the thing lacked, and some little native intelligence, I resolved to fix it. So I reversed one or two situations, and the consequence was we made a great deal of money with it. It was the best success we ever had. The music I brought over here and I had Woolson Morse, a native composer, supply some numbers that I thought ought to be supplied, and the public were kind enough to endorse my action in the matter by their attendance.

"Of course the chance of getting a good thing in the

way of a new opera is infinitesimal, to state it mildly?"

Yes the only thing to do is to get an old story told in a novel way.

"You know when you ask a man about a thing he understands thoroughly, you don't always get much out of him, because he knows so much he can't tell it, but when you ask an intelligent man about something of which he knows nothing, you often get very original and unprejudiced ideas. And so I want to ask you something about the likelihood of having women composers?"

The idea of a man talking like a prophet on a subject of which he knows nothing—impossible!

"On the question of women in music, the question, namely, that considering the success they make as performers, whether we are to look for women composers or not. What do you think about that, anyhow? Have you done anything with women's music?"

Never knew but one woman who had composed anything—a woman named Steiner—and she was so ambitious and so all-knowing that she not only composed the music, but she wanted to conduct the orchestra as well. I think it is unnecessary to say that we didn't give her a chance. But I don't know why we shouldn't look for women composers, if you ask me seriously. With all the sentiment of a woman's nature and taking to music as she does, so much more than a man does, I don't see why there shouldn't be great women composers. The first thing we put our little daughters to is to playing the piano, you know. Their natures and their sentiments are poetical and musical, why shouldn't they compose? Yet the fact remains that they don't. But they say that Mendelssohn's reputation came from the work of his sister. It is so said, and it is said that she composed and published that music under his name for the reason that it would not be accepted by the public if it had been known that a woman composed it. That accounts for the feminine nature of it. You know his music is essentially feminine, the "Songs Without Words."

Here Mr. Wilson himself turned questioner.

Mr. W.: Why don't women compose more?

Rep. Music: My idea is that it is simply because woman is a little too new in music. I mean to say that their education is of a kind to fit them to perform, but it is not of a sort to develop tonal perceptions and fantasy, and they are not sufficiently instructed in the technic of music. I mean in the art of writing. You know how it is in any other kind of writing; a large share of the skill—in fact you might say the *whole* skill in writing—turns on two points: First, to have something to say, and second, to get out of your own light, and say what you have in your mind without any fuss or feathers. Women don't learn harmony.

W.: Have the great musicians of the world been good mechanical musicians? Have they been well grounded in all the rudiments, and worked hard at it, and slaved at it, and been in orchestras, and all that sort of thing? That's something a woman can't do. She can not get at the work and keep at it. Woman never can be, or hasn't up to date been, a mechanic in music. I mean to say, grind out in an orchestra on a second violin or a 'cello. You have opened an interesting train of thought for me. I wonder why women don't become good musicians; why they don't compose. Seems to me I have heard of one or two.

R. M.: Have you had any women after you with an opera?

W.: No, never. That woman, Emma Steiner, had an opera, and there was a woman who produced an opera in New York called "The Dove" and the something, but it didn't amount to much.

R. M.: Did you ever run across Mme Holmes, in Paris, who writes operas?

W.: No.

R. M.: She's a woman who takes the world very seriously, as seriously as one of those long-haired composers. She brings out things in different parts of Europe from time to time. What is this thing you are running now—"The Devil's Deputy?" Is it farce with a little music obligato, or an opera?

W.: It's an opera. The piece that we are doing now was taken from the French; I made the translation, and

Cheever Goodwin made the adaptation, and Jakobowski, the composer of "Erminie," wrote the music.

Again Mr. Wilson turned questioner. W.: How does De Koven stand as a music composer?

R. M.: You know the musicians—the ultra professional musicians—one class say that he doesn't write very well, and the other class say that he writes so well that he has found it somewhere else, but, of course, neither is right. He is an extremely clever composer. You know he showed up first as something of a dude, with his trousers creased just so, and all that sort of thing, and some thought he could not do anything else; but he boned into composition, studied hard, and went ahead.

W.: You know his name means something here, he has as much reputation as Sullivan has in England. His name means something on a bill.

R. M.: I'm glad of it. How do you esteem Smith—Harry Smith?

W.: He's a growing quantity; a growing quantity. He's doing an opera for me.

R. M.: And De Koven?

W.: No, not De Koven.

R. M.: What are Smith's strong points?

W.: His lyrics. The real strategic point is the construction. In "Robin Hood," of course the story almost made itself, but they tell me that this piece "Rob Roy" of his in New York is good, and the success of it depends as much upon Smith's work as upon De Koven's. The music is very, very taking, but the picturesqueness of the costumes and the locale, which is Smith's work, is really the success of the thing.

When I said construction, I meant bringing an act to a climax and leaving off at the right place. He's all right. The suggestiveness of Smith's books is very great, if a man has brains enough to take advantage of them. He's a very growing quantity, Smith is. You can't give a manager or an actor anything with which he's better pleased than a work full of suggestive pegs upon which he can hang "business," and that Smith does better than anybody else;

better than any man I have ever seen.

R. M.: Who is going to do the music?

W.: I don't know.

R. M.: Tell me what the reason is that you don't do anything more with Strauss's operas in this country?

W.: Strauss runs more to the serious, you know. He's like most of the fellows, Strauss is, like most writers. Directly they get a little reputation for doing a little thing, they want to do something that they can not do; they want to get more serious, like musicians, you know. Let them write a successful comic opera, and they right away get the idea that they can blend comic opera with serious opera. They're ambitious to do greater things; so it is with Strauss. He runs to the "Gypsy Baron" and those things, and they don't go so well.

R. M.: Wouldn't there be money in a good company on the road with an opera of the more serious class, if it was well enough done?

W.: I should think if there was, they would try it. It seems to me that the American public gets pretty much what it demands.

R. M.: I don't know about that. There's your own case with the American public. They didn't know for certain that they wanted you until they saw you.

W.: One has to take one's risk in striking the public taste, than which nothing is more fickle.

At this point the conversation lagged, for as yet the good-hearted manager had not broken his fast.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THAT was a very fine concert which the Kneisel quartette gave before the Amateur Musical Club, May 6th. The program was this:—

BEETHOVEN, String Quartette, Opus 18, in G major.
BRAHMS, String Quartette in A minor.
DVORAK, String Quartette, Opus 96.

The Beethoven quartette is one of the early ones, beautifully written, in a spirit much like that of Haydn; but with a working out distinctly Beethoven-ish. While it nowhere touches the deepest springs of the soul, it certainly makes considerable demands upon the players in the slow movement; and throughout requires refinement and precision. The Brahms work is also light, for him– which would, however, be quite serious for any one else. It is delightfully written, the part writing being something exquisite. And in both of these works, no less than in the Dvorak quartette which ended the program, the playing was of a very high order indeed. These players are all among the first of the Boston orchestra, upon their several instruments, namely, Mr. Franz Kneisel, 1st violin, Mr. Otto Roth, 2d violin, Mr. L. Svecenski, viola, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder, 'cello. Mr. Kneisel is concert-meister of the orchestra, and upon the occasion of their playing at the World's Fair he directed, Mr. Nikisch having already left Boston. The quartette has been in existence about six years, and at home stands in a place of peculiar honor.

Inasmuch as this is now one of the very best string quartettes in the world, it is desirable to state the fact distinctly, to the end that societies asking the best in this line may know where to look; for Mr. Kneisel makes quite a long tour every year after the orchestral season has closed.

Their playing is excellent, individually considered. Mr. Schroeder, for instance is a magnificent artist upon the 'cello, and the viola is very highly spoken of. Then the

ensemble work has reached a point of precision, sympathy, and intelligence which has perhaps not been surpassed by any body of players anywhere. The quartettes on the present occasion had the charm of solo works, in which the artist was doing his best to commend the music to the hearers by performing it not alone with consummate art, but also with good humor and fine feeling.

I should suppose that this company of players would render a perfectly satisfactory account of the work in hand no matter what it might be, excepting possibly some of the very latest and most extreme works, such as the last quartettes of Beethoven. In works of this kind there is a striving after the unexpressed and well-nigh unexpressible, where if the player does not quite follow the composer it is necessary for him to imagine that he does, and at least play the music with abandon and verve. Whether the Kneisel quartette would rise to work of this character it would be presumptious to say without having heard them in it; since the music on the present occasion nowhere touched this kind of demand, even if fhe Brahms work came very near it. For tasks of the character mentioned a quartette like that of Mr. Brodsky late of New York derives a certain advantage due to what we might call the personal momentum of the players, especially of the leader. But then Mr. Brodsky out-ranked the other players of his quartette to a very great degree, whereby the ensemble was never quite as even as this of the Kneisel players. Something of the sort used to attach to the playing of the famous Joachim quartette in Berlin, when the great violinist was younger and more full of personal magnetism. Be this as it may, the Kneisel quartette is an organization calculated to do great good to "the cause of music" by presenting her as she ought to be played and thought.

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The last work upon the program was Dvorak's op. 96, one of those in which he takes themes of alleged American origin, in order to arrive at a result pleasing and commendable to American ears. The themes are mainly from the five-toned scale, more Scotch than American in character,

hough the dance theme in the last movement is distinctly negro, I believe. By the natural development of these themes he arrives at pleasing results, especially in the slow movement, which is in much the same "tone" as the slow movement of the "New World" symphony. On the whole, however, coming after the two great works preceding it, this one seems rather tame and light.

In trying to impart something of novelty to his composition, and something of local coloring, by the use of national or local melodic and rhythmic coloring, Dr. Dvorak has done only that which all good composers have now and then done, from Bach to Schubert, Goldmark, and Tschaikowski, so that there is nothing to be said against his work upon *a priori* grounds. Nevertheless, almost every musician will find himself in one of two moods after listening: Either he will be taken with the simplicity of the thematic material and so be pleased with results attained cleverly; or else he will be thinking of the great works preceding and then will be disappointed at the lightness and inconclusiveness of Dr. Dvorak's work. Both impressions have good ground and the latter particularly is one which deserves to be examined.

I have before said that to me Dr. Dvorak appears to be affected by the untenable notion which Haydn also held; that the nature of a theme does not matter, only the treatment determining the value of the result. This thesis is fallacious. It is quite true that a composer like Haydn or Dvorak might make creditable results out of a very insignificant theme; but it would be at the expense of a great deal of up-hill work. Whereas if he started with such themes as the late great genius Peter Tschaikowski used to employ, they would have spun themselves out to clear writing without his having to work half as hard—in fact he might have been like Bach who used often to write better than he knew, when the theme and the mood happened to coincide.

Here is a point where Mr. Calvin B. Cady's theory of the three modern genera of tonality comes in. There are, he says, the diatonic tonality, in which the folks song is always conceived; the chromatic tonality, in which Bach, sometimes

Haydn, Beethoven always, and the modern writers generally work; and there is also the enharmonic tonality, in which the latest writers work, and in which even Bach not unseldom ventured with distinguished success (witness the Chromatic fantasia and the G minor Fantasia for organ.) Here is where it appears to me (I speak somewhat hastily, and therefore perhaps superficially) that Mr. Klauser does not quite account for everything. He gives us the seven natural tones of the scale—this is the the diatonic genus; then the five primary up-mediates and the five down-mediates (flats and sharps of the natural tones) each of which leads to one of the natural tones. This is the chromatic genus. And then he gives us the five secondary up-mediates and five secondary down-mediates (the double sharps and flats of the natural tones) which he says resolve into the primary mediates. So they do in the chromatic genus; and here they are nothing else than primary mediates coming in after the first round of sharps or flats has exhausted the primary supply. But in the enharmonic genus the secondary mediates resolve otherwise; they change enharmonically into the natural tones of another scale, thereby giving rise to remarkable and previously unknown harmonic relations. These when first introduced were taken with exception, and the theoretical works ignored them for years. But now almost every composer at times employs them, and Wagner knew how to obtain by means of them wonderfully beautiful effects. In fact our ears are conformed to this extreme genus of tonality to such a degree that any composer is able to employ it effectively now and then, in the working out even of works which generally confine themselves to one or the other of the lower potencies of tonality (if I may use the term.)

Now the disappointing place in Dvorak, it seems to me, is that he begins by taking themes which are not only diatonic, but diatonic in the most barren and unsuggestive manner, namely, in the intervals of the five-tones scale—a tonality which belongs to a far less perfectly developed musical sense than the complete diatonic tonality of the folks song; and having started with this material he finds himself

either unable to treat it in a modern manner, or at best so hampered as to treat it only by consummate art, the result of which in its best moments is almost necessarily to have in it a contradiction between the nature of the theme and the treatment.

Every student of Bach and Schumann knows that there is a great deal in the breed of a musical idea. Every musical theme has in it a self-determinative power. It lends itself to one kind of treatment and not to another. Look at the second Schumann Novellette; it grows out of the theme, no doubt was largely improvised, and the entire first movement appertains to the leading idea, or to two leading ideas. If he had happened to start with a different motive, an entirely different kind of work would have resulted. Look at the fourth Novellette, or the first, or seventh. And it is the same with Bach, consummate master as he was. Who was it that was writing here only lately that Bach gave every idea the kind of treatment it needed? And the kind that it naturally generated from its own nature?

Still it would be a mistake to be too hard upon the genial Bohemian-American composer. While it may be something unusual for a national composer to be imported, ready made and thoroughly seasoned, as was tried in Dr. Dvorak's case, he is at least a very great master. And the idea as it presented itself to his mind was merely to give his work some kind of new impression which should commend it to his new American friends. And in this he has acquitted himself with credit; and if you do not listen to it in a wrong spirit he will carry you along with him and you find it very pleasing. And there is one advantage in the short journey he takes you; you get back home again more quickly.

* * *

Speaking of American composers, I have lately had several doses of Gottschalk, who, being born in 1829, the same year as Dr. Mason, was the first American to arrive at something distinctly original and characteristic in tone poetry. Mr. Angelo Patricolo, pianist of the Gottschalk school is another of these amiable and highly accomplished Euro-

pean gentleman who from time to time adorn our native environment and show us the more excellent way as "she" should be walked. As an act of piety he lately got up an entire program of Gottschalk. It was as follows:

a. Solitude.
b. Manchega Etude.
c. The Banjo.

Vocal—The Shepherdess and the Knight.
Miss Marie Delafontaine.

a. Le Bananier.
b. La Jota Aragonesa (Spanish Dance).
c. Grand Scherzo.

Vocal—Idol of Beauty.
Mr. L. Gaston Gottschalk.

Overture—William Tell—4 hands.
Miss E. Louise Hoadley, Mr. Frederic K. Logan.

Vocal—O Loving Heart.
Mr. L. Gaston Gottschalk.

a. Last Hope.
b. Pasquinade.
c. Tremolo.

Union—Paraphrase de Concert.

Mr Patricolo (the name seems somehow incomplete without a *k*) is an Italian young gentleman from Palermo, where he was educated in the conservatory from his earliest childhood. He is a well-schooled pianist from whom something better may be expected later when he has broadened, for he is now only about twenty-three. It was pleasing to study the program. And this also was one of those cases which might please or the contrary, according to the standpoint of the observer. For example, take the first piece, Solitude. It consists of a single motive, purely melodic, which is repeated a great many times, and is sequenced in different harmonies a few times. The solitude is not unlike that represented in the descriptive piece called "The Desert" which Constantine Sternberg sometimes gives to private audiences. Nevertheless it has a bright rhythm and it grows upon one. So also with the Banjo imitation—or idealization. It is remarkably well made for the kind. Two of the second number were pieces in characteristic Central American rhythms, creole or Cuban, and they were interesting. The Grand Scherzo, however, is not so good. Here he comes into comparison with Chopin. The last three pieces are very well known to all teachers. Two of the best

known are omitted: the Dying Poet and the March of the Night. The latter I think one of the best. Another of this character which I would have thought worth preserving is the Slumber Song, either in its vocal or instrumental form. In the latter it is true, there is a long prelude which does nothing; but then the melody is nice when it does come.

Now concerning Gottschalk as composer-pianist (for we cannot separate the two activities in his case) much might be said. Either from inherent want of force or from happy instinct, he was affected by his environment (or had recourse to it intentionally for coloring) and in many of his compositions he has some of the sharp and pleasing rhythms of the creoles, the negroes and the Spanish Americans. His melodic subjects are much of the same piece, and of thematic treatment and harmonic development there is practically none. In fact considered as pure music, every piece of his is passè, and is no longer required by students, except for pleasing purposes in certain elementary moods of teaching or enjoyment. They are clever works, and they mark a certain small epoch. Here was a new accent entered into the musical world, an accent distinctly American and personal to Gottschalk. These slight compositions, some of them very clever, Gottschalk used to play with great verve and with infinite confidence in their belonging to the domain of high art. It was a favorite attitude of his that he was preparing the Americans for something better; when that time comes, said he, "they will see what Gottschalk will offer them." This was like Anacreon, who believed he could have written tragedy as well as Sophocles. Nevertheless, as one writer says, he wrote only of love. But the time did not come until the genial artist had gone over to the majority. And if it had, the chances are that he would not have been able to give them anything materially different from these which we already have. For the strength of Gottschalk's creative capacity lay in his having absorbed out of his environment, and he probably gave us all that his early musical environment had in it. His success in France and Spain was due to his having this magnetic personality and charm, and to the national accent in his music.

The songs on this occasion had pleasing melody, but the texts were something to be avoided. It is likely that he wrote to the French words. American as we call him, Louis Moreau Gottschalk was French or Creole, and spoke English with an accent, and without idiom.

* * *

There is in my mind another curious phase of progress which these pieces of Gottschalk illustrate. They have fallen back to a lower grade of students. When new, as Gottschalk played them in his concerts, they were sufficiently novel and elaborate. Advanced amateurs played them, and more than once came to grief upon them. The larger ones and the more distinctly Cuban and Creole ones amateurs gave up presently, because they had not the sharp rhythmic feeling which these highly organized rhythms require. But Gottschalk used to make a great effect with them; and they are very clever. Mr. Patricolo, to go back to our concert, showed excellent training and study at this point, and the effect depended mainly upon his handling of the rhythm. Gottschalk, however, used to make very great effects with his touch. His passage work among the high notes was performed as if with little steel hammers, with perfect crispness and pearly quality; and his melodies had an appealing and sentimental quality calculated to warm the cockles of the listening heart. Here Mr. Patricolo perhaps left something to have been desired.

* * *

The names of Mason and Gottschalk used to be in everybody's mouth together, thirty years ago, and there are curious differences in the artistic ends they respectfully subserved, and in the place their works are likely to maintain. As pianist Gottschalk was greatest always in his own works. Upon these his entire fame depended. He represented a certain vein of originality; but as interpreter of works of others he did not so much distinguish himself, though very likely he played them well. Mason, on the other hand, came from the unproductive artistic environment of New England, and he was educated in German music from ear

liest childhood. He was the first American to acquire a finished style of writing, and upon the harmonic side and in thematic treatment his works are extremely clever and elegant, and are likely to occupy an honorable place for long in the future. As material for study they are among the very best we have, being stimulative, and suggestive of finer qualities of touch.

As an interpreter and teacher Mason stands, and has stood all these forty years and more, as the minister of the most advanced and the highest and most musical of German piano and chamber music, from the piano concertos of Mozart to the strongest works of Brahms. I consider it very curious that two masters born the same year in America should have come to represent such opposite but equally honorable tendencies.

* * *

We are having now a race of young composers who imagine that they are greater than these names I have mentioned. It is not many years since an American composer gave a concert in Chicago consisting mostly of his own works, and apologized for including a work like Gottschalk's Last Hope. This was pretty good, since the young man in question never saw the day when he could have written any eight measures of Gottschalk's masterpiece, unless indeed it had been the carrying out of the runs after the pattern had been shown him. Gottschalk was really a genius. Not perhaps of the very first rank; but a genius of real quality. And he will hold a high place among the less great masters of the world.

* * *

When I first saw the testimonial that Anton Seidl wrote for the Aeolian I rather wondered how a musician of his sensitiveness could tolerate an automatic instrument. But the other day I listened to one for some time at Lyon and Healy's and was very much interested. The Aeolian performs its music by means of strips of paper with holes in them. It is dead sure of its notes. But the player also has his part to perform. The strips of music unwind in plain

sight of the performer and besides the holes they contain the marks of expression and designations for stops. The performer, or the conductor more properly, who may have to work the pedals in case the instrument is not arranged to he blown by a motor, draws the stops and shuts them off according to these directions upon the music, and makes the crescendos and diminuendos and much more expression.

The result is a reed organ performance of elaborate orchestral music, written as full as is consistent with clearness, and without any regard to the difficulty of fingering the same. On the other hand the musical result has in it a certainty resulting from the instrument itself having taken care to produce the right tones in the right order in time, added to which is a great deal of expression put in by the performer.

The library of music for these instruments is now very large and they have a circulating library, by subscribing to which one has the use of a certain number of pieces. In the catalogue which I have before me I see that more than 6000 pieces are now printed in this way. The list contains the best of the standard choruses for oratorios and masses and very many operatic selections, both light and heavy, and one hundred and fifty or more overtures, among which are pretty much all the standard concert overtures for full orchestra. An instrument of this kind has an obvious value in schools and seminaries remote from concert opportunities. An invested capital of a few hundred dollars would afford such an institution a library of standard music for orchestra and selections from all the standard operas and oratorios. This for the purpose of teaching musical literature would be practically complete, and would enable the lecturer to illustrate and compare the styles of different writers in a very complete and effective manner, with a minimum of trouble. I do not know that any application of this sort has been made of these instruments, but it is certainly a question of a very short time when it will be, since they afford advantages in this respect which could not otherwise be supplied without an expenditure so large as to be practically impossible. I have not figured upon it, but

I suppose an invested captital of eight hundred dollars would make a pretty satisfactory library, and would afford a complete instrument. They also have a way of coupling a piano to the Aeolian electrically and having the combined effect. This of course is open to the objection that the piano gets out of tune soon and the instruments do not accord. A tuner, however, would easily remedy that.

* * *

I have several times spoken of the concerts that are given by schools in the city, and have called attention to the large range of musical literature covered by them, provided we take all the schools together into consideration. Many of the more useful ones are given without publicity, and few outside the immediate circle of the institution know what is being done. The following for instance, are programs given at the Metropolitan Conservatory in the Isabella building, Miss Georgea Kelsey principal. The motive of these particular programs was historical, intended to illustrate the style of the leading composers. Miss Kelsey is both pianist and organist, and ensemble playing in various forms is one of the prominent features of her concerts.

Second Program of Beethoven Illustrations.

Andante. Symphony. No. 1. Cma. Op. 21.	Organ, Violin, Piano
Septet Op. 20.	Two Pianos
"In questa tomba"	Vocal
Marche Funebre. Sonata. Op. 26.	Violin and Piano
Sonata. Op. 10. No. 1.	Piano
Six Valses	Violin and Piano

Third Program of Beethoven Illustrations.

Andante con moto. Fifth Symphony. C Minor.	Organ, Violin, Piano
"May Song"	Vocal
Sonata. Op. 14. No. 3.	Piano
Romanza for Violin Op. 40.	accomp. Organ
"Faithfu' Johnie"	Vocal
Air de Ballet de Promethee	Piano & Violin
Final Allegro. Fifth Symphony.	C Minor Piano, four Hands

* * *

Mr. Clarence Eddy has taken leave of absence from his organ and choir for a year, and with Mrs. Eddy will sail for Europe, early in June.

In this connection I may mention that the musical programs at his church are elaborate and varied. The follow-

ing for instance shows the range taken:

1. Organ Prelude, Theodore Dubois
2. Doxology, Invocation, Hymn.
3. Largo, Handel. Violin, harp and organ. Mr. Adolph Rosenbecker, Miss Blanche Dingley, and Mr. Clarence Eddy
4. Anthem, "Art thou Weary?" P. A. Schuecker. (new)

Solos and Quartette.

5. Scripture lesson.
6. Responsive Chant, "Venite exultemus."
7. Prayer.
8. Response, "Crossing the Bar," Alfred G. Robyn

Quartette.

9. Offertory. "Ecce Panis." (New). Alex. Guilmant.

Tenor and soprano solos, quartette, violin, harp and organ.

10. Sermon. Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D.
11. Hymn, Congregation.
12. Benediction.
13. Organ Postlude, "Fiat Lux." (New). Theodore Dubois

The quartette consists of Miss Electa Gifford, soprano, Mrs. Christine Nielsen Drier, contralto, Mr. Frank K. Root, tenor, and Mr. Edward A. Allen, bass.

* * *

I have great pleasure in presenting this month a portrait of Mr. Edmund Schuecker, the celebrated harpist of the Chicago orchestra. Mr. Schuecker was educated in Vienna, and for ten years was professor of harp in the Leipsic conservatory. His younger brother, who is also a brilliant solo artist, is the harpist of the Boston orchestra. Mr. Edmund Schuecker is probably the most musical German harpist in the world. Having a masterly technic, and a beautiful tone, he is also musical and is himself an accomplished composer. He has lately been offered a life position at Vienna as Court Harpist, harpist of the royal opera, professor in the royal conservatory, etc. He has just now gone to London to fill an engagement for the month of June with Mr. Daniel Mayer. In addition to his position with the orchestra Mr. Schuecker has a large teaching business, plays in church on Sunday evenings, and in many ways finds the musical world well disposed towards him.

W. S. B. M.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS.

I have pleasure in stating that, pending the indefinite delay of the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives, at Washington, in the matter of reporting upon the bill for a national charter of incorporation for the American College of Musicians, which bill was authorized by the meeting of the College held at Chicago, July 3d, 1893, and was approved in its provisions, and again urged upon the attention of Congress by a unanimous vote at the meeting of the college, held in New York, June 29th, 1895, —at a meeting held in the capitol at Albany, N. Y., on the 28th of February, 1895, the Regents of the State of New York accepted the favorable report of a special committee appointed by them in November, 1894, to ascertain the the professional standing, aims, and past record of the American College of Musicians, and that said Regents voted unanimously to remedy the previous defective incorporation of the college by reincorporating it in conformity with the requirements of the Constitution of the State, and thus granting a university charter to the following gentlemen as Trustees of said college.

Albert Ross Parsons of New York, Edward Morris Bowman of New York, Clarence Eddy of Illinois, George E. Whiting of Massachusetts, Theodore Thomas of Illinois, William Mason of New York, Dudley Buck of New York, William W. Gilchrist of Pennsylvania, W. S. B. Mathews of Illinois, John Comfort Fillmore of Wisconsin, Frederick Woodman Root of Illinois, Samuel Prowse Warren of New York, Samuel B. Whitney of Massachusetts, Albert Augustus Stanley of Michigan, Calvin Brainard Cady of Illinois, Samuel S. Sandford of Connecticut, Robert Bonner of Rhode Island, Asa Bird Gardiner of New York.

The Board of Regents of the State of New York comprises the governor and the lieutenant-governor of the State, the Secretary of State, and State Superintendent of Public

Instruction, ex-officio, and twenty-one Regents, who are elected for life by the Legislature of the State in the same manner as United States senators for the State are elected for their respective terms of office. By the above action of the Regents, on February 28th, 1895, the American College of Musicians enjoys the distinction of becoming an integral part of the highest post-graduate examining body in the world, namely, the University of the State of New York, instituted in the year 1784. Like the American College of Musicians, the University of New York gives no instruction, but said University has jurisdiction, under the Constitution of the State, over all universities, colleges, academies, public libraries, etc., of the State, with power to grant charters and also to withhold or withdraw them for cause, which powers, by the Constitution of the State of New York, are vested in the Regents instead of in the Legislature.

The university departments under the Regents are respectively executive, extension, and examination, and the State Library and the State Museum. The degrees and diplomas of the university, in Law, Medicine, Art, Science, Letters, etc., are conferred and held in highest regard in all states of the Union.

The following transcript of section 34 of the University Law of the state specifies the powers conferred upon the Trustees of the American College of Musicians as an institution duly chartered and incorporated in the University of the State.

Section 34. Powers of Trustees of Institutions in the University. The trustees of every corporation created for educational purposes and subject to visitation by the regents, unless otherwise provided by law or by its charter, may:

(1) *Number and Quorum.* Fix the number of trustees, which shall not exceed twenty-five nor be less than five. If any institution has more than five trustees, the body that elects, by a two-thirds vote after notice of the proposed action in the call for a meeting, may reduce the number to not less than five by abolishing the office of any trustee which is vacant, and filing in the regents office a certified copy of the action. A majority of the whole number shall constitute a quorum.

(2) *Executive Committee.* Elect an Fxecutive Committee of not less than seven, who, at intervals between meetings of the trustees, may transact such business of the corporation as the trustees may authorize, except to grant degrees or to make removals from office.

(3) *Meetings and Seniority.* Meet on their own adjournment or when required by their by-laws, and as often as summoned by their chairman, or in his absence by the senior trustee, on written request of three trustees. Seniority shall be according to the order in which the trustees are named in the charter or subsequently elected. Notice of the time and place of every meeting

shall be mailed not less than five nor more than ten days before the meeting to the usual address of every trustee.

(4) *Vacancies and Elections.* Fill any vacancy occurring in the office of any trustee by electing another for the unexpired term. The office of any trustee shall become vacant on his death, resignation, refusal to act, removal from office, expiration of his term, or any other cause specified in the charter. If any trustee shall fail to attend three consecutive meetings without written excuse accepted as satisfactory by the trustee, not later than the third consecutive meeting from which he has been absent, he shall be deemed have to resigned, and the vacancy shall be filled. Any vacancy in the office of trustee continuing for one year, or any vacancy reducing the number of trustees to less than swo thirds of the full number may be filled by the regents. No person shall be ineligible as a trustee by reason of sex.

(5) *Property Holding.* Take and hold by gift, grant, devise or bequest in their own right or in trust for any purpose comprised in the objects of the corporation, such additional real and personal property beyond such as shall be authorized by their charter or by special or general statue, as the regents shall authorize within one year after the delivery of the instrument or probate of the will, giving, granting, devising, or bequeathing such property, and such authority given by the regents shall make any such gift grant, devise, or bequest operatic and valid in law.

(6) *Control of Property.* Buy, sell, mortgage, let, and otherwise use and dispose of its property as they shall deem for the best interests of the institution; and also to lend or deposit, or to receive as a gift, or on loan or deposit, literary, scientific, or other articles, collections, or property pertaining to their work; and such gifts, loans, or deposits may be made to or with the University or any of its institutions by auy person, or by legal vote of any board of trustees, corporation, association, or school districts; and any such transfer of property, if approved by the regents, shall. during its continuance, transfer responsibility therefore to the institution receiving it which shall also be entitled to receive any money, books, or other property from the State or other sources to which said corporation, association, or district would have been entitled but for such transfer.

(7) *Officers and Employees.* Appoint and fix the salaries of such officers and employees as they shall deem necessary, who, unless employed under special contract, shall hold their offices during the pleasure of the trustees; but no trustee shall receive compensation as such.

(8) *Removals and Suspensions.* Remove or suspend from office by vote of a majority of the entire Board any trustee, officer, or employee engaged under special contract, on examination and due proof of the truth of a written complaint by any trustee, of misconduct, incapacity or neglect of duty; provided that at least one week's previous notice of the proposed action shall have been given to the accused and to each trustee.

(9) *Degrees and Credentials.* Grant such degrees and honors as are specifically authorized by their charter, and in testimony thereof give suitable certificates aud diplomas under their seal; and every certificate and diploma so granted shall entitle the conferee to all privileges and immunities which by usage or statute are allowed for similar diplomas of corresponding grade granted by auy institutiou of learning.

(10) *Rules.* Make all by-laws, ordinances and rules necessary and proper for the purposes of the institution and not inconsistent with law or any ordinance or rule of the university; but no ordinance or rule by which more than a majoriay vote shall be required for any specified action by the trustees shall be amonded, suspended, or repealed by a smaller vote than fhat required for action thereunder.

It is a subject of congratulation that we have received a charter which in some important particulars is even more desirable than one granted by Congress. It is the culmination of the efforts made at the time of the organization of the college to obtain collegiate powers in the State of New

York, as the repeatedly expressed choice of the college for the location of its headquarters.

Up to the present time the powers thus sought have never been secured. Thus, in November, 1894, while our congressional bill was indefinitely suspended in committee at Washington with a certainty that no action for our relief could then be had within less than two years from that time, I received as President a communication from the Secretary of the Regents, a letter in which he wrote as follows:

"I note in the circular of musical examinations (of the A. C. M.) a violation of law which has perhaps escaped your attention. You will see on page 19 of the enclosed law that the law is specific. Neither can degree be conferred, nor can business be transacted in any way in the State under the name college without a charter from the Regents or their written permission. Otherwise, not only reputable institutions, but hundreds of disreputable concerns that profess to give examinations and confer degrees could openly ply their trade in New York State. We deal with these as we do with wildcat insurance companies, and the good ones have to conform to the law as well as the others."

The provision of law to which the Secretary called my attention was as follows:

"No individual, association, or corporation not holding university or college degree-conferring powers by special charter from the Legislature of this State, or from the Regents, shall confer any degrees, nor after January 1st, 1893, shall transact business under or in any way assume the name university or college, till it shall have received from the Regents, under their seal, written permission to use such name."

In reply I addressed to the Secretary of the Regents the following, outlining the history and work of the college from its organization down to the present time, explaining our earnest efforts to obtain from Congress a charter to replace our present defective instrument of incorporation, and asking the Regents to come to our relief in such a manner as they might deem best. Accompanying this communication, I enclosed copies of our prospectus, institution, list of

officers and members, examination papers, etc.

Melvil Dewey Esqr.

Secretary Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York.

Dear Sir:

In 1876 the Music Teacher's National Association was formed, having for its subordinate branches the several State and District Associations, and comprehending in the organization all the eminent and recognized leaders in the musical profession in the United States, as well as nearly, if not at all, the Professors and Teachers of Music.

It was supposed that the National Association would immediately have the effect of raising the standard of professional qualification, and help to draw the line between those teachers who have but enough musical knowledge to enable them to live by teaching in a limited way and the higher class who live art and practice it understandingly.

A few years experience showed the Music Teachers' National Association that while, by its annual meetings, attended by several hundred delegates, and its exhibitions and discussions of methods of teaching, it was doing good work as a popular musical association—yet that it was wholly inadequate to the objects of establishing proper standards of attainment and encouraging those intending to follow the art of music as a profession, to prepare themselves according to such standards.

Accordingly, the Music Teachers' National Association, at its Annual Meeting, held in Cleveland, Ohio, July, 4, 1883, requested certain Eminent Members of the Musical profession to form the institution since known as "The American College of Musicians," for the purpose of defining and elevating the standard of musical art in its several branches in the interest of American Musical Education.

The gentlemen, named in the request of the Music Teacher's National Association, with generous and truly public spirited enthusiasm, immediately entered upon the desired work.

For the purpose of merely protecting the name they assumed, but not for any other purpose, they subsequently

took a local incorporation on April 25, 1887 under the laws of New York, (Act of 1848, Chap. 319) although they resided in several states.

This incorporation would appear however to be practically rescinded by the laws of 1892 (Sec. 33) revising and consolidating the laws relating to the University.

As before remarked, the gentlemen named in 1883 by the Music Teacher's National Association—proceeded, without delay, to prepare a Standard of Attainment in the form of a series of graded examination papers and issued a prospectus inviting all, who might so desire, to apply for examination according to this standard and agreeably to the rules set forth for such examinations.

Under this standard three grades were prescribed, junior, intermediate and senior—with equivalent certificates of proficiency as Associate, Fellow, and Master in the Membership of the American College of Musicians.

The examinations in each grade are two fold, Demonstrative and Theoretic and conducted, invariably, in such a manner as to realize, as perfectly as possible, the conditions of an absolutely impartial test.

This Standard of attainment was provided for Pianists, Organists, Violinists, Theorists, Vocalists, and Teachers of Music in the Public Schools.

To attain the Certificate to a higher grade, any candidate, was required, first, to pass a successful examination in the lower; and a Candidate could enter for as many grades as desired.

These examinations have been held annually, since 1883, by the Board of Examiners, who are also Directors, in the principal cities, New York, Chicago, Boston, etc., who have freely given their time, without renumeration, to this laudable and truly National Work.

Candidates would attend from all over the United States, generally Teachers or Professors of Music, who, during the year had devoted themselves, at their respective homes, to study according to the prescribed curriculum.

The several Colleges where music is taught, Vassar, Smith, etc., have also for several years sent up their gradu-

ing pupils for examination.

The eminent men in the Musical profession who have constituted and still compose the Board of Examiners—have sought, in their plans, to subserve two ends.

First: To provide tests in the leading professional departments of Music, ensuring thorough scholarship in everything of music which can be definitely communicated and tested by question and answer.

Second: Along with this, to ensure the existence of, at least, a good working minimum of artistic feeling and appreciation for the higher kinds of music, without which the teaching of the candidates could never opperate as a musical leaven in a community.

It is not too much to say that the publication of the tests for Candidates, prescribed by the Board, marked a distinct epoch in the history of musical education in this country.

If the American College of Musicians had accomplished nothing more than the work of defining these tests, its record would be satisfactory, for, when it has once been shown that such tests of thoroughness and competence can be defined and impartially applied, the public demand them,—not alone from that institution, but from Schools, Seminaries and Conservatories in general.

Since in 1883, a large number of Candidates have presented themselves for the prescribed annual examinations.

Many have failed to pass—only to come again the following year better prepared.

Graduates of Conservatories and Musical Schools attached to Universities—have come up for examination to obtain the diploma of the American College of Musicians as the recognized exponent of the musical profession of North America.

The Music Teacher's National Association has watched, from year to year, its successful operation, on the lines laid down, with unabated interest.

On July 3, 1893, at the annual meeting for examinations, of the American College of Musicians, which was then held in Chicago, it was decided that after ten years active and successful operation, the time had come to ask for an incorporation for an institution so eminently national in its

character and work.

It was felt that the power to confer University musical degrees would be desirable, because of the consideration which attaches to them abroad.

The American College of Musicians practically includes all the eminent musical men of the country, who united cordially in approving the suggestion of incorporation.

The situation, at present, is peculiar.

Candidates are studying all over the United States to fit themselves for next July examinations before the Examiners of the American College of Musicians.

In the present short session of Congress, with its crowded calendar, it were vain to hope for the passage of a bill of incorporation by that body.

Therefore, practically, two years will elapse before the Intstiution will know whether or not such an incorporation can be secured.

With such an incorporation the Institution would continue to have its *locus* in the City of New York where the Board desires it to continue as of great advantage to the Musical Profession.

Meanwhile, however, under the laws of New York for 1892, (Chap. 378, sec. 33) the American College of Musicians is practically driven out of the state and prohibited from even using its honorable name.

Another clause of the same law (Sec. 32) requires as a pre-requisite to the power to confer degrees—that at least $500,000 shall be secured. This is all very well for an Eleemosynary College or seminary of learning.

The American College of Musicians is, however, a very different kind of institution. It is strictly a *University* establishment above and beyond Schools and Conservatories.

Clearly the Institution must leave New York unless the Board of Regents of the University of the State will come to the rescue, so that under the auspices of the Regents, the ideal movement in behalf of musical education entered upon so successfully eleven years ago shall spread through the nation.

The prime object of the Institution it must not be over-

looked has been to organize the musical profession by conferring, through examinations and diplomas, membership upon competent musicians. The object of this communication is to bring this matter clearly before the Regent. The time would seem to have come for the University of the State to take a new departure and the opportunity is here offered. It has enough undergraduate academic and professional *schools* of Instruction under its control. The American College of Musicians is neither an under-graduate nor a professional school of instruction—but a University organization, and, if incorporated, all persons—upon whom the Board of Regents might desire to confer musical degree should be sent before it for examination and report, and names of all persons upon whom it would be proposed to give a musical degree *honoris causa* should also be sent to it for report. The requirements for section 32 of the law of 1892 are wholly inapplicable and only illustrate how finite is the wisdom of man, that *general* laws cannot be made for *all* cases.

I enclose herewith a list of our Board or Directors. I would add as showing the character and standing of our Institution—that at the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago, the American College of Musicians was invited to open the World's Musical Congress, and that eminent foreign delegates were in attendance, from England, Germany, France, Russia, etc. I am dear Sir, with much esteem,

Very Truly Yours,

Albert Ross Parsons.

The Regents responded to this communication by appointing the special committee, whose report in our favor was followed by the grant of a Regent's charter of reincorporation.

The secretary of the Regents now writes me as follows:

"I think the Regents have made a very satisfactory solution. The diplomas can be made with the American College of Musicians as the important thing, and the Regents' part of it can be subordinated. The laws of New York, under which the corporation has been many years organized [illegible] re it in that form."

The foregoing account is perhahs somewhat more extended than is desirable for ordinary journalistic purposes. The importance of the work, however, and the fact that MUSIC reaches so large a proportion of those properly interested in this new departure will, I trust, be found sufficient excuse. It only remains to add that I have sent to all the gentlemen named as trustees a communication notifying them of their appointment, with the following additional infoamation:—

"Kindly notify me of your acceptance of the office of trustee conferred upon you by the new charter. Due notice will be sent of the time and place of the first meeting of the Board of Trustees. The law requires your attendance only at the annual meeting of the board, and the office of trustee is not vacated by law until a trustee shall have failed to attend three consecutive meetings of the board, without written excuse, accepted as satisfaction by the trustees not later than the third consecutive meeting from which he has been absent. The new Constitution and By-Laws will shortly be submitted to you by mail for your examination."

It will be seen, therefore, that the American College of Musicians is today in far better position than ever before to carry forward the highly significant work upon which it has entered. At the annual meeting in July several questions of prime importance relating to an extension of its work will be called from the committees having them in charge.

ALBERT ROSS PARSONS.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

MUSICAL INTERPRETATION AND PRELIMINARY ANALYSIS.

I have lately received the following letter, privately intended, but touching upon several important points, wherefore I take it as the text of a few remarks. An excellent musician, it is who says:—

With this mail I send you my analysis of Schumann's First Symphony in B flat. I was greatly surprised when you stated in your letter that you "doubted whether any had ever been published."

I really thought that almost anything could be had in the way of educational works in music; but I have found out during the past few weeks that not a single work has ever been published giving a complete analysis of any of the great masters' works. It is no wonder that we hear so many different interpretations of the same work, that we are bound to hear when different performers render them. A person may be able to read Latin and still not understand it; he may polish up his accent, but he can never give an intelligible reading until he has first mastered the laws of the language. Doesn't this apply to music?

We have some performers and conductors that conduct or play "by the Grace of God." Of course to them analysis is unnecessary. Why haven't we in this the nineteenth century something whereby the rising musical generation may be guided to the correct interpretation of a master work? Is it possible to interpret the same thing in a hundred different ways, and all be the correct way? I think not.

It is no wonder that the ordinary class of people do not care to go to a Symphony Concert, and I am inclined to believe in many cases they are not to be blamed for not enjoying it. If a conductor or a performer does not understand his or her work at hand, is it possible to make an audience understand and appreciate it? Yet, what does the average performer know of musical construction?

Undoubtedly, the great labor involved in producing a complete work of musical analysis of any one of the great masters has frightened many a bright mind from a task that ought (in my opinion) to be performed.

I have not sent you this analysis with this object in view, for I have analyzed *it too hurriedly* and have overlooked many things. I must have it for private use not later than April 2, and if you can assist me in any way I will most gladly receive it. I have analyzed the whole Symphony after the same manner that I have analyzed

the "Introduction" (of which I send you the three pages, one on the harmonic construction, the other from a musical standpoint). To transfer such pages requires much work, and I can barely get it finished in time unless you will assist me in analyzing its forms and point out my oversight. Do not lay it aside, as it means very much to me and to the art of music.

I enclose stamps for returning it. Return it as soon as possible as I have only the "full score," to work from.

I have just received several copies of my latest "creations," I will enclose one.

P. P.

Before entering upon the main question raised by this correspondent, namely as to the relation of scientific or so-called artistic analyses of music as aids or preparation to sympathetic understanding of them, I note first the misapprehension concerning the place and possibility of an editor or teacher with reference to miscellaneons tasks, such as this correspondent assigns to me. The Schumann symphony is a long work, playing about forty-five minutes or more. To arrive at any adequate assistance in analyzing it would have required from any musician, not freshly familiar with the work, some hours, perhaps days of study. This time it was not possible to bestow. Every man of reputation finds certain duties imposed upon him by reason of his publicity; he performs as many of these as he can, selecting the easier ones, or those which seems most necessary, and leaving all others for those who have time. The present writer no doubt often sins by omission, in this way; but taking it one year with another he devotes many hours to affairs which in no way concern him or interest him except out of kindness. The analysis of symphonies is a form of altruistic industry where he draws the line, except when urged beyond by journalistic demands.

Behind the foregoing letter there are two positions or postulates: First, that "analysis" of master works in music renders them more intelligible as music; and, second, that different interpretations are due to the absence of guiding analysis. Both positions are fallacies, and have little or nothing to do with the case —although we see just now a very large movement of music study resting upon the supposed assistance of analyses in understanding master works. But before entering upon the essential question, allow me to note that the same peculiarity exists with regard to the greater part of imaginative literature. A few of the Shakespeare plays have been analysed for students, as to form and meaning and origin. So have a few of the more important poems of other authors; but the great bulk of imaginative literature remains unanalyzed except in so far as this work is represented by the many essays upon the individual writers, which occur in reviews, and the like. Observe that the great literary world wags on oblivious to this crying need of analysis, and the master works make their way all the same, and generally, in the case of original works, quite against the principles which criticism attempts to lay down for the guidance of taste. And this in spite of the fact that all the

writing about literary masterpieces takes place in literary form, that is in words and ideas, which lie in parallel planes to those of the masterpieces in question. Whereas, as I have elsewhere pointed out, the writing about music lies in a totally different plane from any which music occupies, whereby the utmost influence it has or can have upon the reader is that of awakening action in some department of mind contiguous to that which the musical master work would occupy if it were heard.

The so-called "moonlight" sonata of Beethoven says nothing about moonlight, nor is the weather at all inferable from it. There was somewhere a heart that ached and sang; beyond this no external fact is told or implied. Nor can any external act be mentioned which can assist in the slightest degree in giving a musical interpretation of it. The "pastoral" sonata has no pasture in it, unless we find a suggestion in the monotonous D's in the low bass; nor are the living and grazing creatures referred to in the music, except in the extremely remote suggestion of sweet and innocent melody. In the pastoral symphony there are indeed certain external incidents represented, or described, and these Beethoven mentioned in annotations to the score. Later, he felt that in doing this that he had gone too far, and he mentions having left out mention of the yellow hammer's song because he thought there were quite too many already—notwithstanding the fact of the bird's melody forming a very noticeable feature in the score. The sonata "appassionata" is a brilliant bravoura piece of music, which has no great amount of passion in it. And the fifth, seventh and ninth symphonies have no descriptive elements at all; yet by universal consent these are the greatest and most universally applicable of all the symphonies.

The correspondent confuses too many things. When he asks whether it is any wonder that we hear so many different interpretations of master works, he mixes things. We do indeed hear interpretations of a symphony, for example, that differ from each other. Yet all conform to a general idea of the work, and differ in details of expression. It is not true that different orchestral conductors give interpretations of the same symphony differing from each other in points noticeable to the ordinary hearer. The general tempos will be maintained, and the general variations of loud and soft—everything which is indicated in the score. The variation will be found in smaller nuance. A certain instrument has a phrase of melody, and one conductor softens the other instruments sufficiently to bring his phrase into the foreground; another conductor neglects to do this, and the melody is not clear. Nor is it true that the orchestral players are themselves ignorant of musical construction. On the contrary in any first-class orchestra the men will be found to be college graduates in music (to use a generally understood equivalent description) and most of them have had ambitions as solo players. Many of them are capable composers in the higher walks of music. Take the Boston orchestra, for instance. Somewhere among the first violins there is Mr. C. D. Loeffler, who is an admirable writer of overtures, suites, and

concertos for full orchestra, and whose works are played every year by the orchestra. In our own Chicago orchestra there are several men who have made a mark as composers. In fact an orchestral player unable to analyze the construction of music would be an anomaly. The correspondent evidently means the amateur player, who having "taken lessons" assails a four hand arrangement of a great work.

But it is not true that the failure of this person turns so much upon his ignorance of musical construction, harmony, cadences, period limitations, as in the deeper matter of expression. Our students are not trained in their ears. Very few can write a melody and an accompaniment from hearing it. This means that they have not the conceptive faculty in hearing. They retain briefly a vague impression of melody and harmony heard; but the impression does not clear itself up so that they could write the bits they are supposed to remember. This means also that they do not hear accurately. And behind there is too often another short-coming, they do not *feel* the music, in the sense of being moved by its expression, as that of a story joyful, sad, common place, extraordinary. In other words, the relation between music and feeling they have not found.

Every musical student ought to be like a student in school, able to write from dictation anything which he is supposed to be able to learn. But this is not to say that a hearer might not be intelligibly affected by music which he is unable to write.

Music goes into the consciousness intuitively, and certain combinations of tones, chord-successions, and the like, affect the feeling in definite ways (or directions, at least, as awakening, or depressing) without the hearer being able to give any intelligible account of what he has heard. In this way many a hearer might derive real and perfectly legitimate pleasure from a tone-poem without being in any technical sense musical; nevertheless, this kind of ability is in the real sense exactly what is meant by being musical, and the true end of musical education is to develope this kind of ability and make it productive as well as receptive.

I am of opinion that a class of students who will go carefully through an important work, like a four-hand arrangement of the Schumann symphony, under a teacher, and then hear each of its parts (or chapters) played two or three times through; and then hear the whole movement or work two or three times through, will at the end find that they enjoy the work in a manner different from anything they experienced before.

In other words, if the poetry and sentiment are in the music, it is for the hearer merely a question of their getting into his ears. And this a matter of attention and repeated hearings. Theoretical analysis aids only in so far as it assists the hearer to keep the larger divisions of the subject in his mind and recognize the relation which the different parts bear to each other.

Moreover, the mental attitude for following an analysis and for taking in music as art are different. The former is intelligent and analytic; the latter is intuitive, receptive, and in so far as

intellect is concerned passive, except in so far as the music awakens the intellect and moves upon it from the emotional and sub-conscious side.

To appreciate music is to be able to hear it with sympathy. This faculty may or may not be conjoined with the ability to compare the flitting tonal forms with the patern prescribed in the analysis. And it is quite certain that the aid to interpretation from preliminary analysis is for those only who have in themselves this true inner appreciation of music from the tonal and emotional side.

W. S. B. M.

THE COST OF STUDY IN PARIS.

Apropos to the common tendency of Americans to underestimate the expense of studying abroad, a writer in the *Musical Courier* has the following, which those intending to undertake such work would do well to note.

"To begin with you must calculate $40 a month the very bottom price for living. At that you are more liable than not to get the most wretched trash in the shape of nourishment. The frugality of the French pushes to limits beyond the comprehension of our abundant and extravagant nation. They, "arrange" goose-noses, rabbits' legs, insides of bones, brains, snails and mussels, old vegetables, poor meats, and pigs' toes divinely, so that many times you are betrayed into the idea that you are being fed. That means only two meals a day, and all extras are dearly bought. Their extras are our necessities—fire, light, bath (for bathing is a foreigner's whim in Paris), and wine like vinegar, for one dare not drink the water. Even then you famish if you work, and you freeze in winter, for there is no possible way of keeping warm even by paying for it.

One should count $60 and $70 rather than $40, and I know girls paying $80 a month who are only as they should be for study. Every cent less in your bill come off your strength, force, talent, personality and the chances of your success. You cannot cook for yourself. You get yourself all out of step with the nice, dainty, fresh girls who do not have to do so, and with whom you are obliged to mingle. You must care how you live. The life you seek compels it. If you must sacrifice yourself wisely for your "art" do something at home to earn plenty to come here with; yes, if you have talent enough to warrant it (?) borrow a lot, swing through here in good shape and pay it back with good, rich interest from your first success.

Do not come here poor. Do not try to make bricks without straw. Do not try to draw an elephant with a shoestring. Its the way of our nation; our men do it in business and on the Board of

Trade, and look at them! One thing, however; they can accomplish something. If they break their own heads they can sometimes leave riches to their people. A girl gains nothing that way toward being a prima donna. She must be strong and gay, pretty, good natured, light hearted to succeed in this line. The last thing on earth to do is come to Paris to study on "strict economy."

Another wants to come "just a year." She is "just wild to come to Paris." She will "work so hard." She is just sure she "can accomplish as much in one year as she ought to in two." She is "willing to risk what comes after."

Well, leaping in the dark means a dull thud somewhere—almost always. The most skillful burglars, even, rarely accomplish it whole. "Wild to come to Paris," means wild to buy an object with half enough money. It means starting for the pleasure of the start, without following or conclusion in mind. You are more at sea here than at home, for you are in mid-ocean, with a high sea running, and I assure you, if you expect a special pilot on board whose business it is to steer you straight, you are mistaken.

"Willing to work so hard" is only verbal hysteria. You are keyed up by your wishes to where you think you mean something; but you don't, and you could not carry it out if you did.

In manual labor, yes. By working faster or more hours you can make more dresses, type more pages, walk more miles or serve a greater number of people. But art—ah, that is the beauty of art! It is not achievement, it is growth. It is the taking on of an occult principle by an occult process, with time for the great factor. It is growth like that of the plants and trees, of the feathers in the dove's breast, of your hair, your eyelashes, the flesh on your bones.

You insist on becoming an artist in one year. You will force results by your desire. But see, dear girl, see! Suppose you want to wear your hair a certain way on a certain day, and it must be long enough in order to make that certain coil, what are you going to do about it? Anxiety, tears, all your coiffeur's art, are unavailing. You have got to let it grow. You want a certain tree to shelter a certain garden seat for your birthday party. Will watering and tilling, will gardener and sun and all the will in the world push those broad, flat leaves into place, and drape those over spreading branches according to your almanac?

In the beginning or development stages you can accomplish absolutely nothing in less than three years, and even in the répertoire stage little or nothing can be done in a year. I can imagine a teacher, a formed and developed musician, who had doubts in her mind as to certain points in her work, who should come here and in a year profit much by the counsels of more experienced artists. Students cannot.

Another wants to know the possible expenses outside of living. That is all right. Four dollars and five dollars a lesson are the general rates for the best teachers. That is not expensive, and were one teacher sufficient many girls would not feel it. Vocal teachers arrange by the month, two or three lessons a week, half

an hour each or in a class, as high as I believe as $75 a month and as low as $40—the same teacher. I must say here that I know of teachers being extremely kind and generous with pupils—even unpromising ones—who were cut short of funds at home or had used up all they had. A word in regard to this.

Very few of these Paris professors are very rich, even for Paris; they would be poor with us. Those who are so have made their money hard as slave drivers, by time, eighteen or twenty lessons a day and economy. They have, every one of them, heavy steady running expenses, while pupils and their payments are unsteady and flickering, and the working season is excessively short. Fifty dollars, sixty dollars, even, are not exorbitant rates. I really see no reason why pupils should expect to beat down these teachers to $30 or $40 simply because they want very much to take lessons of them and cannot afford it. When, as I know has been done many times, the teacher generously forgives a pupil one month, two, three months, or 200 or 300 frs., or allows her to stay on as a pupil after payment has become more than dubious, I for one consider it cause for deep and lasting gratitude and not as a matter of course. Further, I do not see how pupils can thus become beggars and pensioners on people upon whom they have no claim and who make their own money by real toil. The singing teacher is not all. There must be a diction teacher at from five to twenty frs., a lesson, a French conversation teacher at from three to eighteen or twenty frs., a teacher in gesture or dramatic action, an accompanist, and often a solfège or other supple mental professor, all about the same price—the higher the better. The girls here are all taking from fifteen to twenty-two lessons a week, so you can figure it up yourselves, allowing five frs. to a dollar.

Then comes the going and coming to and from these different corners of the city.

City travel is done in Paris (the first city on the globe?) by means of old stage coaches, such as were used in our country in the days before our great-grandfathers were little boys. As admission is denied into these coaches after the regular seats are filled, from three to six or even a dozen busses may pass by, leaving the passengers standing on the street corners. As from five to fifteen minutes must intervene between the busses, one is liable to stand waiting from half an hour to three hours—not only liable but exceptions are rare during the busy hours when speedier travel is possible. In winter, during the rain and with snow and mud on the streets, the impressiveness of the performance is increased. Even the electric tramway busses are so far apart that little convenience is gained.

Well, there you are with Professors X, Y and Z waiting for you. Their lessons are paid for whether you take them or not, so what is to be done? Hail a fiacre at thirty-five cents. Cheap enough until you find that you are in the same plight coming home, and must duplicate the fee. That, taking place ten or a dozen times a week, walks off with your money, and nothing whatever to show for it.

Then you must keep dressed nicely, not richly, but absolutely

neat and fresh. It is Paris habit, and the teachers' studios are all like drawing rooms. This, with your omnibus travel, standing about in rain and mud, and the long walks you are forced to make in order to get anywhere, is not an easy matter, and calls for continual replenishment and care in wardrobe, of which shoes and gloves are the worse feature.

Music, too, is expensive and must be had. Pianos rent from ten to twenty frs., a month, tuning and cartage extra. This does not count unexpected expenses, which are certain as expected ones. It does not "dream" of little purchases cheap and necessary, bath, pourboires like fine hail, nor concerts, which were a big part of your plea for coming to Paris; five frs. is the lowest price for concert tickets. There is a place in the Lamoureux Cirque for two frs. sometimes, but you feel as if you were in an orphan asylum in it.

Count from $1,500 to $2,000 a year to cover your necessary expenses, and plan for its surety for three years before deciding to come to Paris.

Another point about concerts, you cannot attend them, as on account of the bus arrangements you cannot get home till next morning ever; and where is your breath and your snap at next morning's lesson, getting to bed at 1 or 1.30 A. M.?

Another writer wants to know if there are any cheap beginning teachers here. Not sufficiently advanced for the big teachers, she wishes to commence with those more moderate in expense.

That is a reasonable idea, only it does not work here. All the big teachers begin at the beginning, according to their way of beginning, and they charge the same for beginners as for those more advanced, which is all right. If you should come here and take lessons from a young teacher or an inferior one, you would only waste time and money, as you would have it all to do over again. There are sometimes, I believe, pupils of teachers who do some preparatory work, and are modest in price.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

THE OPENING OF STEINWAY HALL.

STEINWAY hall was opened with two concerts, Friday evening May 10th and Saturday afternoon, May 11th. The programs as announced were the following:—

Friday evening, May 10.

1. Handel's D minor organ concerto (arranged by Guilmant)
   Mr. Clarence Eddy
2. Beethoven's Egmont overture
   Chicago Orchestra.
3. Schumann's Carnaval
   Miss Antoinette Szumowska.
4. Aria, Reine de Saba, of Gounod (with orchestra)
   Miss Marie Brema.
5. C minor Nocturne — Chopin
   F sharp major Impromptu — "
   Rhapsodie No. 13 — Liszt
6. Traume — Wagner
   Schmerzen — "
   The Erl-King — Schubert
   Miss Brema (Mrs. Hess-Burr accompanist).
7. March — Schubert
   Chicago Orchestra.

Saturday afternoon, May 11,

1. Thiele's Theme and Variations for the organ
   Mr. Wilhelm Middelschulte.
2. Mendelssohn's Melusina Overture
   Chicago Orchestra.
3. Chopin's F minor Concerto
   Miss Szumowska.
4. Some Irish Melodies — arranged by Villiers Stanford
   Miss Brema.
5. Wagner's Siegfried Idyl
   Chicago Orchestra.
6. Theme Varie — Paderewski
   Fileuse — Wagner-Liszt
   Campanella — Liszt
   Berceuse (encore) — Chopin
   Miss Szumowska.
7. Summer is Come — Goring Thomas
   The Throstle — Maud Valerie White
   Miss Brema.
8. Hungarian Dances — Brahms
   Chicago Orchestra.

As played there was a change in the pianist for the first concert, Mr Arthur Friedheim having injured his fingers, by having them jammed in a door, in consequence of which

he was entirely unable to appear. In his place Miss Szumowska played Schumann's Carnival and a Rhapsody.

The hall is a very elegant little audience room, holding probably about eight hundred, or a few less. It has quite a large stage for so small a hall, and the concert organ is most likely a fair example of modern improvements in this department. It is of small appointment, each of the three manuals having six or eight stops. The opening work, an organ concerto of Handel's arranged by Guilmant, was



STEINWAY HALL, CHICAGO.

played by Mr. Eddy with his customary clearness and sureness. For a very warm recall he played a gavotte. In both of these works the lighter capacities of the instrument alone were illustrated, its serious capacity scarcely being touched upon. And it is a question whether some other work would not have given a better account of the instrument. Naturally in making selections for a single

performance an artist of Mr. Eddy's wealth of material suffers from an abundance of riches, and finds himself unable to determine out of so vast a repertory any *one* work which he would rather play than another.

The orchestra gave a very smooth performance of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, accompanied Miss Brema in the Queen of Sheba aria, and concluded the program with a spirited arrangement of a march by Schubert, whether a new arrangement or not the program did not say. Mr. Thomas was greeted warmly upon every occasion when he appeared.

In fact the concert had somewhat the aspect of a family reunion, the Steinway interests and affiliated musicians numbering many prominent musicians who have been friends of the house almost since its first creation. Among these Mr. Thomas stands very high, the members of the Steinway firm having been of great service to him and to his career long before his position had become what it is now. Moreover there had been a private presentation of a silver punch bowl to Mr. Thomas by some prominent society ladies, apropos to his rapidly approaching fiftieth anniversary of public musical work.

The most sensational feature of these concerts was the singing of Miss Brema, heard previously in the Damrosch German opera. Miss Brema is of a mixed nationality, having had a Scotch father and a German mother, and educated in Germany and Italy. She is a woman in the very prime of rare powers, having a vigorous physique, a magnificent dramatic soprano voice (verging upon a mezzo-contralto timbre), a highly emotional organization, and consummate training. As a singer of ballads she is irreproachable, except that in these as in everything she did there was a tendency to overdo the dramatic element. Her selections were made from the highly "fetching" type of ballads, which begin plainly and rise towards the end to a climax of intensity. This for once in a way is very effective; but when heard five or six times in succession it loses its force, since no matter how easily the singer may begin, you feel the climax coming and discount it. The best thing she did was the "Erl King" of Schubert, sung in German. Here as in

everything she sang (French, English and German) her enunciation of the text was of a very fortunate type, in which the distinct treatment of the words is managed without in any way interfering with the musical phrasing. She interpreted the ballad in a very dramatic manner, giving her voice a different timbre for each of the four speakers, the father, the narrator, the boy, and the Erl King and his daughter. One is not quite sure whether either Schubert or Goethe cared for quite so much realism in the interpretation, but certainly this was an interpretation of the immortal ballad the like of which has never been heard in Chicago before. The audience was immensely moved and the singer was recalled again and again.

The accompaniment to this was upon the piano, by Mrs. Hess-Burr, and beautifully done it was. In this connection one asks why the orchestral arrangement was not used, which Mr. Thomas once played with Mr. George L. Osgood, when that clever singer was with the orchestra, in 1873? Although an arrangement, it was at least clever.

The pianist of the evening, Miss Szumowska has been introduced as the favorite pupil of Paderewski. She is a sweet and modest appearing German girl of apparently twenty or so; medium height, blonde with charming dimples and a pleasant smile. Her first numbers were not adapted to give a good idea of her powers, and probably had not been intended for immediate concert performance. They showed musical feeling, a very musical touch, but not as yet much force. The two best features of her playing were its modesty and thoroughly musical quality. In the second concert she gave the numbers prepared. The Chopin concerto went in a highly musical manner, in all the movements, showing the player to have been thoroughly schooled in it, and to have arrived at certain convictions of her own. The work, which is capable of being made to sound restless and almost morbid, she gave musically and with fire and repose combined to an unusual degree. The favorable estimate of her technique awakened by this performance was still more emphasized by her second numbers, in which she took the Liszt-Wagner Spinnerlied at a very rapid tempo,

and in the Campanella played brilliantly. The best work, however, was in the Paderewski Theme and Variations, an important work showing the genial master in favorable light.

Miss Szumowska is just now at a transition point in her career. Well trained, she has made her debut. Everywhere a favorable impression has been produced; but nowhere a commanding one. She is certainly musical and serious; the question is whether she will continue to study seriously and develop an originality and style of her own, and the firmness or fire to impart to her interpretations of master works that something which fastens them in the memory of the hearer. It appears to be in her power to attain this later. She is certainly several years younger than her master, Paderewski, was before he made his real debut as finished artist.

Special mention needs to be made of the remarkable organ playing of Mr. Wilhelm Middleschulte in the very difficult and modern Theme and Variation in A flat, by Thiele. This extremely difficult work he played without notes with great distinctness, clearness, and musical feeling. It was a rarely satisfactory performance of a great work upon the organ, and in the opinion of the present writer derived the same kind advantage from its having been memorized by the player and mentally assimilated that piano-works and dramatic roles show from the same kind of preparation. A very distinguished authority, Mr. Clarence Eddy, takes the opposite ground; that in consequence of the complexity of elaborate organ solos, and the many accessory things to remember, in the way of combination pistons, registration, etc., the organist is better off when he does not attempt to charge his mind with the mere notes of his part. It is evident that this position is not sound, because it proves too much, and would be just as applicable to exacting dramatic roles, as for instance Hamlet. Fancy Hamlet reading his part from the leaves in his hand, in order that his mind might remain free to attend to the stage business! Mr. Middleschulte was heard on this occasion to better purpose than upon any former appearance in Chicago, so far as known to the present writer.

WANTED: SONGS OF THE BETTER LIFE.

PREFATORY STATEMENT BY WM. L. TOMLINS.

IT will be remembered that in 1889 the Apollo Musical Club, at my suggestion, inaugurated a series of oratorio concerts to working people. In the four years following some twenty of these Wage Earners' Concerts were given in the Auditorium, each being attended by nearly five thousand people. This work, added to the regular series of concerts, became burdensome to many of the singers and the plan was changed; People's Concerts being substituted. These were given in smaller halls in outlying districts of the city and were heartily received and supported, but for personal reasons the concerts were abandoned. They were, however, the outgrowth of ideas which for years had been inculcated in the rehearsal work of the Apollo Club. Ideas which are merely outlined in the following propositions:

I. *That the faculty of song is well-nigh universal.*

(*Note:* As the ordinary face, not physically beautiful, can light up with love, beam with joy or melt in tenderness, so the ordinary voice can do these things, thereby rising into song faculty.)

II. *That its highest form of expression may be attained in very simple music, provided the music be good, and provided, also, the singer's inmost self is expressed.*

(*Note:* Without this utterance, the mere tune, however correctly rendered, is not real song nor real music.)

III. *That this faculty shows its greatest power in its highest use: The Ministry of Song.*

(*Note:* Not alone the satisfaction of mere performance, but also in song to go out to our fellows; to joy with them; to console them; to encourage and inspire them.)

IV. *That the growth and good is greater to the singer who thus gives, than to those who only receive.* Therefore,

V. *That the workers also need his blessedness of song-giving.*

(*Note:* In these days of abundant machinery and the minute divisions of labor, workmen are in danger of losing their individuality and consciousness of manhood. In this connection song music should be welcomed as tending to restore the sense of human development and companionship. The loss of this sense is as great a source of deterioration as are inadequate wages. Workmen, in looking so exclusively toward economical changes for the mitigation of their hardships, are in danger of forgetting this.)

Since the Peoples Concerts were abandoned the work has been pursued in a different manner. Children's vocal classes, directed by assistant teachers, have been held in Hull House, Onward Mission, Pulaski Hall, North Side Sociale Turne-Halle, University Settlement, The Olivet Mission and similar centers. I have personally directed Working People's Choruses at Hull House, and demands for the same kind of work have been made by every Settlement in the city. The residents have given the work hearty encouragement, and Mr. H. N. Higinbotham has collected a fund for its support. The possibilities of the work are immeasurable, so large is the field and so great the cravings of the pupils. Up to the present time, however, there have been limitations. The working force of teachers is inadequate; the funds at Mr. Higinbotham's disposal are insufficient; and there is a deplorable dearth of appropriate music, especially good songs which in character are distinctively American.

That was truly an American idea to place the "plough horse" in the very center of the Court of Honor at the World's Fair. It is in the same sense that we need, not songs of Conquest or songs of tawdry sentimentality, but songs of the fireside and of the family, and especially songs which dignify labor and express its hopes of emancipation.

There is good authority for the statement that in labor assemblies and kindred gatherings, the distinctively labor songs are too often only those which were born out of the bitterness of past strife such as that at Homestead and Pullman. The spirit of which, aside from the doggerel of its word expression, should never be voiced in songs.

It is now determined to enlarge the scope of the work begun by the Apollo Club and to pursue it along new lines.

Choirs of singers will be organized to give series of concerts in all the settlements in the city. Arrangements are also being made to supply teachers, who shall conduct adult chorus classes in each social center. I am now training a number of young men teachers for this purpose.

In this connection the accompanying circular letter explains itself.

WM. L. TOMLINS.

HULL HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL., May 1st 1895.

PEOPLES' SONGS.

Realizing the dearth of good songs which shall express the newer sense of fellowship, and being convinced that the labor movement will not attain a full and peaceful development without and orderly and musical expression of its hopes:

We hereby invite manuscript copy of original songs in verse form (not to exceed four verses to a song) under the following conditions and awards:

I. This competition is open to anyone living in the United States.

II. The songs must be adapted for music setting, but they are not at present to be set to music of any kind. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, to whom they will be returned if rejected.

III. A first prize of 100 dollars,
A second prize of 50 dollars, and
A third prize of 25 dollars,

will be awarded, and all songs which receive "honorable mention" will be accepted and sums awarded not to exceed 10 dollars each.

IV. The awards will be made by the following well known gentlemen: Hamlin Garland, John Vance Cheney and Henry D. Lloyd.

V. The competition will remain open for sixty days from the above date.

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VII. After the awards are made, the accepted songs will be published in the public press and music composition invited under certain stated conditions.

VIII. For these Music Settings exactly similar prizes, ranging from $100.00 to $10.00, will be given.

IX. Sixty days additional time will allowed for this purpose.

X. The completed songs, words and music, will then be published at the lowest possible price to insure their widest distribution: Probably five cents for a complete set. And the profits, if any, will be given to the charities connected with Hull House.

Signed,

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H. N. HIGINBOTHAM.
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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

NEW MUSIC.

RIEMANN COMPARATIVE PIANO SCHOOL. Book V. Studies in the Use of the Pedal. Translated by John C. Fillmore. Milwaukee, 1895. Wm. Rohlfing & Sons. 75cts.

Twenty-three handsomely printed pages of music and text, the latter in parallel columns of German and English, afford an interesting introduction to the principal uses of the pedal. The work contains nothing or at least very little indeed, not already included in the chapter on pedal in Vol. IV. of Dr. Mason's work. Indeed it is questionable whether Mr. Riemann's exercise for first use of pedal is so effective and instructive as the exercise of playing the scale with one finger in whole notes, holding the tone a definite fraction of its duration by means of the finger and completing it by means of the pedal. Dr. Riemann proposes the pedal notation consisting of a horizontal line under the notes, with bent ends, the line extending the exact distance it is intended the pedal should be employed. The improvement is of little value, experience showing that engravers will not take sufficient pains with the duration of the line, owing to a very natural reluctance to having the bars crossed by it, or of having it fall out of its supposed symmetrical relation to the measure. This difficulty appears in the present work, where upon page 6 the pedal markings are wide of what they should be, and not so effective as the common marks of "ped" and the star for its discontinuance. This, however is not of much importance, for experience shows that no intelligent use of the pedal can be cultivated without making the pupil conscious of the tone-feeling appertaining to its use. When the player once gets this, he will pedal by ear and feeling, and the result will be musical.

Dr. Riemann devotes considerable attention to the application of pedal to reinforcements of resonance and enrichment of tone color, but his preliminary exercises for this purpose are not so instructive nor so simple as those of Dr. Hans Schmidt or of Dr. Mason. The examples in Dr. Riemann's book, however, are from the classical writers, and the nicer uses are marked—but with the reservation already mentioned, that the engraver has spoiled the attempt at exactness. On the whole this little volume of Dr. Riemann will be used with advantage by many teachers.

MASON, WILLIAM. Op. 46. Toccatina and Prelude in F. Theodore Presser, Philadelphia.

The first of these is a bravura study in which the melody oc-

curs as a tremolo between the two thumbs in a manner essentially new. It is a piece of considerable difficulty.

The Prelude in F is a short piece, an octave study, splendidly done and capable of great effect. Eighth grade. Very valuable for advanced teaching purposes. Both these compositions are dedicated to that accomplished and energetic young pianist, Miss Madeline Buck, daughter of the celebrated composer.

LANG, MARGARET RUTHVEN. Op. 18. Petit Roman. Arthur Schmidt, Boston.

Le Chevalier.
Madame la Princesse.
Bal chez Mme. la Princesse.
Monsieur le Prince.
L'Epee de M. le Prince.
La Mort du Chevalier.

In this elegantly printed little work of thirty-one pages we have one of the most ambitious attempts of the young woman composer. The piece is in reality a suite, the separate numbers of which bear characteristic titles. The first, Le Chevalier, is a gavotte of pleasing character, and for the middle piece in which there is a sentimental melody in the right hand as if for violins, with running arpeggio accompaniment a la Chopin. The different movements are designated by explanatory remarks in French, an affectation rather unworthy a Boston composer, where the English language is perhaps better understood than French, and certainly useless for the vast circle of amateur pianists who know French very little, if at all.

At the beginning, "the Chevalier comes to visit Madame La Princesse." In the sentimental melody already mentioned "he speaks of love." The second number, "Madame replies to him and plays indifference." It is done in a sort of andantino quasi-allegretto movement in C minor at the beginning, but coquetting with many other keys as it proceeds.

The third is a ball at the house of Madame La Princesse. Madame appears, the Chevalier perceives her; they dance. Here he becomes excited and speaks of love as at first, but now with much more ardor and abandon. Nevertheless, they dance again.

Movement Four, "Monsieur Le Prince," andante con moto, quasi-ballade. The Prince is rendered unhappy when he remembers that the Chevalier has been to visit Madame. He also remembers that he is prince. Movement Five, the Sword of Monsieur Le Prince. The battle scene, in other words an octave study with many biting thrusts of the two thumbs, settling down later into a very lively play of fencing. The Chevalier comes to grief.

Movement Six, the death of the Chevalier. In dying he thinks of his love for Madame, and the motive of love returns; he also thinks of her charms, and the six-eight andantino con grazia returns; he remembers the Ball, and a little of the dance returns; and later of the Prince and his sword. Finally he expires invoking his love: andante solemne serves as coda. The last movement it

will be perceived in which reminiscences of all the others are brought back, is, in fact, a finale. This is really a very charming little work, and perhaps the term little is mis-applied since in point of difficulty it is not materially different from the generality of compositions by Grieg and other good writers. At all events it shows Miss Lang in a very favorable light.

GRADED MATERIALS FOR PIANOFORTE. Vol. III. Grades 5 and 6. W. S. B. Mathews. 57 pages. $1.00. John Church Company, 1895.

Volume 3 of the graded materials is ready at last. The materials in Grade 5 are:—From Loeschhorn op. 66, book 2, Nos. 12, 15, 16, 17, and 21. Jensen, opus 32, Nos. 1, 12, 15, and 4. Krause, op 2, No. 2. Cramer, No. 1, Schumann Novellette in B minor, Kirchner and Haberbier, one each.

In Grade 6, the following; Cramer in E minor, C major, D minor (left hand), Tyson Wolff 2, Haberbier, "On the Open Sea," Jensen, op. 32, Nos. 19 and 21; L. Schytte, op. 58, No. 2, and the prelude and Fugue from Vol. I of Bach's Clavier. In all eleven compositions, of which the romantic school is represented by six. Altogether these two grades embrace a magnificent collection of sterling teaching material, and it is the idea of the editor that if taken substantially in the order here indicated the student will make excellent progress. It will be noticed that the grading is lower here than in the Presser "Standard Grades," the latter having ten grades whereas the Church company preferred to cover the same ground in eight grades. Therefore the material here indicated as for sixth grade is of about equal difficulty with some in the other collection marked seventh grade.

GIGUE, DANSE ANTIQUE. Op. 103. B. Godard. Fourth grade. Excellent study in finger staccato

CANZONETTA. Scherzo Caprice. By Emil Liebling. John Church Company.

This Canzonetta is one of several new pieces lately written by Mr. Emil Liebling. It is a very pleasing scherzo movement, 6-8 measures, key of G, and about fifth grade of difficulty. An excellent study in light and melodious playing. The thematic treatment is clever and the harmonic changes are fresh and artistic.

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NEW LOCATIONS OF THE MUSIC TRADE OF CHICAGO.

We made mention last month of the remarkable bunching of the Chicago music trade within a few blocks along Wabash Avenne and in its immediate vicinity. Since that record several additional moves have been made. We give opposite a diagram of the music trade district. It will be seen that the leading houses are all bunched together, and that within an area of a few city blocks are here assembled a magnificent array of great houses. They are more handsomely housed than is the music trade in any other city of the world. The gross value of the trade done here may be taken as lying between $12,000,000 and $14,000,000 annually; and about half of this enormous volume of manufacturing and merchandizing is done by three great leading houses. Upon this subject much might be said, but perhaps it might not be easy to give proper credit to the enterprise here shown without making invidious distinctions where enterprise, good sense and high-minded integrity are the rule, and not the exception.

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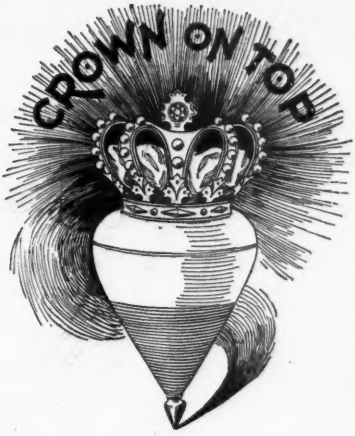
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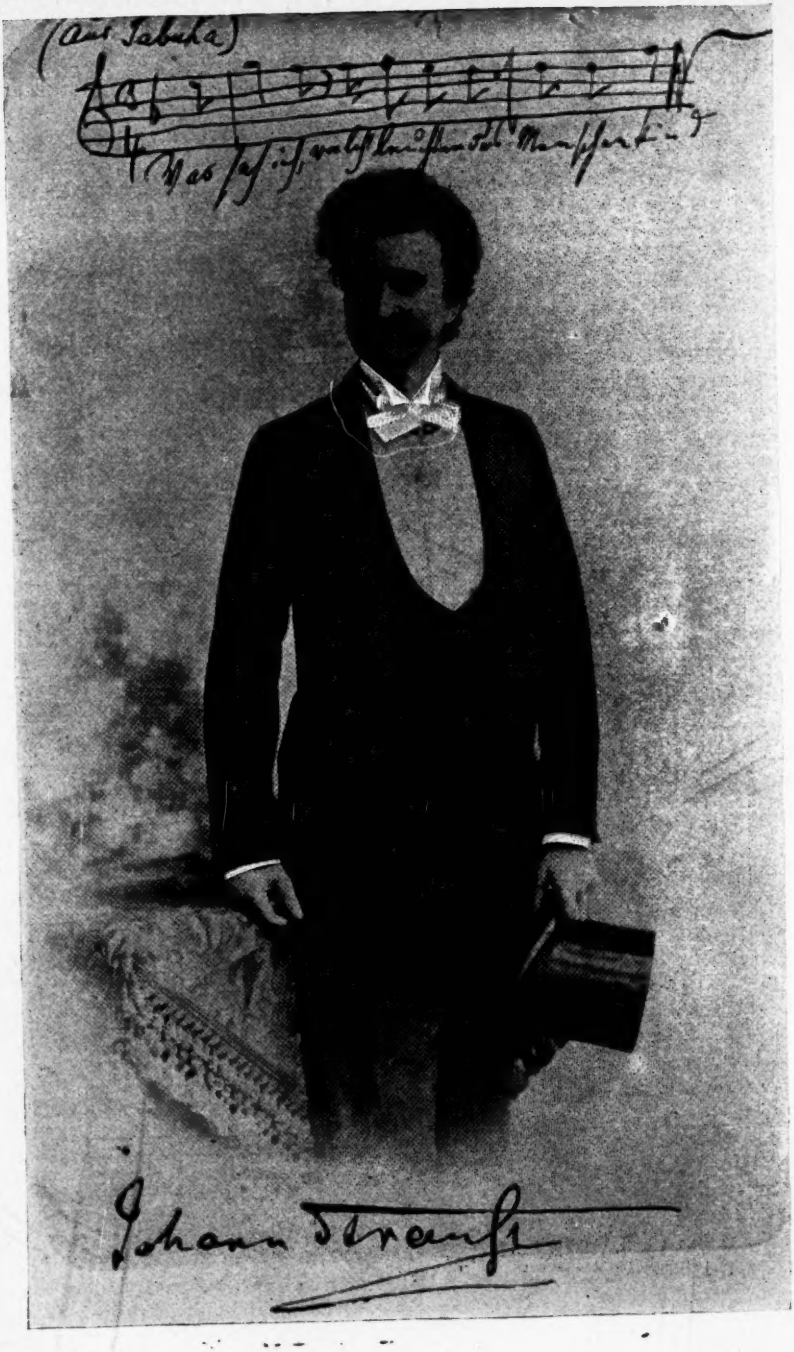
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MUSIC

JULY, 1895.

LIEBLING IN A TALKING MOOD.

I had the good luck to catch Liebling in one of his confidential moods and when he felt like talking, and from a running comment on matters and things musical, covering a half hour or more, I have managed to preserve the following.—(EDITOR MUSIC.)

We were speaking of Schumann's Novellettes

The 4th Novellette "in tempo di ballo" presents in the first place a theme which is a complete idealization of the waltz, and much more refined and distinguished than Weber's "Invitation to the waltz." A very beautiful theme is carried in the treble part while the bass presents distinctive features of importance; the middle part is a most passionate love duet; the Finale introduces very brilliant passage work, very much in the style of the A minor Concerto. Rhythmically it is made very interesting by the frequent change from the 3–2 rhythm to the 2–3. The whole composition is most effective.

The 3rd Novellette is a veritable humoresque in which the middle part is a perfect labyrinth of harmonies and shifting accents. The 2nd a very difficult toccata. The 1st a pompous march with a well contrasted intermezzo, followed by one of those devious and meandering developments of the diatonic scale in which he excelled. The 5th is a tremendous polonaise. The trouble with this is that after reaching two distinct climaxes he ends it pianissimo. The 6th is again a humoresque and introduces some marvellous four part harmonies. The finish deserves special notice on ac-

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count of the clever harmonization of four empty 5ths. The 7th we all know and have heard played very badly.

The 8th is the best of them all. The first stormy theme commences with four diminished chords which enter totally disconnected, followed by the first intermezzo in D flat; one of the most pregnant and interesting rhythmical phrases I know of. The Finale in 3-4 time contains among other interesting things a very marvellous treatment of the chromatic scale; the few chords which connect the preceding parts with this contain harmonies which have been very much utilized by Moszkowski, and singularly also by Mendelssohn, in that very interesting little Song Without Words in F, which no one would ever credit to him and which almost deserves to have been written by Schumann. The theme for this very finale is taken from the closing bars of the preceding movement. The "voice from a distance" which is introduced in this Novellette corresponds very much with the "inner voice" from the humoresque, Op. 20. This composition deserves to be more generally known as it presents Schumann in all his harmonic and rhythmical specialties, almost to the same advantage as the Kreisleriana; as far as the form is concerned, it resembles the Faschingsschwank and Carnival; it introduces a number of tone pictures that have no connection whatever; for this reason single movements from it will bear public performance; especially a very beautiful part in G minor which introduces an intermezzo in B flat major; this intermezzo has been variously interpreted by different performers; the recurring accent which forms so prominent a feature of it is very important. Joseffy told me once that the accent reminded him of a quick laugh; I interpret the meaning of the movement somewhat in this fashion, that there is a whole concourse of people talking about the same thing, but the door is closed and you hear simply a hum of voices; every once in a while the door is opened and then you hear some fellow say something. Technically there are some very difficult things in this movement, especially in the interlocking passages, which can be simplified legitimately without interfering with the intended effect, by playing the bass part an

octave lower than it is written; the Humoresque as a whole is not fit for a public performance, and is likely to empty a hall as quickly as a fire alarm.

There are many things of Schumann that ought to be played more, for instance, the Fantasy pieces Op. 111, also the Introduction and Allegro Op. 92, which compares very favorably with the Concerto. It is characteristic of his work that all the running passages are located right in the middle of the piano and never at the extreme ends; when accompanied by an orchestra this is apt to reflect unfortunately on the composition and pianist.

* * *

Do I teach Bach? Yes, a great deal. We all teach Bach but what do we teach it for, and what definite plan have we in view in making it obligatory with our advanced pupils, or even the less advanced ones, to play Bach? The answer is very simple. In playing Bach we develop in the first place a great deal of finger technique; besides this we enable the pupil to cultivate a dexterity or faculty of doing one thing with one hand while the other is doing a totally different thing; but outside of these simply technical advantages the pupil learns to follow the thematic development of a theme through all the voices. Any student who has gone through a systematic course of Bach is on a more solid basis than those who have not done so. Bach is such a master of form that it may be considered in good form to play his works. The compositions of Bach may clearly be divided into three classes. There were no music stores in those days, and I have no doubt that he wrote a great many pieces because it was an easier way of finding something for Philip Friedeman or the other sons and pupils to practice, to write a new one than to copy an old one. In this way a great number of unimportant compositions were produced. Now of course you know here was this old man who probably never made more than two hundred dollars a year in his palmiest days. He had a lot of people around him like Forkel, Rust etc.; these people either lived with him (or on him) or near by. I am perfectly sure that when he went on his periodical concert trips he took all of them with him;

they walked right along. Then here's another point. He wrote so much that I think it is safe to assume that a great many of the minor compositions were carried out by them after he gave them the idea and suggested the development. No doubt of it. They acted as his amanuenses.

No man gets away from his surroundings or his time. I think that Bach was a tremendous receptacle for everything that had happened before him. He crystallized it and then he added to that a tremendous amount of self concentration. Now, given a certain amount of talent and a specialty and there is no end to the amount of stuff he could grind out, because if he could write one fugue in A minor he could write a thousand fugues. You take some fugues and they are what I call *durchcomponirt*, that is there is some new vital matter throughout; they are not in a rondo form, where the theme is given, then there is a different middle part and then the theme comes in again followed by the whole middle part in another key, and also the theme. A number of important fugues are in that form. For instance a fugue in A minor called the Spider Fugue, a three part fugue which you will find in the Peters Edition. But later he follows the same plan in his work that Beethoven followed in most of his elaborations. He takes whole periods and simply transposes them and uses the same periods in his transcription for the development part. He does that repeatedly in all the preludes of the English suites; each one of these preludes commences in regular fugue form; after that there comes a middle part, then the same in another key, and the last two or three pages in each prelude are precisely the same, note for note, as the beginning, following a regular sonata form.

We must notice the fitness of everything that Bach wrote in this way; that when he wrote an invention in two voices you feel that it could not have been done as well in three voices, and when he composed that remarkable fugue in G major, No. 15 in the Well Tempered Clavier, you know very well that there was no room for the fourth part; and here is another feature about Bach's work, and that is when he has developed a theme there is nothing more to be

said about it, and the same mastery pervades his simplest sayings. You take the seventh three part Bach Invention, it is absolutely a marvel of contrapuntal skill.

Now you would not suppose that you and I who teach would confine ourselves to teaching one thing if there was something else that we could branch off on; but here is something unique in the history of music, and that is that although these works were written from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and fifty-seven years ago, there has been nothing written that answers the same purpose or fills their place. We can find a substitute for Beethoven Sonatas or Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words; if we get tired of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, we give a Field Nocturne; if we get sick of a Field Nocture we give something else; but we cannot find anything to take the place of the Bach Inventions.

There are certain fugues that I class as great. For instance, the Brahms fugue at the end of his Variations on the Handel Theme. I consider Mendelssohn's fugue Op. 35, No. 1, a great fugue, but even the Handel E minor fugue is not Bach. You can see the anxiety of the man to bring the theme in. Of the great writers of Bach's time I use only three, that is Bach, Scarlatti and Handel. Of Handel's I use comparatively few things, his Passacaglia in G minor the Harmonious Blacksmith, the G minor Gigue; then I use the entire D minor Suite, which I think is decidedly one of the classical gems of musical literature. I use the Variations in G and then there is a Gigue from the F minor Suite, and the Capriccio in C, the Capriccio in G minor and the E minor fugue.

And here is another point, which is, that Bach showed no progressive development in his career, so to speak. The same mastery is in the two part inventions as in the great G minor fugue; the same ease of handling the material. One thing all the time, only in an endless variety. Bach was so self-contained in his way of living and so provincial, that he did not know what was being done in the world at large.

Scarlatti uses tremolo, shifting the fingers on the same key; also a great many bravoura forms and cadenzas.

Scarlatti had a space between the upper part and the lower part; he crossed hands you know. Beethoven had no idea really of modern technic. For instance in his sonata Op. 2, No. 3, even as late as in his C minor Concerto, Op. 37, he uses the broken octaves in both hands simultaneously instead of the modern form of producing the effect by alternate hands; this shows a very limited pianistic sense. Bach idealized the old dance forms;—he saved them from oblivion,—the gavotte, the allemande, the loure. The Passepied from the fifth English Suite in E minor, with its middle part in E major, is a gem in its way.

A great many people say that Bach has no sentiment; this quality abounds in the A flat minor prelude of the Well Tempered Clavichord, likewise the fourth prelude, in C sharp minor, and the 22nd prelude, in B flat minor. The latter is, I think, a most beautiful example of four part writing; the way in which he spreads the four parts and then contracts them again is simply perfect.

Now in the Well Tempered Clavichord I divide the fugues into two kinds, masculine and feminine. The second fugue is feminine. You take the fifth, that's masculine. The C sharp fugue is a trick.

As to phrasing Bach, its a favorite question of a "smart Alec" pupil to say: "Why didn't Bach phrase it?" In the first place we do not know whether he did or not, and it is very likely that he phrased these compositions as much as the primitive instruments of his period permitted; every teacher and artist develops in the course of time certain artistic convictions as to the rendering of a selection, and has certain experiences as regards the best way of executing them technically. These convictions take the form of phrasing; for instance, take the theme of the Gigue in the 3rd English Suite; I play it entirely legato, accenting the two half measures of the first bar, and the three first quarter beats of of the second, repeating the same accent at each repetition of the theme; also later on in its inverted form. All phrasing has the object of presenting the theme in more characteristic form, so as to make it easily recognizable to the listener. It stands to reason that this phrasing must not be

at random, but must conform to certain definite artistic views, furthermore, it is perfectly natural that different artists should phrase the same piece differently; Buelow phrased the same theme by playing it staccato with several short accented slurs introduced besides. When the phrasing of a theme has once been definitely decided upon it must be observed throughout the composition. I like Kroll's Edition of the Well Tempered Clavichord very well. Bischoff goes entirely too far in introducing all his authorities and various readings in the text, which is simply confusing; the editor is supposed to decide on that which is best and not leave it to the student. As regards the various phrasings of different people, it is perfectly just to say that one is right and another not wrong.

A second class of the works of Bach are those which were written conventionally, in the style of the times, because he had to compose a piece or series of pieces for some occasion. In this class I put the greater proportion of his works, such as most of the suites, the church cantatas, the passions, and of the instrumental music all the movements in 3-2 measure. These are all written under the influence of his age—cf the period.

One of these days, if I have the time, I hope to get out an edition of Bach and eliminate all that is obsolete and impractical. There is nothing spontaneous about Bach; he never surprises you; his sentiment is not the modern kind, and as I said before, there is no development of budding genius; it is perfect from beginning to end. He is just as great in the little French suites as he is in larger works; the little G minor Gigue in the French suite is just as great as any of the subsequent gigues. He wrote the English suites which are master works, somewhere about 1720, during his ripest period. I think he wrote that G major Gigue then; I don't know but the French suites had antedated those. Now you take the G minor fugue and I call that "durch componirt" because he gets to a certain point, introduces new material and gets back to the fugue. There are three distinct chapters to that fugue, and each is developed by itself. The trouble with the big A minor organ fugue is

that after he had developed it in four parts, most of it is in two voices. The probable trouble with Bach was he had not decided which part ought to be played on the piano and which on the organ.

In the Second Prelude of the Well Tempered Clavichord I give to the pupils the harmonic substructure underlying the passage work by half measures, giving them the gist of it before I let them do the figuraturo work. The same treatment applies to Handel's D minor Suite in which the Aria is so overladen with embellishments that the pupil does not get an idea of the melodic contents. I contract the melody and harmony into four parts, and present them to the student before I give the whole thing.

I am perfectly sure that whenever Bach thought of a theme it at once suggested itself to him as to its possibilities. For instance, I do not believe he would have ever developed an invention theme into a fugue, or vice versa. Another thing, I think Bach was typical German in this,—that he kept doing just one thing all his life. He never tried to imitate; never tried to branch ont; he was impervious to his surroundings; he was not affected by anything. He simply ground out those fugues, suites and partitas one after another, and I suspect him strongly of having a dozen or so in the process of writing and working at them simultaneously; and he could not have done this had there been any inspiration about the work. Playing Bach without phrasing is exactly like cooking everything with one gravy.

Now as to the numerous Bach transcriptions, I think that Tausig's transcription of the D minor Toccata is very bad; while the reduction of the same work by Brassin is excellent, and anyone who will take the trouble to look up the arrangement by Dupont of the Bach G minor and A minor organ fugues will find a great many things in them way ahead of the Liszt transcriptions. Of course Liszt's transcriptions are perfect models of their kind and especially remarkable if we consider the time they were written in.

Speaking of great fugues I want to mention the six fugues in free style by Rubinstein, Op. 53, the first in A flat is perfectly magnificent. There is also in that set one

in E dedicated to Von Bülow which is beautiful. The latter transcriptions by Busoni and D'Albert fail because they make an attempt to treat the piano like an orchestra. Then there are some beautiful Bach transcriptions by Saint-Saens and Raff. Raff has two sets published by Rieter-Biedermann. There are three pieces also published by Joseffy which are very good.

To recur to the question of phrasing which we have discussed, whatever phrasing you choose it must have a logical background. That is, you must have a reason for your own phrasing, you must carry it out consistently in all of its ramifications, in all versions of the theme, whether the theme is inverted or transposed or reproduced in its original shape or not. Then again, there are little episodes that we find scattered through everything that Bach has written, where all of a sudden he stops his purely mechanical work and for a few measures seems to relapse into an improvisation, after which he resumes the mechanical periods. Nothing could be more poetic, for instance, than the little adagio which precedes the last four measures of the Second Prelude of the Well Tempered Clavichord, and especially the ending of the fugue of the same number.

Of course Bach's pivot was the organ, and the largest piano works seem puerile by the side of such works as his Passacaglia in C minor. The chromatic Fantasie as such is a very tremendous thing. Most beautiful are the sixteen measures ending the Fantasie, where he gradually drops down by a series of diminished chords with one stationary organ note to a most impressive ending. The Fugue in F is almost always misinterpreted. To me it is a very simple three part fugue of poetic intent, and the trouble with the chromatic fugue is that it simply reproduces whole periods in another key without introducing new matter. However, there is quite a creditable development at the end in the way of a climax; wholly reprehensible, however, is the doubling of the part at the end of this fugue introduced by Bulow in his otherwise irreproachable edition.

A series of works by Bach which are seldom played and still more seldom heard, but stand on a par with his Eng

lish suites, are the six Partitas; and another work that ranks with the best is his Toccata in D minor for piano, the fourth in the Peters edition of the four toccatas. There are three of the most playful fugues in it imaginable. The ending of the prelude of the first Partita in B flat major has been utilized by Gounod in his Faust, to great advantage. Just as I found a remarkable harmonic resemblance in one of Jensen's Songs to a chord in one of Haydn's string quartettes.

Bach wrote a motette for every Sunday's church service as easy as rolling off a log.

Then there is a third class of pieces which Bach wrote because he could not help it. Having a musical idea he began to compose. Being in an unusual mood the piece spun itself out entirely different from the course of the others, and in this way he wrote a great deal better than he himself knew—wrote for posterity, as one might say. In this class I put the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, the great C minor Fantasia and Fugue for organ, the Chaconne for violin, and the triple Concerto in D minor for pianos and orchestra. Now then I say of everybody that there is a certain ability which acts like a drive wheel. You take Wagner and his Trilogy, or any great movement that the world ever bene fitted by; I think a man's ability carries with it a certain amount of work that will bring it out. For instance, if you have certain convictions on certain subjects you will not rest until you have your say in public.

Now we have arrived at Bach himself,—that is the musical mood. I think there was a time when even after having raised twenty children he felt in a musical mood. I really do not think that Bach thought much of what he wrote,—Such airs as My Heart Ever Faithful represent the outlet of a genuine religious protestant sentiment.

The G minor Fantasie is one of the most modern pieces; you see in this all his skill is employed for the musical idea, whereas in other pieces the intent is mainly technical. You drop on to his little game. You notice how he intended the development and the return of the theme and so on. I think we are drifting into an affectation on the subject of Bach. There is too much Bach. With very few

exceptions Bach is not fit for public performance, and the greatest mistake which can be made is to emphasize the theme every time it comes in. Instead of that the other parts ought to be kept so subordinate that the theme with a moderate degree of force will still retain its prominence.

* * *

I do not confine my irreverence to Bach. I would even take my pick of the Beethoven Sonatas. Of Op. 2 No. 1, use the three movements with the exception of the Andante.

In the Op. 2, No. 2, omit the finale.
Op. 2, No. 3, entire.
Op. 7, skip.
Op. 10, No. 1, use the first movement only.
Op. 10, No. 2, use the first movement only.
Op. 10, No. 3, skip.
Op. 13, entire.
Op. 14, No. 1, use only slow movement.
Op. 14, No. 2, slow movement.
Op. 22, use only the minuet.
Op. 26, omit finale.
Op. 27, No. 1 and 2, entire.
Op. 31, No. 1, skip.
Op. 31, No. 2, D. minor, entire.
Op. 31, No. 3, entire, beautiful.
No. 49, Sonatina for use in a Foundling Hospital.
No. 53, entire.
No. 54, skip.
No. 57, entire.

* * *

Mozart for teaching purposes:—Use Cotta Edition.

No. 1 in C,
No. 2, in G,
No. 3 in C,
No. 6 in F,
No. 9 in A, omitting the fourth variation and minuet,
No. 10,
No. 12,
No. 14 in D,
No. 16, omitting the andante.
Also the fantasia in C minor and gigue in G minor.

Haydn,

Use only 7th Sonata, Cotta Edition; omit the andante.

Hummel,

Use Sonata in E flat, first and last movement,
Sonata in F minor, first and last movements,
Rondo opus 11, in E flat, La Bella Capricciosa.

Dussek,

Consolation omitting introduction,
Sonata Op. 10, No. 2, G minor,

Field,

Rondo in E flat. Fourth nocturne in A major.

For teaching purposes use Loeschhorn's three sonatas, Op. 101, master works, six sonatinas by Schytte, Op. 76 —eminently practical.

* * *

Very often it is interesting to notice how totally obsolete one movement sounds as contrasted with the remainder of the same composition. This is probably the case with the Italian Concerto wherein the middle movement seems 500 years old and the other movements belong to a much more modern period in thought and execution. Among modern fugues which compare very favorably with the classics, is that in Lachner's D minor Suite. I never cared much for the fugue in the Beethoven Variations Op 35 for piano. For study I would recommend the three books of Preludes and Fugues by Jadassohn; likewise his brochure, explaining the construction of a number of fugues from the Clavichord. As to the embellishments there is the same latitude and indefiniteness which pertains to the phrasings. For teaching purposes it is always best to give to the pupil a certain number of notes to divide with the other parts. Either two to one, three to one, etc.

EMIL LIEBLING.

P. S. LATER. To be confronted with ones own sayings is an interesting experience; the reader will readily perceive in the above ramdom remarks where many important points were suggested and brought out by the genial Editor himself.

E. L.

THE SINS OF THE TRANSLATOR.

IN no other branch of art is it possible for dealers in art works to reproduce and dispose of such libels of originals as we find offered unhesitatingly by our publishers of vocal works translated from other languages into the English tongue. We might easily expect bad translations of foreign literature from the publishers of dime novels, while we should be amazed to see work of such nature bearing the imprint of "Harper and Brothers," "Appleton," or "The Century Company."

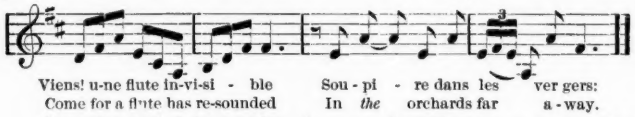
For such a state of affairs there are several reasons. The most important is that referred to in my talk in November upon "The Elocutionary Element in Vocal Music." It is that composers have too much neglected the claims of the poem or text that they have set to music, and have used the poem as a *means to a musical end*, when the very opposite *should* be the practice, and the *music* be merely the *means* to a more perfect poetical whole.

With the composer, the publisher, and the public slighting the poet in this manner for years, it is not a matter of wonder that false and even ridiculous translations are the order of the day. Another reason is that a poem in a foreign language, set to music properly, is no longer *merely a poem*, but is now two-fold. The two parts—poem and music—wedded perfectly, cannot be separated and the translator must take *both* into account when making the new dress for the child of the poet's fancy.

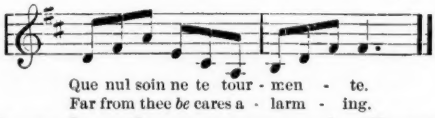
On this account our publishers should give us good, practical, free translations made by a *musician* with *both poem and music* for his guides, and not by a literary man without musical knowledge, no matter how able he may be from the purely literary standpoint. In the use of the term "ridiculous translations," I wish to be distinctly understood as meaning ridiculous from force of compulsory accent, for translations that are correct where read may be ridiculous

when sung to a given melody.
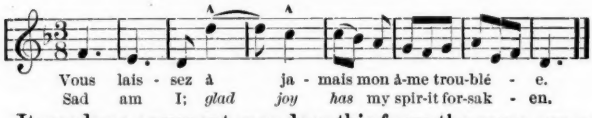
Let us look at a few illustrations taken from standard publications of the best songs from some of the ablest writers. We will first take Lee Delibes' "Eclogue." The poem is by Victor Hugo, and the first four bars are here given with both the French text and the English translation.



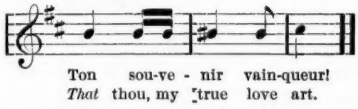
Sing the third bar with its wonderful accent upon that poor little word *the*. Look also at this from the same song:—



Here is one from the same composer's "Regrets:"—

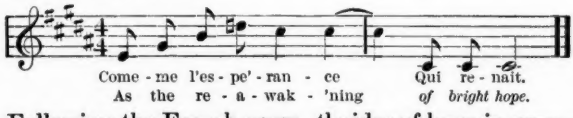


It needs no comment, nor does this from the same song:—



And there are still more in the same composition, but we will let these suffice.

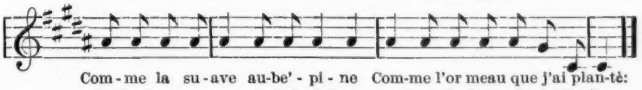
Now let us call your attention to this extract from Godard's "L'Amour:"—



Following the French poem, the idea of hope is expressed by the music of the first bar given, while the words "of bright hope" become grotesque when put the translator under the music of the second bar. Sing it and see how *bright* the hope sounds when growled out an octave lower than most of the rest of the phrase. Such a false effect in

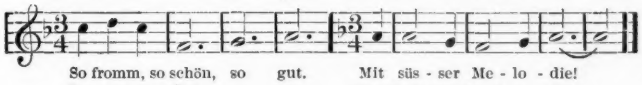
a painting, in a statue, on the stage, or in a book would not be tolerated for a moment; then why is it allowed in music?

In the same song you will find this passage:---

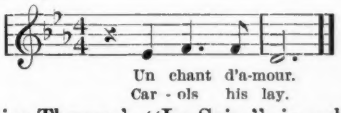


And in this instance the composer reiterates the one tone, leaving all the effect to be made by the elocutionary element of the phrase and its rendering. What then becomes of the whole idea of the phrase, when such bad reading of it is forced upon us by the translations?

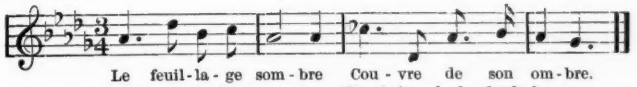
In Jensen's "Marie" you will find these two and more:
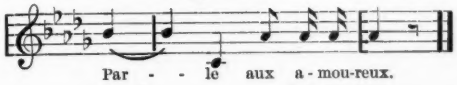


I wish to refer here to the instance given in a former talk of the "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume," as set by Liszt in such a poetical manner, where in the translation a rest is placed between the two sylables of the same word, thus forming a striking example of the subject of this paper. Look for a moment at Massenet's "Ouvre tes Yeux Bleus" and compare the French "Un chant d'amour with the English "car-*ols* his lay!"



See Ambroise Thomas' "Le Soir," in which the whole sense of the phrase, with its musical equivalents, is perverted:



And from the same song, this:



In this manner I could go on indefinitly, but neither

time nor space permits, so I will merely add a few words looking toward the correction of this evil, which I claim must be corrected, or stand forever in the path of good music and artistic singing. First, let every singer be his or her own proof corrector and make such simple changes as were suggested in my former talk, remembering that the elocutionary accent must always be uppermost if we would have truly artistic singing. It is to be supposed that singers using foreign song know something of the language beyond the mere pronunciation of the words. It is therefore suggested that the first thing to be done in correcting any faults of translation if to find the *literary* meaning of each word, not the English rendering of the sentence merely, but the equivalent of each individual word. From this you can see the words that are important and so arrange your English that the accents of text and melody fall together.

An actor, an elocutionist, an orator would be laughed at for the things that a singer expects to have applauded. Is our art on so much lower a level that we can afford to set our standard of excellence below any of these? Rather should we set a *higher* standard, for all that orator or elocutionist does we should do, and more.

We must articulate well and read well. You will be surprised to find that if you do the second, that is, *sing* your songs as you would read the poems, your articulation will seem to your audience to be better, whether it be so or not. This is natural, for if the ear of your listener be not occupied in correcting your false accents, it will be so much the more readily grasp your phrases and hence your words, with their sense.

If we then threw off the shackles of bad translations in this way, we shall soon create such a demand for good work in that line that our publishers will give us practical, properly accented English translations, even though they are compelled to sacrifice rhyme to the poetical and musical feeling. This they can easily do by giving the work to men who, being *musically* capable, as well as competent from the literary standpoint, will do better under the required conditions than men of the highest literary attainments without musical knowledge.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

XVIII

"Satan" is one of the most beautiful musical creations of modern times," announces the "Belgian Independence."

"Satan" contains numbers of classic worth," assure the artists.

"Have you heard? 'Satan' has had an immense success," the great world declares.

The fame of "Satan" penetrates even to the Rue Ravestein, comes to the ear of the starving violinist, whom scarcely a dozen years before, they had compared with Paganini, who today belongs to the most obscure members of the "Monnaie" orchestra.

Although Delileo is long dead, Gesa still lives in the same old house. The remnant of his little fortune, he had used during the last long illness of the old man; now he lives as he can.

Sunk in melancholy idleness, beside this given over to drink, still from time to time the longing occurs to him to achieve something until—until—but something always comes between. Then he hears of the impending representation of "Satan" under De Sterny's direction. An insane rage shakes him; how can De Sterny venture to come to Brussels with the risk of meeting him? Then he murmurs bitterly: "Ah, De Sterny has long forgotten me, like all —all; or he thinks me dead. He tells himself if Gesa von Zuylen were still alive, the world would have heard something of him!"

A horrible pain grows within him; a pain which is caused by neither the death of his betrothed nor the treachery of his friend. The ghost of his great degraded capability stands suddenly near him.

"Satan" is one of the most beautiful musical creations of modern times"—murmurs he again. "Foolishness—

"*blague*—" he adds.

With retrospective cold bloodedness, he had long "weighed in the balance and found wanting" the composing talent of the virtuoso. With triumphant scorn he now recalled to memory the empty transcriptions and fantasias of De Sterny, remembered with what difficulty the famous pianist, years ago, had worked at the little "countess ballet," yet could not finish it until Gesa, in all the impulsiveness of his friendship, had finished it for him. The ballet had at that time pleased very much.

And now—now had De Sterny really developed sufficiently to write a composition of importance?

Curiously criticising, with quite feverish excitement he looks through his part. But it contains more pauses than notes.

The day of the second rehearsal comes. Gesa had intended to announce himself ill, as at the first one, but still could not make up his mind to it. A strange breath-robbing, inexplicable feeling draws him into the *Salle de la grande harmonie.* He finds not only the music teacher, and Rossini's friend had come to the second rehearsal. The most distinguished *dilletanti* of Brussels crowd round the stage, all the musical ladies of society have come, and now sit together in the front row of the parquet opposite the director's desk. A peculiar, solemn humor prevails—a fever of curiosity, of expectation thrills all present. At the same time that obstinate opposition, that superior "will not believe" which meets every overpraised novelty showed itself among them. "*Il parait que c'est épatant,*" said the Count de Sylva, who resting from his exacting diplomatic career, spent all the time which his social duties did not absorb, in studying the violoncello. "*Epatant,*" he repeated, going up to the ladies. "I must say that I did not rate De Sterny's talent as composer so high!"

"Truly nor I either!" grumbled the friend of Rossini; "How he was able to write 'Satan' I do not understand. But 'Satan' is a masterpiece, that is certain. These melodies—melodies which tyrannize over one, which creep over one's nerves, into one's blood!—Spirits move through his music."

"It is true that great talent needs time to ripen," remarked Prince L. "Seldom anything comes of prodigies, ladies. Do any of you perhaps remember the little gypsy whom De Sterny brought to us one evening?"

"Hm—a little-hump back with a lace coat—" said one of the ladies.

"No, no, that was another. A pretty boy without a laced coat, from the Rue Ravestein," said the prince.

None of the ladies remembered him. "What about him?" they asked.

"Nothing in particular," said the prince, "I only cited him *á propos* of prodigies. Never have I heard more beautiful improvising, and what has become of him?"

"Yes what has become of him!" repeated the ladies.

At this moment they heard a little commotion, De Sterny stepped on the stage. He was applauded, people bowed before him, pressed his hands.

He stepped to the desk, let his eyes wander over the ranks of his musical troupe—they are complete. Suddenly he becomes pale, the baton sinks at his side—he would like to flee—the eyes of his distinguished lady friends shine at him—he raps on the desk, and through the empty room sounds the bombastic opening fugue of "Satan."

The listeners shrug their shoulders disappointedly, Gesa von Zuylen draws down the corners of his mouth deeply and mockingly. Slowly, anxiously, then more courageously, he raises his eyes to the face of the director, the face that was once everything to him—his God—his world! He smiles bitterly to himself.

Then the alto sings her first song. As if struck by an electric shock, the listeners start. All listen as if enchanted; but more intensely than all the others, listens the violinist, Gesa von Zuylen.

A quite strange feeling thrills him, a feeling of warm youthful happiness, mad intoxication of delight, the feeling with which, years before, he had written that song. Even more anxiously he listens. Indignation has no time to make itself heard, so great is the joy of hearing his work. It seems to him as if his soul had been given back to him. He

only wishes to hear—hear!

The applause becomes ever louder. As if in a dream, he plays on; sometimes he shrugs his shoulders when a bombastic addition by De Sterny has disfigured his original creation.

"Now comes the most beautiful one!" whispers some one in the audience. "It is a true masterpiece, the dust of the banished ones."

In sad complaint sound the voices of the exiled ones, softly, gently blending, the song of angels mingles with theirs, and whispers around them the recollection of their lost bliss.

Gesa listens—listens—his bow stops—he sees the little green room, the smiling virtuoso before the old spinet, and near him the lovely girl, her hands resting in each other, her head gently inclined toward one shoulder, as if it had suddenly become too heavy—"*Nessun maggior dolore*"—murmured he.

The whole audience rejoice. The orchestra rises and applauds, the amateurs crowd on the stage—but then—what is that? Panting, breathless, foam on his lips, anger in his eyes, a violinist presses through the ranks of the orchestra, steps up to the director—"Wretch, Murderer!" he gasps, and strikes him in the face with his bow—then sinks unconscious to the ground.

De Sterny passes his hand over his forehead, and while they drag out the violinist, he murmurs, turning to the *Capell Meister* hurrying up to him, with the perfect presence of mind which teaches a man of the world heroism on the scaffold; "A sudden attack of delirium tremens. You should really have taken care that such an unpleasant occurrence was spared me!"

The rehearsal proceeds. The violinist is taken home. Returned to consciousness, Gesa seeks in all the cupboards and chests for the original manuscript of his "Inferno," a copy of which he had lent to De Sterny. He did not find the manuscript, all that he found were the few parts of the opera which he had never completed.

XIX

Between the outer boulevard—the "*boulevard des crimes*"

as the people call it, and the *Buttes Montmartre*, is a part of the city which is far behind in charm, the Rue Ravestein, and which far surpasses it in misery. No sad Saviour here stretches his crucified arms out towards humanity as if he would say: "I would willingly have warmed you at my breast, but you have nailed my hands fast—I am powerless!" No stained glass church windows here shine amidst misery and crime. The old church is torn down, and the new one is yet to be built.

On the Buttes Montmartre, hangs in a provisory wooden tower, a shrill bell which sounds like a factory or railway bell, and which, at the appointed time of day, clangs out a little despairing catholicism in the sober republican premises.

One antiquary here crowds against the other, and trumpery wooden booths, mostly watched by attentive poodles, tremble in the wind.

One thing is especially noticeable in the *Quartier Montmartre*. Everything which one buys there is handed to one wrapped in old drawings, old manuscript, or in written note paper. Everywhere the mould of annihilated artist-existences, and the rubbish of fallen air castles, meet us.

In the innumerable miserable lodgings, swarm young artists who will attain nothing—old ones who have attained nothing. Against a back ground of insolent crime and grovelling poverty are outlined the anxious faces of deadly weary enthusiasts.

In his "Petits poémes en prose" Baudelaire describes three men who, almost sinking down with weariness, but without resting on their burdens, carry three enormous, grinning chimeras on their backs, whose claws tear their shoulders. Every artist in the *Quartier Montmartre* carries his chimera. Its weight holds him up. When the chimera disappears, he disappears with it. One meets whole crowds of the pretentious untalented; but between these eccentric fools, here and there a truly great, yet long perished artist—existence, which makes a last attempt to live, and with trembling hand, writes its name in the dust.

There they dream and gaze over to the Boulevard, the

great street of fortune; listen and wait with the manner, and prudence-consuming hope of a gambler.

* * *

One morning Gesa von Zuylen appeared in the most modest lodging of the Rue Stein Kirque, in the Quartier Montmartre. He had come to Paris to escape the Rue Ravestein, and because Paris is considered the California of artists.

A tenor whom he met on the railway, had given him the address of the lodging. It was a great place where one could work, he said. And Gesa wished to work. He had a thousand francs in his pocket, the price of an Amati violin which a lofty patron had once given him. The violin was thrown away at a thousand francs, but what of that? He needed money, and to obtain the residence in Paris, from which he promised himself so much, he would have sold the blood from his veins.

He heard the thundering applause which the audience rendered to his work, he saw De Sterny's condescending bow. He dug his nails into his hands, but he forced himself to be calm. He wished to work, he must work, in order to be able to tear the stolen king's mantle from the shoulders of the betrayer.

Meanwhile true talent finds at least once in life its hour of triumph, and his—his was no mere talent—his was genius.

How freely he breathed the first day after his arrival in Paris! His new acquaintance, the tenor, had asked him whether he would not take a walk with him on the new boulevard. By that he meant the boulevard between the new opera house and the Madeleine. But the great confused noise frightened Gesa, and while the tenor, with the haste of a provincial lately arrived in the metropolis, hurried to the heart of Paris, the violinist crept slowly to the hills of Montmartre.

A cheaply laid out garden with new, thirsty vegetation, extended on top of the hill to which a slippery flight of wooden steps led up.

Children, thin, ill-kept children who had nothing in com-

mon with the elfs in the Champs Elysées and the Park Monceau hurried over the cinnamon-colored sand paths. Behind the garden was waste land, reaching to the foundations of several miserable huts. Paris seemed so large.

He sat down on a bench; the shrill children's voices in whose broad sounds one heard already the curses of future factory hands, or the rough laugh of the fisher woman, vibrated round him. He was deathly weary.

Formerly he had not felt the little journey from Brussels to Paris in the least. His head sank on his breast. He dreamed that he walked under the sleepily rustling trees of the Brussels Park, Annette Delileo on his arm. The blue heaven mirrored itself in a great puddle on which a couple of red poppy petals swam, and he told Annette that "he was a genius and would accomplish something great."

He felt her warm young body leaning against him. Suddenly he started. A pair of cold little fingers had touched his hand, and a little girl in white cap and a long blue pinafore stood near him and said: "Monsieur, they are going to close."

The Angelus vibrated through the air; he left the garden. An odor of damp foulness rose from the hills. Great mists floated over them and settled slowly down on the misery of Montmartre.

Returned to his room, Gesa lit a light; shivering, he looked around the uncomfortable room, whose original orange-yellow and blue flowered carpet was rendered dull and of uniform color by dirt, and in front of the gray marble mantle piece was an iron stove. The tenor, who was well acquainted in the Rue De Stein Kirque and lodged in the same house with Gesa, told the latter that the statuettes were by "a certain Vandreuil, a second Michael Angelo, whose genius was wrecked by the stupidity and harshness of the public."

Genius!—How the misuse of the word vexed him. Genius! "The man never possessed the slightest talent," said Gesa when he saw the horrible little figures.

"*Si! Si!*" the tenor had replied. "He spent his fortune in attempts to convert the world to 'great art,' moulded

an Ecce Homo—but what will you—marble is dear! He became melancholy, gave himself up to drink, and then—*il a fini par faire cela!*"

Whereupon Gesa shudderingly asked: "What has become of him, has he killed himself?"

"No, but he no longer works. His daughter supports him. You know! artist's daughters—*cela quelque chose dans le sang*—he showed her the door once,—cursed her. But he no longer remembers that—he no longer remembers anything. As long as he has his warm room, his game of billiards and his glass of absinthe, he feels content. He lives in the Hotel de Nancy, here on the corner. You can make his acquaintance to-morrow if you like. Young painters sometimes treat him in order to hear him perorate on art. *Il est trés drole!*"

The Michael Angelo in the Hotel de Nancy was the first thing that Gesa thought of when he entered his miserable room. His glance sought the two terra cotta statuettes. With morbid curiosity he looked at them. He took up one of them and held it by his dully burning lamp, in order to see it more plainly. His eyes were artistically critical enough to recognize in the form of it the traces of an uncultivated but still very great talent.

A fearful sobbing overpowered him—the figure trembled in his hand—he let it fall. It broke in a thousand pieces but they did not even put it in his bill. It had worth for no one.

* * *

He drank no more. A nameless anxiety oppressed his heart, red clouds danced before his eyes. A fearful weariness lamed him. But—he drank no more and worked.

And at first the completion of his opera seemed to proceed very well; with great briskness he wrote whole piles of music paper, and when his creative power suddenly ceased, that did not frighten him. He recollected that his capabilities, even during his best period, had suffered from such moments of relaxation. He resolved, in anticipation of a new impulse, to sort out what he had written; but when

he looked through it, it was a confusion which he himself could not comprehend. Whole bars were missing; the accompaniment was perfectly unconnected. Here and there indeed were strikingly beautiful places, but still quite isolated, like splendid fragments in heaps of rubbish.

Still another thing disturbed him. Many of the mechanical signs of orchestration had escaped him—he could no longer write down a correct part. He passed the whole night in studying a work on composition. The next morning he began his work anew.

To write the most miserable periods correctly, caused him the most painful difficulty. The ability to collect his thoughts was gone from him. But he was afraid of no trouble. "Patience, patience!—it will all come back!" he consoled himself, and with that tears fell on the music paper.

He imposed the most fearful self denial upon himself, in order to make his savings last as long as possible. From the orange yellow room he mounted to the attic—he ate once a day.

He became gray, his hands trembled, and he stammered when he spoke.

The children on the Montmartre hills, where he often went in the afternoon to get air, all knew him, in a friendly manner, they tripped up to the bench where he crouched, murmuring to himself, a lead pencil in his hand, note book on his knees, and wished him a good day. He stroked their cheeks, picked one or the other up on his knee, and rejoiced that they were not afraid of him. He would have liked to give them a little pleasure, to tell them a story. But the words would not come to him.

One day he brought his violin out on the Montmartre hills. Good-naturedly anxious to hit the taste of the children, he played little dance pieces. His fingers had become stiff since he had so suddenly renounced the indulgence in spirituous drinks. The bow tottered in his trembling hand. He was ashamed before the children. But for them his playing was quite good enough. Soon a whole audience had assembled round him. Several of the little people looked at him with solemn attention, their little heads thrown

slightly backward, their hands behind their backs, and others danced gaily together.

That pleased him. He collected himself before the children. He wished to improvise; then suddenly the measures which proceeded from beneath his fingers seemed strangely familiar. They were the same which he had played almost thirty years before in the circus on the "Sablon."

And now he daily took his violin with him to the shabby garden. The applause of the poor children became a necessity to him.

* * *

He became even more intimate with the tenor. This one, after thanks to a 'low plot'—he had been refused upon his trial singing at the opera—had come to the practical conclusion that this great opera was an institution which had fallen into decay, a "Seraglio of directors," with which he would be ashamed to have relations, and had accepted an engagement in a *café chantant* of the Quartier Montmartre, where he earned a comfortable income.

At first Gesa would hear nothing of playing anything from his opera to the singer; but later when he had secretly begun to despair of his work an incessant longing for confidence overcame him. For hours at a time, he played to the tenor on a pitiable little old piano, and with strangely hollow voice cracked the arias, only in order to be assured by some one: "*cela sera superbe!*" Then he talked himself into an unnatural animation; his eyes shone, he beat the air with his clenched fist and called: "It has raciness, has it not?—the grand style!"

He had formerly been so modest!

His means were at last exhausted. He sold his watch, his books. He still treated the tenor patronizingly, as a subject, and the tenor was considerate of him as of an insane man.

But once, when they both sat together before the fire in the tenor's room, the latter said while he ran his fingers through his hair: "Dear friend, your genius will not support you." Gesa stared gloomily at the actor.

"Now, now!" the tenor hastened to calm him,—"I only mean that the mere setting of such a great work as your opera, must take a long time. How would it be if you should meanwhile busy yourself here a little!"

Gesa sighed. "I might compose something short," said he, "for instance romances?"

"That would be of no use, alas," replied the tenor. "You would then have to ally yourself with an actress or singer, who would bring your romances into fashion. And then—it would also surely be a shame to divert your creative talent from its principal aim, to split it. Now you should seek a position in an orchestra." "Yes, at the opera," said Gesa, and thought hesitatingly of the stiffness of his fingers. As he would at no price have acknowledged this infirmity to the singer, he added, somewhat embarrassed, "That is all so complicated—the many rehearsals —one is busied until night.—"

"No!" replied the other, "you must not undertake such an absorbing occupation. That would be treachery to your muse. I thought of a comfortable position in an orchestra that makes no great pretense—does not rehearse much."

"Well" murmured the violinist in a hollow voice.

"I have recently made the acquaintance in the Hotel de Nancy, of a clown, a splendid man who works in a circus on the Boulevard Rochechouart. No circus of the first rank, but it is a quite respectable circus. I told the clown of you. They just need a first violinist and—"

Gesa started up and left the room. From that moment he never spoke to the tenor again.

His weariness and weakness increased with every day. The blood crept through his veins like cold lead; there was an incessant glimmering before his eyes, and there was a sound in his ears like the flattering of a weary butterfly. The miserable food which he could afford did not suffice to maintain him; he could no longer leave his room; he became bed-ridden.

As he was universally beloved, his house–companions, yes even his landlady, did as much as they could; they brought him food, arranged his bed, and brought him news

papers. He thanked them for all with the same shy smile, the same glance gazing into the distance, and passed almost the whole day in a condition of pitiable relaxation, gently sleeping.

Then one afternoon it seemed to him that a soft hand passed tenderly over his forehead. He opened his eyes. Over him bent a beautiful old face, surrounded by smooth gray hair, and a voice which rang out to him as if from a great distance, murmured: "Gesa!"

He started—"Gesa!" called she—it was his mother.

Yes, his mother whom he had not seen for almost twenty-five years. She had married the acrobat Fernando. The circus on the Boulevard Rochechouart belonged to them; they succeeded very well. The frivolous woman had never been as bad as people might have well believed. For a long time she had secretly informed herself of Gesa, and had convinced herself that he was well brought up, and, as she called it, lived among "distinguished people." This last circumstance had taken away from her the courage to approach him. From a distance, she had sometimes rejoiced at the sight of him. Then he had gradually disappeared from her range of vision. But now the tenor, Monsieur Augusti, whose acquaintance she had made recently, had told so much of his new friend, but only on the day before had mentioned his name. All this Margaretha told her son, and with that she wept, and yet straightened his poor pillows, and smoothed the counterpane. He let all this happen calmly, sometimes murmured a word of thanks, and watched her, half stupidly, half confused. He could not understand this sudden meeting again.

But when she, frightened by his passive manner, continued: "I heard you play—years ago, long years ago, in Nice—oh, I was so proud of you, and I thought your piece, —do you remember? that on which your picture is printed, oh a wonderfully pretty picture!" then the violinist buried his face in the pillows and groaned like a dying man. His pain overcame the timidity which held his mother back from him.

"Poor boy!" murmured she, while she lovingly stroked

the rough gray hair of the broken-down man, as in a long past time she had stroked the soft locks of the fresh boy.

"You must not take your grief so to heart, I know all—what a genius you are, and how horribly the world has treated you. We will nurse you back to health, and then all will go well. You shall come to us, we will not disturb you, none of us—only care for you. You shall have your own little room, in which you can work as much as you please."

Slowly he looked up, a severe fit of coughing shook his sunken chest. The mother put her arm under his thin shoulders, and raised him a little, to relieve his breathing, and rested his weary head on her breast. "How thin you are!" murmured she again, half weeping, "and your poor shirt, it is actually falling off you. I must bring you fresh linen to-morrow—and now try to eat something—you must strengthen yourself!" and she handed him a cup of soup which she had warmed for him.

Silently he let her do it. The soup even tasted good to him. His great grief, his deep degradation, he had forgotten for the pleasant feeling that he was again to be cared for and petted. A feeling of sleepy calm, contented indolence suddenly overcame him. Silently but thankfully, he kissed his mother's hand.

Her eyes sparkled, "I must go now," remarked she, "the box office of the circus is opened at six o'clock; I must be there. Good by—about eight o'clock I can get away and will come to you. Now, at any rate, you will sleep a little!"

She pressed her lips to his temples and disappeared.

The violinist slumbered. Then a long forgotten recollection arose in his mind; not the recollection of his dead love—of his faithless friend—no, a quite harmless, painless recollection—that of the first return to the Rue Ravestein.

A dreamy, narcotic perfume floated round him: he plainly saw before him a bunch of wonderful, vari-colored poppies. He heard the slight sound with which a falling petal sank down dying on the marble table. He started up. His heart beat as if it would burst his chest. A name-

less anxiety evercame him—anxiety before the contented stupor.

He collected his faculties—he wished to flee—to seek death. He reached for his clothes, but the clothes slid from his hands. He grew giddy; powerless, he sunk back on his bed. Resignation, that sleepy intoxication of lacerated souls, overcame him. A strange genius suddenly floated through the bare attic—the genius of despair! It carried a bunch of red poppies in its hand.

* * *

Days passed, weeks, months. On the boulevardes of Rochechouart and Clichy, peopled by artist-proletaires of all kinds, one often meets a large, old-looking man, with gray hair that floats disarranged about his cheeks.

It is Gesa von Zuylen.

His face is still beautiful, but the expression is stupid and soulless. Sometimes he remains standing, puts his hand to his ear and stretches his head forward, as if he were listening to sounds in the distance; but then he shakes his head with a kind of impatience, sighs and goes his way. He lives with his mother and is treated by her, as well as by his step father and his half brothers, with that deference which is paid to a man who has once been considered a genius.

Carefully cared for, neatly dressed and well fed, he does not feel unhappy. He is pleased at meal times, and drinks his little glass of grog, not without enjoyment.

He is mostly gentle, taciturn and biddable, attends with great punctuality to little commissions for his mother, and passes the rest of his time half asleep, in a large arm chair near the chimney.

Only sometimes a kind of madness comes over him. Then, with a strange haste, he writes whole piles of music, is hard, arrogant and repellant to those about him, shows himself morbidly irritable, and speaks very much of "what he will still accomplish." They watch him.

The attacks become ever less frequent, and shorter.

All Montmartre knows him; the artists point out to each other his picturesque profile, and the street boys nudge each

other when he passes, and laugh over the fact that he considers himself a "great man." In all that part of the city, he is called the "Montmartre Idiot."

[THE END.]

From the German of Ossip Schubin.

Translated by ELISE LATHROP.

AT THE CONCERT.

My love and I, while the orchestral clang
Was making ready, quarrelled. 'Twas about
Some jest, yet from the music it struck out
All joy. The prelude passed. Then "Love, love," sang
The violins, and "love," and "love." The pang
Of the deep cello-undertones' dull doubt
Moaned "death;" then "trjumph" soared the horns' clear shout,
And "heaven" in the soft harp strings' vista rang.

Again, "love, love, oh love," the violins
Yearned through the ache within my heart; but when,
So hard besought. I turned and offered—O
That foolish war of loves!—the look that wins
Sweet amnesty from those dear eyes, just then
"O laugh," trilled out my sparkling piccolo!

MARTHA FOOTE CROW.

YSAYE INTERVIEWED BY KELLEY.

FOR several centuries the struggle for supremacy between the musical schools of Italy, France and Germany has been so intense and so bitter that the country in which were made the first efforts to reduce music to a science is often overlooked and ignored.

It is difficult to realize that for 700 years, from A. D. 895, when Huckbald, the learned Flemish monk, formulated his rules for harmony, until the death of Orlando di Lasso, the last of the great Belgian masters, the influence of the Netherland school was felt far and wide. Since that epoch the center of musical gravity has shifted from country to country and from place to place. With the last repolarization of the musical world this center was left at Bayreuth. But geologists tell us that our terrestrial poles are liable to change in the future as they have in the past, so there are many of us musicians who believe that even with Wagner himself the last word has not yet been said nor the final upheaval taken place.

Comment has frequently been made in our musical journals upon the exhausted fertility and the almost paralyzed emotional powers of the German musicians of the present day, also upon the unusual activity of the composers outside of Germany.

It has seemed to me, therefore, that the opinion of Mr. Ysaye, the representative executive genius of Belgium, of the scene of medieval musical activity, would be of great interest. Furthermore, as his native land has for so many decades served as a "buffer state" between Germany and France, he seems peculiarly fitted to give opinions, on the present musical status which would be unbiased and correspondingly valuable.

I felt, therefore, in a measure justified in requesting him to grant me enough of his valuable time, to enable us to

touch upon a few vital topics, and this he was kind enough to do.

When approached upon the subject of current German music, Mr. Ysaye observed that "after great activity there must of necessity follow a period of rest." Said he: "The musical soil of Germany is fatigued. Production of the same kind of grain continuously is impossible. In Italy, after the Renaissance, with its Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, nothing of note was accomplished in art.

"Wagner has left things in an unsettled condition. How lofty or how deep his works are, we cannot now determine; therefore to what extent he shall serve as a model is as yet uncertain.

"I find that Wagner has awakened in France the highest ambitions, and this has in a way destroyed the courage of the Germans.

"Before the war many Frenchmen composed, it is true, but their work was only superficial, chiefly pleasing to the ear, a sort of refinement of their street melodies. In music the French never approached the grandeur of their epic poetry.

"Berlioz appeared—prematurely. We all know how futile were his exertions. After Wagner the French first understood what could be done in music. There are now men who have begun to express the genuine French character.

"Wagner did for the music of France what the war of 1870 did for her politics.

"If we wish to make up an interesting program of chamber music we must rely on the French. Now please notice this, that when the composers of a country devote themselves to such serious work, they cannot be far from the safe road, for chamber compositions are to music what the Bible is to literature.

"This new French school is as yet quite unknown. The audiences in France are still preoccupied with Wagner and the children of his mind. Although the works of these younger Frenchmen have few friends, they can show no less than twenty chamber works, which are grand in every

respect, and some ten to fifteen symphonies. This modern French music (I do not refer to Godard, Massenet, etc.) is more difficult to comprehend than the majority of the German works.

"A remarkable feature of this new school, when compared with the old, is that the composers belong to the nobility, or at least to the ranks of the wealthy, whereas a century ago the French composers always sprang from the people—a curious and unexpected result of the great revolution.

"Among the foremost are the following: Cesar Franck, Count Vincent d'Indy, Gabriel Fauré, Baron Ernest Chausson, De Bussy, Duparck, Bordes, Marquis de Bréville, Magnard, Paul Dukas, Lazare and Giu Ropartz. Although they are at present unknown, I believe that in ten years they will be celebrated."

* * *

Mr. Ysaye is evidently not carried away with so called "local color" in music, at least not in its exaggerated forms. He refers to it as "frontier music."

"The Russians and the French show, in my opinion, the greatest signs of promise at present," said he. "The Russians are becoming tired of this 'frontier music,' and are coming over the border line into the land of the universal tone poetry.

"Among those whom I greatly admire are Tschaikowski, Rimski-Korchakoff, Ballakireff, Gonroschki, Glasounof, Borodine, Cesar Cui and Belayeff.

"The merits of these Russians, as well as those of the Frenchmen, the Germans are unwilling to admit. I have often requested our foremost German conductors to bring out the works of some of these men. But no. The Germans live in the past (and a glorious past it is, too,) and as for the present, they never get beyond the heavy, tiresome Brahms.

"This is a time of great effervescence. Never was there such earnest and intense thought manifested in all countries and in all the arts and sciences as at the present time. We must go forward. It is impossible for us to remain sta-

tionary. When a preacher, a philosopher or an artist refuses to accept new principles which are proven to be true, he injures his religion, philosophy or art.

"Among the arts music is the youngest, and she has always a future before her.

"The old masters should always be played, but the new masters also. Those of the classic school we may call the gods, and the more recent ones the demi-gods, but it is through the works of the demi-gods that we learn to understand and love those of the gods themselves."

By way of confirmation of Mr. Ysaye's statement I gave him an illustration from my own experience. My appreciation of Bach and Beethoven was brought about by my enthusiasm for Schumann and Wagner.

Mr. Ysaye continued: "Bach is for me the Alpha and Omega—the pure genius. In Wagner we find Bach; in Beethoven we find Bach, and, indeed his influence is to be seen in all the greatest writers."

Having expressed his especial fondness for universal music, Mr. Ysaye added: "Chamber music is for me the highest art. One is not led astray by the sensuous charm of mere tone color.

"I asked Saint-Saens, who you know is some sixty-four years of age, why he had never composed a string quartet. He replied that 'he was yet too young and lacked sufficient experience.'

"As for Grieg, he has written some beautiful things, it is true, but, as I said before, I am not so fond of frontier music. His quartet contains fine passages, but it is not universal poetry, and I hear the oboe, horn and other orchestral instruments instead of string alone."

* * *

From the foregoing one really perceives that Ysaye has something besides mere execution or even emotional strength to put into his performance upon the violin, namely, the marked personality of the independent thinker.

So earnest was he in his commendations of the rising composers that I was left with a desire to hear, or at least see, some of their work.

Of the Belgian school he had little or nothing to say, evidently preferring to let the modern Netherlanders express their own thoughts when they are ready, although he might have mentioned Gouvy and others, whose work indicates progress in the right direction.

As his ideal composer is a man who writes "universal poesy," so his ideal for the executant is one who confines himself not to a single school, but who absorbs the best features of each nationality and makes them his own. This enables the universal orator to render the poems of each nation in their own peculiar idiom. This is evident on hearing him interpret the works of classical Germany with a fullness of tone unexcelled even by Joachim; the airs of Poland and Russia with the fire of Wieniawski; the melodies of Hungary with the rhythmic precision and eccentricies of tempo characteristic of Wilhelmj at his best, and all if not more of the delicacy and refinement of Sarasate when playing his "Spanish Dances."

Above everything, Ysaye is notable for a seriousness and sincerity of purpose found in few soloists, vocal or instrumental. Nothing more marked can be brought in evidence of this than his reply to my request for an autograph copy of a few measures of his original cadenza to the Beethoven violin concerto.

"I do not like the idea of cadenzas to Beethoven's works. I find it very much better to omit. They form no component part of the concerto. We haven't the heads to make them. I should be very happy to find even two or three measures by Beethoven and use them instead of our own cadenzas, in each one of which I find too much violin and too little music."

What a noble confession for a virtuoso to make!

The question was asked: "How about the cadenzas to Schumann's piano concerto?"

"Ah! That is different. That is the work of the master himself, and we find polyphony therein, and it is homogeneous with its environment."

In conclusion Mr. Ysaye volunteered the gratifying assertion that he considered California a wonderful place for

the propagation of art. Said he: "I find the public here is one of the best in America. They are so responsive, and are quickly moved by rhythms. When an audience can listen to three consecutive concertos in one evening and show their continued interest, *that* is evidence of true appreciation. The people are not blasé. Here the taste comes, not from culture, but from the air, the sun, the flowers."

San Francisco. EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

NARCISSUS.

Within the pool he daily greets the prize
And still the silent image mocks his prayer.
"Woo me and win," it smiles—lo! sinks he there
Who only thus learns his own fatal eyes.

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

IS PERFECT INTONATION PRACTICABLE?

IV. Conclusion.

THE peculiar value, necessity and even *immortality* of our uncial scale is not questioned for one moment in these papers; and in this closing number my principal duty is to try and fulfill what I have been promising concerning the rationale of this great excellence of our tempered system of twelve tones. And this may also exemplify the fact that when all the numerical laws of intonation are known, and their relations understood, there is no longer any room for disagreement between musical theory and music itself.

We learn what the uncial scale really is, and what it is to music, by learning the beautiful and simple vibrational relations—and their measurements—lying just outside of it; and every grain of music it possesses is owing to this which is thus exterior. It seems therefore a contradiction to say that in this very tempered scale there is one remarkable musical quality which does not reside in "perfect intonation" itself, nor in any Octave division other than of twelve equal or nearly equal parts. Yet I shall attempt to show that such is the case, and wherefore, and that the reasons are found in the same numerical laws which govern the delightfully pure or untempered harmonies.

Although Nature never cuts the Octave nor any other harmonious interval into equal parts, such aliquot division of true musical intervals can be very well effected by artificial means. The twelve division (uncial) is known as the "equal temperament;" yet any other, even as coarse and terribly discordant as a 7-division, or a somewhat harmonious 31-division, or a very harmonious 53, are just as properly "equal temperament" systems, though I do not greatly like the term, and use it only because it is known and supposed to be understood.

As for the use of twelve tones per Octave in any of the unequal divisions thereof, as used for organs and other in-

struments from the middle ages down into our own century, or in any possible system of unequal division of twelve, they are scarcely fit for discussion at this late day. The "mean-tone system" was largely employed, though there were others advocated, such as Earl Stanhope's system and that of Prof. Fisher, of Yale College. The latter explains his system in the very first article in the very first number of the American Journal of Science and Arts, early in the century; and Stanhope explains his system in a nicely printed pamphlet, London, 1806. The authors of these systems disapproved of equal temperament, which was then slowly coming into use. Space forbids an account of them here. Stanhope shows that there are more "wolves" than one. He mentions the "quint wolf" and also three others, which, he should have said, are all one, though differently located. He means the diesis. But there are also others not mentioned by him. Yet only two of these "wolves," or commas, directly pertain to our modern tuning, the Pythagorean comma (his "quint wolf") and the comma, 80:81, which he does not seem to call a "wolf." In fact the old and rather worn-out term *wolf*, as used by tuners, is just about as definite a word as *sharps* and *flats*.

But it was the mean-tone system which mostly held sway till equal temperament was at last established in the present century. The former divided the true major Third (4:5) into two equal or mean-tones; while with us it is the uncial major Third (7 nils sharp) which is divided into two equal major Seconds, making them each two-twelfths of an Octave. Not that the mean-tone system could have every major Third true. Far from it. But the few that it could have, with a rather bad fifth and minor Third accompanying them, would at least serve to keep the ear familiar with the true major Third, which our uncial music unfortunately does not do. Thus have we thrust the true Thirds out of good musical society, they being heard in chromatic instruments by accident only; yet some instruments as well as singers intone the Thirds much more nearly true than seven to eighteen nils false. The uncial major Third, the Fifth and the harmonic Seventh are respectively seven nils sharp,

one nil flat, and sixteen nils sharp. This results in changing the four musical Thirds, 6:7, 5:6, 4:5, and 7:9, respectively as follows: seventeen nils sharp, eight nils flat, seven nils sharp, and eighteen nils flat. In this rule of measurement the unce or artificial semitone is 51 nils, and the Octave 612.

And now, after so justly berating the uncial system, we are moved to turn about and speak of it very kindly, and with no grain of flattery either. It is only the truth in each case.

With the exception of a year or two from the beginning of 1876, when I was first investigating the numerical laws of tune—and with Poole's Essay on Perfect Intonation fresh in mind—I have always believed in the permanency of the equal division of twelve; and, what may appear curious, the musical argument for it has ever been to me stronger than the mechanical and practical; for, however great be the advantages of keeping the number of tones reduced to twelve, if that were its real and only *raison d'être*, I could not feel more than one twelfth part of the respect for it which I do. But there is a peculiarly musical reason for it, even in those numerical laws which govern all intonation; and this cannot be truly said of any other possible system, tempered or untempered. The point which I shall try to bring out, therefore, before closing, is, that this particular uncial virtue is alone sufficient, independently of all practical considerations—which are well known, while the former is not—to immortalize this tonal system; especially since in this last age music has actually utilized this cycle of twelve, and with advantages in developing itself in certain ways, thus showing the fascinating power of rapid progression in all possible musical forms. And it would be found by the most extended experiments that rapid music could never thus crystalize in any other form of Octave division.

But why was it, then, that I made instrument after instrument on the 53-system, and persevered in making them under great disadvantages, as related in the May number? It was that I might *hear*, in natural tune or something very

near it, whatever music can be played in solid chords and not too rapidly. I succeeded well, very well, although there was no specious triumph; for I am not a musician, nor an organizer of "movements," nor an apostle. I often think, however, that with just a little better resonating quality in the tones of even my later instruments, or if they had been pipe instruments instead of reed, and with a little less to interfere with a state of being necessary to prosecute such work, the effect upon other minds would have been a hundred or a thousand times more reaching and deeply felt than it has been: for the instruments themselves and any effective descriptions of them have, for various reasons, been kept from the public. Nor am I now publishing them save as a means of illustrating the truth about this whole subject of Tune; for this has long been more important to me than the success of any mere instruments. I confess, however, that my last instrument (1886) I regard as the best ever made in the world for practically "perfect intonation."

We now turn again and look at matters uncial. I do not suppose that I am the only discoverer of the rationale of the peculiar merit of our twelve-scale, no more than of other views of intonation not generally known; for some of the truest ideas on every subject may not find the light of publicity. I have met with two or three persons who seemed to recognize the truth to which I now refer, but whether they really did or not is uncertain. I mentioned it in my correspondence with Mr. Poole (see May article,) and he replied that that was one of the oldest objections against perfect intonation in keyed instruments.

Perhaps so; but I think my meaning was not exactly understood by him, or if it was, he had evidently not been able to prove the matter to the ear with suitable instruments; for he seemed to hold that all music—the rapid and complicated as well as the slow and simple—would be immensely improved by "perfect intonation." I find nothing in his writings to show that he thought otherwise.

It is a fact, however, that modern music—the exceptions being certain styles of hymnal or song music, with a little of the more lively sort such as simple jigs and things formed

almost entirely of the tonic and dominant chords and also snatches from other styles—would scarcely be tolerated by good ears, even if it could be rendered in this so-called perfect intonation, or in any other save that of the uncial system.

It is not doing this scale justice, by a great deal, to say of it, as I have repeatedly said and written myself, that it has one redeeming feature, namely, the almost perfection of its Fifths; for its Fifths, and consequently Fourths, being only one nil in error, and this being on the very confines of imperceptibility, the system would furnish very harmonious intonation if it permitted the Quincal and Septal elements of tune (generated respectively by the prime numbers 5 and 7) to enjoy anything like that close approximation to purity; the Fifths and Fourths being of the Trial element (vibrational prime number 3). It can easily be seen, as it is felt in practice, that this Trial element, having a simplicity of vibrational nature second to that of the Octave only, occupies therefore a ruling position in the whole economy of music.
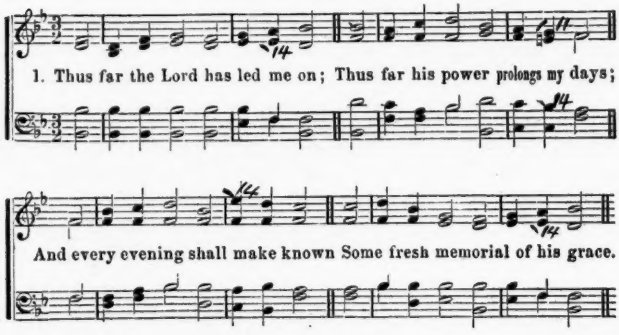
But even this fact as so far expressed—scarcely shows the rightful exaltation of the uncial system; for we can divide the Octave interval into equal parts by other divisors than twelve, and without going so far as fifty-three nor using multiples of twelve, and yet have the Fifths within about a nil of perfection (and with the Quincals and Septals rather more nearly perfect than in the twelve system), still we would not like the music played in these systems, even if just as practicable as the uncial. I refer to the systems of twenty-nine and of forty-six, in the first of which the Fifth would be about three-fourths of a nil sharp, and in the other nearly a nil and a quarter sharp, while the uncial Fifth is one nil flat. These two larger cycles, then, since their Fifths vary from the truth not far from the same amount as our system allows them, will be good illustrations of the point. In the other elements of harmony, both these systems approach considerably nearer to the true chords than does the uncial, especially the 46, but, for general music, they would be unpleasant, the 29 on account of its

bad harmony, and both systems on account of their enharmonic commas, or rather, what those commas involve—the very thing we are coming at. These, in the 29-system however, would be nothing less than a 29th of an Octave, or nearly double size for them. And the very existence of enharmonic commas in any system, even if it should be one which gives pure chords, thus leaving them nicely carved (80:81 and 63:64,) would indirectly render such system mostly unfit for what I have called modern music; that is to say, the general musical sense of the world—for I am sure there is such a thing—would perceive that such music was out of tune, with the exceptions above noted, although individual chords would be something far transcending in beauty those of uncial music.

But neither are the enharmonic commas the direct cause of the trouble; yet we are now on the trail of it. Only two commas are really enharmonic, and neither of these ever constitutes the difference between the sharp of one letter and the flat of the next higher, whatever statements we find in abominable compilations to the contrary notwithstanding. These commas measure 11 and 14 nils. On Mr. Poole's instrument (although its modulation was limited, there being no complete system or cycle) these commas would be nicely carved; but in the 53-system of my instrument they are each represented by 1-53rd Octave, which is about 11½ nils.

A real enharmonic comma is one which comes to the rescue of a chord in progression which would otherwise be false by that amount, if played in a "true" scale of but seven tones. The term "enharmonic change," as usually applied in music, is a misnomer; and not merely because there is really no change at all on our common instruments, as everyone knows, but because our notation does not really express enharmonic changes in the sense above defined, nor does it express "perfect intonation," as some writers assert. In fact the enharmonic changes which would occur if the music were played on an enharmonic instrument, are perfectly ignored in the notation. In this familiar hymn tune of Lowell Mason's, the enharmonic commas are here indicated by the numbers 11 and 14, as they measure in nils;

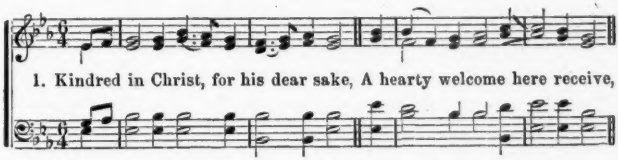
and they guage the departures in various parts from the so-called "true" diatonic scale composed of three perfect



major triads. They show that this simple tune has nine different tones per Octave besides the sharpened Fourth, which makes ten. In the first line the contralto has a note which is the harmonic Seventh, marked 14 to distinguish it from the true tonic Fourth immediately before. I have certainly heard singers make the distinction without knowing it, and the same good singers would make it much better if they did know of the natural distinction. In the second line, the soprano has a sixth of the scale which is not the ordinary la, as in the first line, but an 11-nil comma higher (marked 11), because this is required to make the true Fifth on the second of the scale; for it should be remembered that in the so-called *true* scale that Fifth is flat by this comma. The tenor also, in the same line, has a do a 14-nil comma lower than the key note itself, in order to make the harmonic Seventh in the dominant modulation. In the third line, the soprano, and in the fourth line the contralto, have each a note which is the harmonic Seventh in the dominant, and marked 14 to distinguish them from the true tonic Fourth. The interval do-fa, in the soprano, third line, is thus a false Fourth. There is therefore a little conflict here between the practical working of two true laws of tune, and this is not the only case of the kind in music. Without the accompanying parts, the soprano would be likely to sing this Fourth in the simple and true vibrational ratio, 3:4:

out if the other voices or an instrument of true harmony be heard in the dominant triad, the fourth of the scale will very naturally descend by this comma so as to form the harmonic Seventh, 4:7, from the dominant even at the expense of the purity of the tonic Fourth as a merely melodic interval. But music of this class is beautiful when thus rendered.

Nearly all music contains such enharmonic changes. One more little example must suffice here. The interval



fa-la in the last measure but one, though apparently a major Third, is really 25 nils larger, this being the sum of the two enharmonic commas. The interval is the maxim Third, 7:9, and not the major, 4:5, and is the peculiar feature of the harmonious pentad, 4:5:6:7:9 (here represented by 2:5:7:9), as treated of in former chapters. But this new example will show the *two* enharmonic changes to form the following chord. Now the whole 25 nils, this being about a quarter of a "tone," is not subtracted from this maxim Third in one lump, to pass into the major Third in the following chord. The soprano descends 11 nils, and the contralto ascends 14. Thus a harmonious change is made from the dominant Ninth into the true subdominant triad. This is true theory, at any rate, and even in a 53-instrument the rendering of such progressions is very pleasing.

Untrue, then, is the occasional assertion that our notation—although vaguely expressing more than twelve tones per Octave—expresses perfect intonation. Yet such vague statements seem to enlighten and satisfy many people. I remember that when making my first enharmonic keyboard, in 1878 (Fig. I. in the May number,) some friends called at my house, among whom was a musician. They viewed the work I was doing, and in the midst of my attempts to answer their queries, the musician turned to the others and

simply explained that "there is really a mathematical difference between F sharp and G flat, for instance; and Mr. White is making a keyboard that will recognize those differences." This seemed to satisfy them completely; and I too was satisfied—that "when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

There is indeed more or less difference between the sharp of one letter and the flat of the next, but it is sometimes one thing and sometimes another, according to the kind of sharp or flat and according to the "tones" between the letters. The difference is even occasionally a trifle *the other way*. On the 53-instrument such differences are either nothing at all or 1-53rd or 2 53rds of an Octave; but in strict theory they are never either one of the enharmonic commas, 80:81 and 63:64, although these are each represented in the 53-system by 1-53rd.

These two very perceptible intervals have thus a sort of *melodic* nature—where full-part harmony is concerned. They cannot be called with any propriety "quarter-tones." Melody has nothing that can be called thus; and if very imaginative minds have brought from the ends of the earth such things as "quarter-tones," which they claim are used by some peoples as intervals of real musical melody, and even imported the idea into civilization through such a good-natured *custom-house officer* as the late translator of Helmholtz, there seems indeed little to hinder any one now from believing in such non-science !

We have indeed two intervals in musical theory which, as to their magnitude, might be called rather vaguely "quarter-tones." One is the diesis, 21 nils (an Octave less three major Thirds,) and the other is the sum of the two enharmonic commas, 25 nils. They are each represented in the 53-system by two of its degrees, which amount to about 23 nils. The diesis is never either melodic or enharmonic, and if the other should be used—entire—as an enharmonic comma, that is, in changing, for example, the minim Third, 6:7, into the minor, 5:6, or vice versa, it would not sound well, for that would involve a Fifth (in the progression, not in the chord) a double comma false; and this the ear strongly resents, even in slow music. In good enharmonic progres-

sion, this whole difference is divided, as in the last example of notation, in which the differences are the same.

In an unaccompanied part these enharmonic commas would hardly exist practically, and the melody would not be improved if they could be observed—it would be thus in most cases injured. But this proves nothing against the harmonic philosophy of melody, it confirms it. There are very often *two* vibrational influences bearing upon the determination of a particular tone in melody, the difference between the two results being an enharmonic comma; and the influence which is the more powerful on the melody alone considered, is not always the one which makes the particular chord wanted in the harmonization.

The prominent tones of the scale, as existing in the tonic chord, are thus no more under the dominion of definite numerical laws than all other intervals of musical melody—even to the most trifling passing notes, though these can usually be quite imperfectly executed with little or no harm; but in the more important or emphatic tones of melody, it often requires the truly harmonious accompaniment to determine which of *two* tones (differing by an enharmonic comma) is required to give the melody one of its own definite forms.

The Fifths and Fourths, since they are much more ruling intervals in mere melody than Thirds and Sixths, which belong to lower elements of tune (having higher vibrational prime numbers), are not fond, so to speak, of the enharmonic commas. They can get along entirely well with all the other commas, for they have nothing directly to do with them. Of course the Fifths desire the perfection which can only be had in some cases by the enharmonic comma, but they regret the necessity. The Quincal imitation of a Fifth (27:40), and the Septal imitation of a Fourth (16:21), which can be made genuine Trials (2:3 and 3:4) by the addition of the enharmonic intervals, 80:81 and 63:65 respectively, (or, in real measurement, 347 plus 11 equals 358, and 240 plus 14 equals 254,) are a source of chagrin to this superior element of tune; or, in other words, *we* feel that these complicated ratios, which are not musical except as

approximations to the very simple ratios, which are musical, ought to be in tune, that is, ought to be very nearly at least what they suggest to the ear, namely, the true Fifths and Fourths.

In the chords themselves the enharmonic commas can make everything right for such slow music as such a system can manage, but in the connecting Fifths between chords, not always, in the very nature of the case; and in this latter sense, though in a less degree, the ear *wishes* the Fifths and Fourths genuine. The ear is not at all as particular concerning imperfect Thirds of all kinds in connecting harmonies, these belonging to the lower elements of tune; though they require to be much better than a comma false and much better than uncial, to be good for harmony. And the enharmonic instrument does thus make the Thirds practically perfect in harmony, and the Fifths entirely so. There is much to be said, however, about the practical working of all these things which is inadmissable here; and many erroneous ideas concerning them are met with in very modern writings.

The uncial scale to the front once more. This system, although considerably injuring the effect of the Quincal and Septal elements in harmony, and thus rendering itself rather poor material for slow chord music, substantially satisfies the above defined want, whose demands are much more imperative in rapid music than in slow—the want of true or very nearly true Fifths always, not only in chords but in all connections of chords. And the uncial Fifths are all good, being allowed but one nil flat; and there is a great difference between this almost imperceptible variation and an enharmonic comma, even though a pianoforte, for a notorious examples, is pretty sure to be found in an imperfect uncial condition of tune, though not, it is hoped, even half a comma wrong in any Fifth or Fourth.

This, then, is the peculiar uncial virtue, and not merely that the tones of the system are but twelve, nor even that its Fifths are so very nearly true in mere harmony (and mostly true also in chord connections.) It is in the *unbroken* chain of good Fifths in every piece of music, so that

there is here *never* a feeling of want, which would be fatal to a good musical effect.

Were it not for this peculiar and saving virtue of our uncial music, I believe the amount of discord which the system carries would be sufficient to banish its use, or prevent it from ever coming into use. But there is no other possible musical system which can possess this advantage, whatever else can be said against it; and I have said much against it, and none too much—and have now given evidence, I hope, of being the best possible friend to it by defining the real reason why it is unrivaled in merit in a certain musical point of great value. If any one can refer me to any published work in which this vital point of merit in our tempered system is really brought out or recognized, I will be very glad of the information.

Intonation is the *sine qua non* of music. The best tones, the best expression, the best of every other property of music, might possibly exist as an experiment; and yet with *tune* left out there would not be one grain of music in the compound. I could arrange the pitch relation of those tones so that such non-music would be the result. The numerical laws of tune form a complete, exact and wholesome science, yet one which can scarcely be learned at present by anything which has ever yet been written, not excepting my own attempts.

I hope that it will be seen from these papers that I am not a militant against our present system, nor a "purist," nor a "perfectionist," although such epithets are apt to be among the *rewards* of merit in this line of diligence I have sought to know what tune or intonation *is*, and I have received the resulting self-development—the best reward and usually the only one which any very unusual study is sure of. And yet, in encompassing this field of science and in simplifying and systematizing in ways in which others have not done, I have hoped to render good service to any who may give their attention to this important field of work. But I have not yet put my results in the form in which I hope to see them.

No one can realize the incompleteness of this serial more

than I. The title, in fact, was scarcely well chosen, but I thought that perhaps the articles might secure more readers thus than under a heading more according to my own heart. Among the many threads which had to be dropped, here is a query which may arise: Does not the recognition of the Septal element add greatly to the number of tones required for music? Yes, quite a number, in strict theory, though not as many as might be supposed. But it adds none at all to the 53-system, which well represents perfect tune; for the same 53 tones per Octave would be required if there were no Septal element. The approximate Septal intervals in almost every case are there identical with certain non-harmonic Quincal intervals which exist in music. Thus the minim Third, 6:7, is made identical with the augmented Second, in the minor scale, 64:75; the small Fifth, 5:7, with the sharp Fourth, 32:45, etc The real differences in these and other cases are four nils. No complete and practical system could obviate the Septal compromises; and there are even reasons why it is not desirable to do so, though we would prefer to have the Septal element wholly pure. This element, however, is the real musical rationale of all augmented and diminished intervals, as well as that of the dominant Seventh chord itself; and this point needs an essay.

Another thread and one which I may take up again in these pages, is the objection of some acousticians that this philosophy of music is "merely numerical," not physical, like acoustics; and perhaps some will even rank it among the numerical philosophies which modern science has exploded. But it may be remembered that mathematics itself is a "merely numerical" science, and this is just what this philosophy of music is—a branch of mathematics, most truly so. Mere numbers, without acoustics at all, supply these laws as truly as Newton found the "merely numerical," that is mathematical, law of gravitation. I do not know as he or any one ever found the why and wherefore of it; he determined simply the *law* by which it acted, and this was the great and conclusive proof of the Copernican theory of the solar system. I have nothing against acoustics, as a physical science—though I confess that there is

much in it too speculative to interest me deeply—but as a *musical* science I do not appreciate it as highly as others appear to. It can account for the musical character of the major chord finely, but has to be excused from accounting for that of the minor chord -because its very principles of explaining the major not only do not explain the minor, but would make it wholly unmusical. And yet the latter is so willful that it will be where the music is! In some other space, the numerical rationale of the minor chord may be taken up.

Music, practically considered, will of course always have to be more or less imperfect in intonation, partly for reasons well understood and partly for reasons inherent in the nature of music, as I have attempted to show, and hope not to be too much misunderstood. But we want to know what our existing uncial system really is, what it is good for, and what it is not good for.

As to the orchestra and its instruments of unfixed tones, the very thing which some may think I ought to have discussed largely in these papers, I have slighted them altogether. Violins, trombones, etc., will therefore please continue to play just as they have been doing! I may do a little to *in*form, but I do not attempt to *re*form. Not even such true intonation as the 53-scale is possible in the orchestra, which, however, will often be very harmonious in some passages, which more easily admit of it, but will be worse than uncial in others. But of course there are orchestras and orchestras. Violins etc., as well as voices, might, however, be more nearly according to natural tune, if we did not so constantly hear the uncial Thirds.

[THE END]

JAMES PAUL WHITE.

READING FOR THE MUSICAL-LITERARY CLUBS

MUSIC IN NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST AMERICAN ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO PSALMODY.

UP to the year 1770 the psalmody of New England had been wholly imported from the mother country. But in that year there was published in Boston a collection of tunes called "The New England Psalm-Singer; or American Chorister. Containing a number of Psalm-tunes, Anthems and Canons. In four and five Parts. (Never before published.) Composed by William Billings; a native of Boston, in New England. Matt. 12:16.—'Out of the mouth of Babes and Sucklings hast Thou perfected Praise.' James 5:13.—'Is any Merry? Let him sing Psalms.'

'O, praise the Lord with one consent,
And in this grand design
Let Britian and the colonies
Unanimously join.'"

In this book we have, so far as is known, the very first original contribution to American music. Its author was born in the year 1746 and died in 1800. He was, by occupation, a tanner, uneducated so far as all higher literary and æsthetic culture were concerned, but with a native force of character and independence of thought which made him a powerful determining factor in the development of New England music. His musical activity was the result of a natural love for music, stimulated by the experience in the singing schools and choirs of his native city. Impelled by native inward forces to original production, he first modeled on the more elaborate English tunes he knew, then made himself familiar with such rules of composition as were

within his reach, probably Tansur's "Musical Grammar" mainly, and poor enough it was, but only to throw them aside as mere pedantic rubbish of little use to a man who had anything to say and wanted to express himself freely. He boldly proclaimed the supremacy of the composer's imagination over the rules of the theorists, and launched out into the composition of anthems and "fugue-tunes" in a more or less elaborate contrapuntal style. Considered from the standpoint of artistic excellence, his work was exceedingly crude. Even he came to perceive this to a certain limited extent soon after he had published his first book. But the Boston singers of that age were not critical in such matters. Discrimination in matters of musical taste they had not yet attained to. But they could and did see and feel the original force of the man, the fire and power of his enthusiasm, the swing and "*go*" of his melodies, the native vigor, crude though it was, which characterized all he did. So Billings became the most popular composer, singing-school teacher and choir-leader in all New England. From him came a new and powerful impulse which redoubled the force of the movement toward the new and away from the old; and led to incalculable results. What music in New England would be to-day if it had not been for William Billings, the ignorant, uncultivated tanner, whose music was full of parallel fifths and octaves, we cannot even imagine; but it certainly would not have been what it is now, and would probably be in a considerably less advanced stage than it is.

Of course a host of imitators and of lesser men followed in the path he had broken out. Among them were Jacob Kimball, Oliver Holden (author of the still popular tune "Coronation"), Samuel Holyoke, Daniel Read, Timothy Swan and many others whose names need not be here enumerated. There are many now living who have heard their fugue-tunes and anthems sung when it was still the fashion for the tenors to sing the air and the women to sing "counter," and the generation which assisted in this is not yet wholly passed away. Some of the tunes of these composers still hold their places in our hymn-books and the impulse they gave has by no means spent its force.

CHAPTER IV.

AMERICAN PSALMODY FROM THOMAS HASTINGS TO MOODY AND SANKEY.

Early in the present century there was in Boston a group of men who exerted a remarkable influence on the church music not only of their own generation but of succeeding generations up to the present. Indeed it is impossible to set a limit to the results of their influence. So long as Puritan and New England traditions retain their force, it is not improbable that musical impulses so intimately connected with those traditions may continue to be felt.

The oldest of these men was Thomas Hastings (1787-1872). Like most if not all of his compeers, he was first and foremost a religionist of the Puritan type and only secondarily a musician. He was an able and efficient singing school teacher and a composer of hymn-tunes sufficiently correct in style and popular in character. He can hardly be said to have possessed any powerful originality, but his tunes became popular, he was highly esteemed as a man and as a musician and attained a wide reputation. He compiled several books of psalmody and wrote "A Dissertation on Musical Taste," a book which exercised a wide influence which might have been more beneficial if it had not been for the limitations of its author's training and experience. It is based on the narrow view that the Art of Music has no right to an independent existence apart from its subserviency to divine worship. Hastings condemns not only instrumental music and the opera, but even the oratorio, as not directly productive of religious results. He seems to have greatly enjoyed the "Messiah," especially the "Hallelujah Chorus" and he admits, rather grudgingly, that "under certain circumstances it fills us with such overpowering emotions of grandeur and sublimity as are sometimes favorable to religious impressions of a more deepened and permanent character;" but he seems to have been of the opinion that the simple and decidedly weak psalm-tunes furnished by himself and his colleagues were more conducive to religious edification and godly piety than the sublime strains of Händel!

To Hastings' mind nothing in the world was of any serious importance compared with religion, as religious doctrine and experience was understood by him and by the community in which he lived.

The idea of regarding any form of Art or Literature or Science as having any relation to human interests at all comparable to religion was wholly foreign to his mental habits and training. But, within his limitations, which were equally those of the people he addressed, he was an efficient worker in the cause of music, a leader and inspirer of the people, an upright and lovable man, to be respected and honored.

Contemporary with Hastings were Lowell Mason (1792-1872), George James Webb (born 1803), and Nathaniel D. Gould (1789-1864). Mason's work as teacher and educator was so important as to require a separate chapter. Webb was an Englishman by birth, but came to Boston in 1830, became one of the founders of the Boston Academy of Music, and was associated with Dr. Mason in his most important educational work. He was one of the earliest conductors of oratorio and symphony in Boston and for many years occupied a place in the foremost rank of vocal and piano teachers in that city. After forty years of service in Boston he transferred his work to a new field, going to New York in 1870.

Gould was a successful teacher of singing schools in which he is said to have had more than fifty thousand pupils. He published a number of collections of hymn tunes.

Since the generation represented by Hastings, Mason, Webb and Gould, there have been innumerable composers, adapters and compilers of books of psalmody. How many of them have made original contributions of permanent value to the world's stock of sacred music time alone can decide; but it is certain that many of them have exercised no small influence on the masses of church-going people and have succeeded in awakening and retaining popular interest for more than a generation.

Among these popular writers stand out prominently Benj. F. Baker (born 1811), William B. Bradbury (1816-1868), Isaac B. Woodbury (1819-1858), George F. Root

(born 1820 and still living), Luther O. Emerson (born 1820), Horatio R. Palmer (born 1834), A. N. Johnson (born 1825), Henry S. Perkins (born 1833), Wm. O. Perkins (born 1831), P. P. Bliss (1838-1876), and Ira D. Sankey. All of these men have contributed a large number of tunes to the Psalmody of their time; all of them have been active workers in the musical field they have chosen. and all have been successful.

The most original of them, as regards the natural gift of melody, is George F. Root, who has been for a whole gen eration a prominent figure not only in American Psalmody but in American Popular Song. Like most of his compeers in the field of psalmody, he was a New Englander by birth, educated in a Massachusetts district school and in the old fashioned New England Singing School, the value of which, as regards the fundamentals of music, is not to be lightly estimated. His natural musical gifts were not small, he made the most of his opportunities at his home in Sheffield, and when he was eighteen years old, he went to Boston, determined to profit by all the advantages of the greatest intellectual and musical center of the country. He was an earnest student and soon became an equally earnest and efficient teacher and choir leader. He was connected with Dr. Lowell Mason's classes for some time, afterwards going to New York and continuing there the same kind of work to which he had devoted himself in Boston. In 1830 he spent a year in Europe in musical study, and on his return began that career as a composer of popular music, both sacred and secular, which has made his name a household word all over the United States. He was long associated with Mason and Bradbury in the production of music books, and he became widely known as a convention leader.

In 1860 he became one of the founders of the music publishing house of Root and Cady, in Chicago, and entered upon an honorable business career which lasted until the crippling of the firm by the great fire of 1871.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

TRAINING THE VOICE.

WHILE each voice differs from every other voice, just as each individual differs from every other individual, still there are some fundamental principles that are true for all voices. The practical application of these principles is work for the studio, but the main outlines can be put down in black and white. The time when it was held that all voices could be taught by a "method," just as they cast those plaster statuettes that our Italian friends peddle from house to house, is happily passing away. Teachers now realize that it is by a careful study of each individual and applying general laws to concrete cases that real progress is made.

The first thing that should be impressed on the pupil is that there is no mystery about training the voice. There are no Genii of the Vocal Lamp who at the command of some Wizard Teacher will transform the raw pupil into a finished artist. It is only long, unremitting, intelligent work that does this. Whose work? Your work, you students. The voices are in your throats, the future before you is yours, the life you are living is your life, and unless your whole heart and soul are in it, your progress will be nothing, you will never accomplish anything. What is the limit of power of the greatest teacher who lives or who ever lived? To direct the growth and development of what is in you. He cannot make anything himself. Your voice, your character are something put into you by a power beyond his reach. The utmost he can do is to develop the material brought to him, and he is at the mercy of his pupils. A stupid or a disobedient student can render valueless the most careful work of the best teacher. It is by the intelligent, earnest coöperation of the pupil that the teacher can show his power. Then indeed the results may seem little short of marvellous. But you students must each of you put deep down in your hearts the fact that at least half the

responsibility is yours, and that you can easily spoil all your teacher's work. He is like the coach of a college crew. For months he has watched the boys in the gymnasium, carefully looked to all their work that they should not overdo, yet should develop their bodies to the very highest point of power. Has watched them in the tank, showed them all the intricacies of using the oar that they might get the full return for all the power expended. Has followed them in the launch when they were ready for work on the river, studying the style and possibility of every fellow until he knew them far better than they knew themselves. At last he brings them to the starting point "trained to the minute" and able to race for their lives. But all this time who has been doing the work? Whose brawn and bone will win the race? Without the guiding mind of the coach a good half of all this energy would have been wasted and they would have stood no chance of winning. But when the boys finally line up for the start it is no longer the brain of the coach, but the skill and strength of the boys in the boat, that will win.

That is what your teacher has been doing. Making as careful a study of you as was possible. Learning your strong points and your weak ones, what you are fitted to do and what you are not. But all this knowledge on his part is useless unless you heartily second him. If you do earnest study under the direction of an inferior man you will make improvement. But if you loaf and shirk under the instruction of a great master,—you might just as well not study.

The mechanical part of singing, the technique, is physical training. You vocalize because certain muscles are performing their appointed functions. Getting intelligent control of them and exercising them until they are strong and hardy to stand heavy work:—that is physical training and goes by the same laws. If you wish to build up your body you enter a gymnasium, and after an examination by the director you begin work on the apparatus, systematically to strengthen your weak places, being careful never to overdo. You know well that there is no forcing process by which you can suddenly increase your biceps a half inch.

You know that any foolish exercise with heavy weights may njure you for life. In short, common sense, even without a director, would tell you something of how to use a gymnasium. You may just as well apply common sense to learning how to sing. There is no forcing process here except at the risk of ruining the whole machine. If in the gymnasium one fellow can "chin" himself fifteen times and you can but five,—what are you going to do about it? If some one blessed with an unusually good voice can take some difficult song and sing it at once, will you ruin your voice by trying to do that immediately, or will you carefully go to work and learn how to do it, waiting until you are ready before you try?

That some one has a better voice to begin with should give you very little concern. For a voice does not make a singer. In fact an unusually beautiful voice in a young student is many times a hindrance. The first part comes so easily, such a pupil wins so much applause, and so great predictions are made for his future, that he does not always realize the enormous amount of labor it takes to cross that skeleton strewn chasm which stretches between the "promising pupil," and the "artist." Many times the pupil with a good natural voice, brain, and determination fights his way safely across, while the other is left stranded in the morass. Mme. Nordica is a case in point. She came from Maine to Boston and studied in one of the conservatories without attracting more attention than many other girls. She worked doggedly away for several years and made for herself a good local reputation. But that was nothing to her ambition. Then she was engaged to travel with Gilmore's Band and went with them to Paris, making a good success but nothing extraordinary. Before her mind there had always been one goal—opera. Finally she made up her mind to leave half measures and stake everything on her belief in herself. So she left Gilmore, against the most earnest desire of her friends, who could not strongly enough condemn her giving up a well won position for "something she was entirely unfitted for." But she went to Milan, made her debut in opera and until the last few years

fought her way against criticism enough to have forever broken the spirit of an ordinary woman. The first time she sang in Boston in opera, the people and critics instead of welcoming her with pride fairly flayed her alive. It was not until she had made a success abroad and came here "under proper auspices," that she received her due. It takes something beside voice to do that.

People somehow seem to feel that singing is a gift and that all that you have to do to sing is just open your mouth and sing. The temperament of an artist and the vocal chords so formed that they give out beautiful tones, they in truth are gifts from nature. But the knowledge of how to use these gifts that their utmost possibilities may be realized—does this come without thought and infinite pains? The manual dexterity of the artist, that without which his noblest conceptions are valueless because he has not the means to express them, to that must he give his unremitting toil so long as he lives. Michel Angelo, the Masterworkman of them all, when on his death bed made Vasari promise to burn all his sketches, that the world might never know how he had slaved for that power of expression which seemed so spontaneous. This Vasari religiously did, to the immence loss of art, and his own sorrow. But he has said that in all those sketches, more than a thousand, there was scarcely a line that was not redrawn at least once, and some a hundred times.

Mme Patti was perhaps the most perfect vocalizer this world has known, and of her Mme Rudersdorff said:—"They call it a gift! They have no conception of the amount of time and thought she has given to the running of scales alone. If there were more workers like Patti there would be more singers."

Then as has been said, the three requisites for making an artist are, first, work; second *work;* third WORK. But there is something else to be added. Mere work amounts to nothing. It is always *intelligent* work that counts. Pupils are apt to think that if they are studying with some well known teacher and practice his exercises a certain number of times each day that they are necessarily making pro-

gress. That does not follow at all. It is never the quantity but always the quality of work that benefits. It is not what you do but how you do it.

Take the young student with a fresh untrained voice, and almost the first question to be decided is that of home practice. If the teacher can convince the pupil that only the quality of practice done will bring any improvement, then fortunate are both of them. It seems almost paradoxical to say so, but in the beginning the less practice done away from the studio, the faster the progress. For the young pupil cannot yet in the nature of things understand just how the teacher wishes him to work, nor can he tell whether he has done correctly. Among the most common complaints of the pupil is, "I dont know whether I sang this right or wrong, but it didn't feel as it does down here." That uncertainty is inevitable, and so long as it continues any home practice is of doubtful benefit. If they practise incorrectly they help fasten bad habits on themselves. If they do not know whether they are singing correctly or not, then they surely are making no definite improvement, and the chances of their doing just as they should are so few compared with the opportunities for going wrong, that by far the safer way is not to sing at all at home until the pupil has the teacher's ideas so well digested that he is sure of doing his work properly. This, alas, is the ideal state, and not often attained in this country for a variety of reasons, principal among which is our wild rush to get ahead "where I can at least make enough to pay for my lessons." So the teacher has to govern himself by circumstances. And all through the student years nine out of ten practise too much. An hour's actual singing in a day is a good allowance, an hour and a half is the limit that any student can sing with safety, anything more is fraught with great danger. The evils of insufficient practise are purely negative. It may be that the pupil could stand a little more pushing, but better a fresh healthy voice even if it took a few months longer, than run the risk of a strain that might take years to remedy. The evils of over practice are of the most positive nature. One fellow came to Florence with a

truly superb basso, a little crude and rough, but with a strength and richness of timbre that made its possibilities almost unlimited. He began with one of the teachers, but glorying in his own strength he soon tired of the slow beaten path, and finally engaged an accompanist, left all systematic instruction and started to make a singer of himself on his own plan of unlimited work. He followed this joyously for a year or more until he brought on "relaxation of the vocal chords," and had to give up singing for a year to get his voice back where it was when he started.

As it does not take a great amount of practice in the beginning neither does it take a great number of exercises. It all lies in how you sing some few simple things, not in the number of things you can "sing at." When I first went to Vannini I did not sing a note outside his studio for five months, and he wrote all the exercises I used on one side of a sheet of music paper. The first thing a pupil should learn is to sustain a solid, full, round tone. That is the foundation of all good singing. The embellishments, runs, trills, arpeggios, and what not, must be based on that absolutely. It does not take a great many books of exercises to teach that. In fact the fewer and simpler the exercises the better, since the pupil can concentrate all his attention on the proper giving of the tone.

There are three things to be done to lay a proper foundation. Teach the student to make a square attack, sustain the tone easily but solidly, and end exactly on the key without letting the voice drop back. When a pupil has begun to grasp those three principles, he has begun to learn how to sing, even if he does not know a single *vocalise* by any one of the celebrated teachers. But if he knows by heart all the exercises ever written and cannot sing one good tone, —what has he learned that will ever benefit him. From the very first lesson stress should be put on "naturalness." Teaching the voice is very largely a mental process. You cannot take the throat as you may the fingers on the piano, hold it just as you wish and show the pupil by ocular demonstration exactly what you mean. The voice is hidden away, and must be reached by explanation and metaphor

that appeal to the mind. Many teachers use explanations which viewed in cold blood by an outsider seem illogical, even absurd; but if they succeed in conveying some necessary truth to the pupil in such a manner that he can grasp it and put it into practice—why then they have served their end properly. So a goal should be held before the pupil for him to reach, and he will unconsciously move toward that. There is no keener pleasure to be drawn from the technical part of singing than from learning to sing with ease and freedom. The audience should always be made to feel that singing is not work but play. The foundation of that result in the artist should be begun with the first lesson the pupil takes. In every tone he sings emphasis should be placed on "naturalness" and ease. The moment he "forces" or sings in a labored manner he should be stopped. What he cannot do easily he is not yet ready to do. But by going by easy grades and keeping well within his power, never tiring the voice, he will always impress those who hear him with the ease with which he does everything. And by this freshness of the voice and careful direction he will more rapidly than by any other method learn how really to *sing* the most trying music. There are singers able to do the most difficult music, yet they go about it in such a way that hearers have an uneasy sensation that they surely will break on the next note. You may admire a man's skill, musicianship, and intelligence even if he sings in this manner, but there is very little unalloyed pleasure in listening to him. What a man can do at all he can learn to do easily.

The most natural of all sounds is the Italian ä. If you open the mouth, relaxing lips and tongue, then realize a tone it is ä. To give any other sound you must color this original sound by shaping lips and tongue. So the pupil should be taught to vocalize with this sound. The jaw must be relaxed, the body easily poised, head straight up, neither tipped forward nor back, eyes looking squarely ahead, then with a half smile, sing a tone right out just as if it were fun not work—and the chances are ten to one you get a good one. But pupils act in the studio just as the average man does in having his photograph taken. His head is rigid, his

jaw set, his eyes staring widely at something somewhere, his whole body constrained—and then he expects to give a graceful, round, rich tone. He must be limbered up first. The idea must be put into his head that if he sings for anything it is for pleasure. Get him to smile and feel a little nappy and he will sing on the instant. Too many teachers feel that to properly impress students with their importance they must make them feel as small and foolish as possible until the pupil doesn't dare do half he might for fear of ridicule if he makes a mistake. Better a dozen honest mistakes than this half hearted way of going at things. Mistakes can easily be corrected. Make pupils look forward to the lesson with pleasant anticipation rather then dread. A teacher who really knows something can put it in an attractive form just as easily as in a stupid one. Where a teacher is impatient of mistakes, dislikes to have any questions asked, and generally acts as though the pupil was receiving a great favor in being permitted to pay him for lessons, there is of course a possibility that he may be a genius, but the chances are that his powers of explanation are limited and his principle stock in trade his owl-like appearance of wisdom. The men of the broadest powers have always been the simplest and most accessible.

Some teachers prefer to use the sound *o* (long)—vocalizing. But in the long run that takes the resonance out of the voice. It may sometimes seem to make the quality more "velvety" for a time, but that is apt to degenerate into a "mooy" tone, with all the fire and warmth gone out. Another advocates *oo* which almost inevitably "closes" the tone until the richness is destroyed. Still another trains tenors on *il*, admitting that it is apt to give a "reedy" tone, but says that it is very carrying in a large place.

No. All these, instead of basing the growth of the voice on the natural, free sound *ä*, change the whole character by teaching it to sing holding lips and tongue in some particular manner. So usually the pupil can sing only in that way. One who vocalizes always on *o* (long) will make all vowels more or less like *o*, will never give a square *ä* or *ë*. But let him learn to sing on the open *ä* and to color that into

any other vowel is the simplest thing in the world. Then any one set way of doing things is almost always bad in that it developes mannerisms and "methods" which force the voice into some one channel, and away go ease and freedom. The *ä* does not do that because of the absolute freedom and relaxation of all the apparatus. If there be not entire relaxation you cannot produce an *ä*. If you start with ease and naturalness your aim, sing always joyously and because you want to sing, do not force your voice nor attempt music beyond your strength, then the chances are excellent for your reaching your goal. But if you fall into the hands of a "method" which places stress on any mechanical contrivance, or on any special manner of taking the breath, or the exercises of any particular man—why the outlook is bad. Learning to sing is simple. There is no mystery. It is like building anything slowly, carefully, one thing at a time and that well fastened before the next one is taken.

One more thing. Don't practise unless you feel like it. Work that you force yourself to do when not in the mood will almost without exception be poorly done. Each note that you sing incorrectly helps confirm you in previous bad habits, or to form new ones. Do not feel that you are not making progress unless you do so many minutes singing each day. If you do not feel like singing and keep silence, how much have you lost? But if you force yourself, sing incorrectly, find things that seemed clear and easy yesterday are all confused today, get discouraged and wonder if you are on the right track, how much progress do you think you have made? Keep quality, ever quality, before your eye. Quantity without quality has no value. You may do five minutes thoughtful practice when you "feel just like it" and everything will go right. You will get hold of something that, for a moment, gives you a glimpse of your limitless possibilities. You may work away for hours when things won't come and get farther and farther from where you wish to go each note you sing. The Italians have a wise old saying:—"*Chi va piano, va sano, e va lontano,*" which may be roughly rendered. "*He who goes carefully, goes safely, and goes a long way.*"

KARLETON HACKETT.

THE WALTZ KING.

THAT was an interesting jubilee which was celebrated last year in Vienna, marking the fifty year period of the great waltz composer, Johannes Strauss. The fascinating Vienna Waltz is one of those forms of music which recall the case of Topsy, who "just growed." It had to come—and it came. Who made it first it is not easy to say; but along about 1820 there was a composer of dances in Vienna named Joseph Lanner, who was in the habit of furnishing dance music upon occasion, with the help of three other players, the combination being a string quartette. The viola player in this quartette was named Johann Strauss. This was not the Strauss of "The Merry War" and the household dances which the world knows so well, but his father.

"Musical composition," says the present Johann Strauss, "was much easier in those days than it is today. In order to write a polka one had no occasion to study the whole range of musical literature, like a patent office examiner in search of "interferences;" nor was it necessary to read up in systems of philosophy. It was enough if a composer had a good idea in his head." Many examples the younger musician gives of the facility with which Lanner and the older Strauss composed. Often it happened that Lanner had promised a new dance for the evening, which late in the afternoon had not been written. No doubt it happened more than once that new ones were improvised upon the spot, the musicians following the first violin, accompanying by the grace of God. This would not be so difficult as it might sound.

Schubert was writing Vienna waltzes about the same time. Examine the structure of his beautiful little pieces. In the first strain there are rarely more than tonic and dominant chords. Occasionally the subdominant is put in. In the second period there are certain modulations and se-

quences, but these also tend to fall within well defined limitations. Thus it is not wonderful that four players, all clever, might be able to follow almost any new dance played by the first violin, and accompany with spirit if not, at first attempt, with precision. Particularly when the viola happened to be in such clever hands as those of the elder Johann Strauss.

Lanner's waltzes, galops, and landlers resounded throughout the Vienna world. But upon one occasion he happened not to be ready with a new dance promised for an evening. Upon the morning he sent a note to the clever violist saying: "Dear Strauss: Do try and have an idea for tonight." Strauss had the idea, and the new waltz was played prima vista by the wide awake band. This was the beginning. The pupil had many ideas. The quartette was increased to a small orchestra. Then by the usual process of segregation it divided, and where there was one orchestra before there were now two, and the director of the new one was Johann Strauss. And presently the fame of the pupil exceeded that of his master, and the name of Strauss became synonymous with the Vienna waltz.

In 1837 the orchestra of the old Strauss visited other parts of Europe, and made a great success everywhere. From France, Strauss carried back to Vienna an innovation, the quadrille—a French dance. And in this new vein he also distinguished himself. Strauss married the daughter of a small innkeeper, and she gave him three sons, of whom the oldest was also called Johann Strauss, born Oct. 25, 1825. Joseph, born 1827, died in Warsaw, 1870; and Edward, born 1835. The entire number of the published works of Johann Strauss, senior, reaches more than 250, filling seven large volumes in the complete edition lately brought out. They consist of waltzes, marches, galops, and potpourris—all having in them elements of originality and charm.

Johann Strauss, the present waltz king, succeeded to the direction of the orchestra upon the death of his father, in 1849. Here he began that productiveness which has carried his fame beyond that of Johann the elder, since the productions of the younger are more pleasant and charming. More-

over it happened to him more than once to set an example of novelty, as when he produced his world-wide favorite, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," which was written for mannerchor and orchestra, and in a sense marked as peculiar a departure for waltz composition as Beethoven's much discussed "choral symphony" marked in a higher plane. Among the other more noted of his waltz compositions are "Sounds from the Vienna Woods," "Artist Life," and many others reaching an enormous total—dance melodies which have been played in all countries, and have carried delight and inspiration to men and women all over the world.

In 1863 Johann Strauss married the singer, Miss Jetty Treffz, and resigned the direction of his orchestra to his brothers, Joseph and Edward. He had before this, however, made many tours over Europe, carrying his orchestra as far as St. Petersburgh, and everywhere being received with acclaim.

After his marriage he entered upon a new career as composer of light opera. And although he experienced the usual adverse criticism from those who admit but slowly that a composer may possibly be able to distinguish himself in a new field, his success has been not less world wide than that of his career as composer of waltzes. His operas are: "Indigo," 1871; "The Carnival in Rome," 1873; "The Bat," 1874, translated and produced at Paris as "La Tsigane," 1877; "Tagliostro," 1875; "Prince Methusalem," 1877; "Blindekuh," 1878; "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," 1880; "The Merry War," 1881; "A Night in Venice," 1883; "The Gypsy Baron," 1885; "Simplicius," 1887; and "Ritter Pasman," 1892.

These works have many of them been heard in this country and some of them have enjoyed long seasons of popularity. Strauss has created a new species of light opera, in which his melodious dances intermingle with much music of a more serious kind, and many of the finales are extremely well worked and effective. In fact they belong to a higher order of light opera music than as yet has succeeded in gaining the permanent attention of our music lovers.

Perhaps no one has written more appreciatively and at

the same time more intelligently and discriminatingly concerning the Strauss waltz and its place in art than Mr. Henry T. Fink, in "Famous Composers and their Works." He attributes the creation of the Vienna waltz to Schubert, for it is in these delightful works that the first traces of the newer qualities are found. But Schubert's waltzes are in chains of ten, fifteen, or more links and there is no rounding up of a form as a whole, but each link is independent of all the others. With Strauss, on the other hand, there is a dreamy introduction, often hinting at the leading motives of the coming dances, in a dreamy voluptuous way; and at the end there is a finale, in which all the motives of the work are brought together in a manner almost symphonic.

Nor are these works carelessly instrumented. On the contrary, as Mr. Fink says: "As the younger Johann's waltzes ceased to be a mere accompaniment to dancing and assumed the function of interpreting the thoughts and feelings of the lovers as they are whirled along imparadised in one another's arms, his harmonies became more and more piquant and novel, his instrumentation more tender, refined dreamy and voluptuous. Berlioz, himself, in orchestrating Weber's superb "Invitation to the Dance" has not shown greater genius for instrumentation than Strauss has in his later waltzes. It might be said that whereas Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven built up the symphony from dance forms, Strauss conversely applied the symphonic resources of the orchestra to his dance pieces. Their number is enormous—440 is the opus number of the "Gross-Wien" waltz, the last one printed up to the end of 1891."

The Jubilee mentioned in the beginning took place last autumn at Vienna. Space does not suffice for more than mention of its main features. Beginning with a performance in the Royal Opera House, there was a new ballet specially composed by Strauss for the occasion. The boxes contained distinguished musicians and patrons. There was a prologue, after which a festival overture by Fuchs, founded on motives from the opera of Fledermaus, was played by the Philharmonic orchestra. Alfred Grunfled played his morceau upon the Persian March, the Blue Danube

waltzes were sung and played, and there was festivity in plenty. In the afternoon a concert by the Strauss orchestra, led by Edward Strauss. But the main festivity took place at the Strauss residence. Only the delegated guests were admitted. Among them were Brahms, Hanslick, Fuchs, Brull, Renard, Grunfled, Gericke, Goldmark, Goldschmitt, Kreuser, Tilgner, and many others. Aaronson was there from New York with a great silver wreath from the American admirers of the waltz king. There was a telegram some yards long of congratulations from a musical society at Prague, signed by the members in full, two thousand in all. And so on. And a fews days later the venerable musician conducted his *Fledermaus*, as perhaps his last appearance as conductor. "May he live long and prosper."

ETHELBERT CUTHWILL.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

WE have had a week of Sousa's band. The Auditorium was well filled all the time and towards the last very full. The playing was as usual—very clear, well managed, and satisfactory. The selections covered a wide range, from the Siegfried Death of Wagner to "The Band Came Back" by Sousa himself. To take the more important musical selections first, there was the Siegfried Death, already mentioned, the overture to "Tannhauser," the Prelude to Humperdinck's new opera, "Hansel and Gretel," and selections from the "Meistersinger." I only heard two of these: the Siegfried piece and the Humperdinck selection.

In the Siegfried death the playing was marvellous. The cleverness with which Mr. Sousa has managed to preserve as much as possible of the string effects was deserving of all praise; and the brass and leading wood-wind parts remain exactly as Wagner wrote them, and in all their fullness, having three tubas, for instance, where our orchestras play but one. The only part lacking was the harp. And the playing was extremely beautiful. The mellow brass, the carrying oboe, and the horns had each their part to something like perfection. Even in the most brilliant passages the brass stopped short of the crashing tone which transcends the limits of art and encroaches upon those of mere noise.

The Humperdinck prelude also was enjoyable, and I have no doubt that all the others of these serious pieces were equally so after their respective kinds.

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There was one night entirely devoted to compositions by Mr. Sousa himself. The entire list was as follows:—

Overture to D'Ennery's Drama, "Vautour," 1885
Suite, "Last days of Pompeii." 1893
a In the House of Burbo and Stratonici.
b Nydia.
c The Destruction.

Symphonic Poem, "The Chariot Race,"	1889
Soprano Solo, "I Wonder,"	1889
MISS MARIE BARNARD.	
Scenes Historical, "Sheridan's Ride,"	1891
Excerpts from Comic Opera, "Desiree,"	1883
"The Coquette,"	1888
March, The Liberty Bell,	1893
Violin Solo, Rondo Capriccioso,	
Miss Currie Duke.	
Humoresque, "The Band Came Back,"	1895

To these several others were added as encores, including several marches, etc.

When I say that this evening was very enjoyable, I testify in a most unmistakable manner to the general excellence of Mr. Sousa's work. For an evening by almost any composer, unless saved and steered by a dramatic story (as in the case of opera) is apt to be rather monotonous. Curiously enough the effort to select and bring together on one program a list of the very best almost inevitably leads to monotony. For in the selection it inevitably happens that the editor is influenced by certain tastes of his own, and liking one piece because it happens to fit his mood, he likes another because it resembles it, and so on; instead of liking it better because it is something entirely different. The best things on this list, I consider the overture to "Vautour," the selections from the comic opera "Desiree," and parts of Nos 2 and 5 of the Suite and Sheridan's Ride.

* * *

The Times Herald of May 26th contained the following, written probably by that accomplished journalist and experienced writer, Mr. L. B. Glover.

Bandmaster Sousa is the legitimate successor of Gilmore and owes his favor to the same qualities that endeared his spirited predecessor to the public. His range is along the popular side of music, and it is only within narrow musical limits that his influence can ever be felt. Within those bounds he is a king. In the brilliant fanfare of a military band he finds inspiration and the source of that enthusiasm which he imparts to an audience.

As Strauss was the accepted waltz king of his generation, so Sousa aspires to be the emperor of the march tempo. In selecting his career Mr. Sousa must understand that however popular a leader of such music may be he can never become a great musician. No man ever climbed to greatness upon the rhythm of a march or won a place upon fame's eternal camping ground with a quickstep.

During the past week there was ample opportunity to study Sousa's method and characteristics as a leader. Eight programs were given at the Auditorium during that period, and no doubt

they represented the leader's best ideas. If this be true he should revise those ideas in some particulars without delay. Semi-classic overtures and introductions are not suited to the combination of instruments made use of in a military band. Most of them depend for their color upon the strings, and as there is no substitute for strings in a military band, it follows that such selections have no meaning at all when pumped forth to the ta-ra-ra of a band in which brasses and clarionets predominate. There is plenty of bright music which may be arranged for a military band, and unless Sousa wishes to encourage a monotony of sound he will make search for it and give his perpetual marches and unfit overtures an occasional rest. So magnetic a leader may easily be led by popular applause to believe that whatever he does is the only thing that can be done. But this is a mistaken notion.

* * *

In my opinion these positions are faulty. In the first place it is doubtful whether Mr. Sousa aspires to be regarded as the emperor of the march tempo. Having made a great success with one or two marches, it was but natural that he should accept orders for more, particularly when promised the active co-operation of the publisher in creating popularity. But that Mr. Sousa is satisfied with his success in march composing is probably wide of the mark. He is ambitious in much more serious directions, as his works show.

Few musicians, if any, would concede the position that a first class modern wind band should forego arrangements and adaptations of orchestral works. On the contrary, in all parts of the world first class wind-bands make such arrangements a prominent part of their repertory. The work of a wind band is mostly done out of doors, where there is leisure to listen, but not place for string music to sound well. The band-master adapts orchestral works by replacing the string parts with clarinets, oboes, and saxophones, which are doubled many times over for the purpose. So cleverly do the arrangers do this work, that popular overtures make an admirable effect in wind music alone. Moreover, Gilmore used to play such things as the Adagio from Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique, and made a pleasing effect with it.

In fact the overtures and operatic excerpts were among the most highly prized parts of the Sousa repertory, as they were in Gilmore's and those of the French, German and other bands which have visited this country. Moreover, Sousa is not a band master, simply, but an excellent and

highly gifted musician, with much in him which has yet to come to light. This is a fair inference from his having achieved so much at his age.

In arranging programs a conductor has to bear in mind the imperative need of contrast—not alone for the sake of different tastes in the audience (though this consideration is of great weight) but still more for the very fundamental reason that music being largely an emotional enjoyment, or at least a sensory pleasure, relief is one of the fundamental conditions of that kind of active attention which enjoying music requires. Hence to make a program of light and fast music only, because these varieties are more popular, is merely to render the concert uniform in type and therefore monotonous. The slow and soft selections have an invaluable office in relieving the ear, even if they did not afford a new kind of pleasure. And from this point of view the introduction of such pieces as the Siegfried Death would have ample reason for being.

* * *

This kind of criticism upon Sousa's programs ignores another very important consideration, which is that in the case of Wagner we are speaking of a composer who illustrated the highest and noblest uses and possibilities of brass and reed instruments that have been reached as yet by any. Take the Siegfried Death. Here Wagner wrote for two tubas, instead of one as our orchestras have it; and the entire treatment of the brass and reeds is something exquisite. All these parts Sousa preserved unchanged; what he did in adapting was to arrange the string parts for his extra reeds. The result indeed lacks something for want of the strings, particularly in the climaxes and in that long shuddering unison which follows the two strokes of the clashing chords of the first motive of the march. But the life of this piece and its artistic character are mostly in the brass and reed voices, which Sousa gives us unaltered; and played with a finish such as orchestras can rarely reach, since there are no orchestras anywhere in the world able to retain such brass and reed players as the best dozen of Sousa's.

* * *

Sousa is much more than a band-master, or a later Gilmore. He is an accomplished all around musician, and a musical director of very rare gifts. He has the inestimable faculty of getting hearty co-operation from his men. And he gets unity and finish. His playing interests the public.

* * *

There is one point in Sousa's present course where he appears to me in danger of falling into a rut and of stepping short of what I think are his full possibilities. Perhaps I mean two points. First, his own readiness in granting encore numbers. This disarranges the program, and in my opinion loses more in artistic unity than it gains in pleasing. But upon this point I may be wrong. Mr. Sousa has bread and butter at stake, and he has probably studied the question from more sides than I have.

* * *

Another point is very curious to the musician. Accepting, for instance, the three grades of tonality as prevailing in our modern music, the diatonic, the chromatic, and the enharmonic, we find all folks song written in the diatonic mode. All of the music, or nearly all, of Handel is written in this mode; whereas most of Bach's is written in chromatic tonality. Beethoven uses what we might call the chromatic mode for his allegros, but in the slow movements deals primarily with diatonic, introducing the chromatic mode later for contrast. Wagner went further and did a very large business in enharmonic modes, the full force of which, so far as I know, has never been fully explained. Now Sousa cuts his first figure as a popular composer, and by natural instinct writes in diatonic mode, and seldom in anything else. The consequence is that his music soon exhausts the possibilities and therefore several of his marches are very similar. In my opinion he is more likely to fail at this point than anywhere else. With his quickness of musical fancy and his experience he must have tonal fantasy to a high degree; and this fantasy ought at times to take him into more remote regions than his compositions so far published explain.

When he attempts larger flights, such as "The Chariot

Race," for instance, he falls short in this point of harmonic range (for this is what it amounts to when you enlarge the key by the addition of its chromatic and enharmonic possibilities) and at the same time shows an imperfect technique in thematic treatment, whereby he is not always able to arrive at a climax, except by mere brute force, in piling up sonorities. It is no longer possible to develop a work in art and arrive at a really musical climax except by well considered harmonic march resting upon these latest resources of enharmonic change and contrast. When one is writing a march, therefore. he does not attempt a climax, in the strict musical sense; but simply piles up sonorities and gains relief by softer passages. But in a symphonic work the working out is imperative, and the composition appeals to an order of musical intelligence which will not accept mere noise for logical development of thought. And no matter whether a composer conducts before a picked audience of symphony hearers or a semi-popular audience of lovers of folks song, the principles of the form of art demand that the effect of a piece be reached legitimately, after its kind. And only in doing this will there be a true effect at all.

* * *

It is possible that the operas of Mr. Sousa may show him to be master in all these structural details. Still I should say from those of his works that he plays that this is the point where he is liable to fail.

* * *

Among the pleasant occurrences of our conservatory exercises is the children's concert occasionally given by the Chicago Conservatory. Such a one was given May 25th, with this program:

Sonatina for Piano and Violin — *Reinecke*
Moderato—Andante con moto—Allegretto
Lois Farnsworth and Ida Stein

The Pet Lamb — *Wordsworth*
Eugenie Eppenstein

The Kitchen Clock — *John Vance Cheney*
Lottie Boyd

Songs—*a* The Brook } *Julia Caruthers*
b June }
Louise Cady

Seein' Things at Night *Eugene Field*
Sarah Adler

ENTR'ACTE

Toy Symphony *Haydn*
Allegro moderato—Menuett—Allegro
Directed by Julia Lois Caruthers

Little Johny's Next-door Neighbor *Bret Harte*
Helen Hahn

The Dead Pussy Cat *Anon*
Ida Robinson

Scene de Ballet *Chas de Beriot*
Ray Groff

Pantomime—Cinderella
a After the Sisters have gone to the Ball
b Scene at the Court-ball
c The Glass-slipper—the Prince—and Well-a-day!
Music adapted from
Schumann, Delibes and Boccherini
Maud Caruthers

Naughty Zell *Anon*
Jamie Woody

There were three strong features here, besides the elocutionary ones, for which Miss Morgan is responsible. They were the songs of Miss Julia Lois Caruthers, the Toy symphony of Haydn, and the pantomime by Miss Maud Caruthers. The songs were very musical. The toy symphony contained the following appointment of instruments:

Piano, Gertrude House, Lois Farnsworth; First Violin, Ida Stein; Second Violin, Ray Groff; Violoncello, Rose Jacobsohn; Trumpet, Hilgard Young; First Bee, Umberto Young; Second Bee, Ruth Sherwood; Third Bee, Mary Healy; Cuckoo, Nanna Ostergren; Nightingale, Nellie Gaither; Cymbals, Willie Cady; Drum, Arrigo Young; Triangle, J. Lee Roth; Canary, Adele Deming; Quail, Bessie Swift; Cricket, Annie Ellery; Bell-tree, Annie Ulrich; Castanets, Ernest Eldridge.

The players were between the ages of eight and fourteen. A daughter of Prof. Jacobsohn, aged eleven played the cello. Here was a really musical work, light in character, well treated, and so full of fun and clever application of the instruments as to be artistic. It is easy to see that a piece of work of this kind will not soon be forgotten, and that the performers will ever after regard a real symphony played by a full orchestra from a very different standpoint from that of the average piano student. They have an idea how such a thing as a symphony is done.

The pantomime of the story of Cinderella was cleverly and charmingly done; and the music was cleverly adapted

to it and beautifully played by Miss Julia Caruthers.

In these performances it is easy to discover the presence of one prevailing and thoroughly musical personality—that of Miss Caruthers herself, whose work with children was illustrated charmingly at the Musical Congresses of the World's Fair, and again and again at the concerts of the Chicago conservatory. It is essentially the work of her uncle, Mr. Calvin B. Cady, but with something added of her very own. And lovely work it is, and fortunate are the children who have part in it.

* * *

Every year about the time the weather gets warm the teachers of the Musical College begin to dread their annual sifting of pupils for the public contests for prizes. The college possesses a very large number of distinctions of this kind, and among the most sought after are the medals for best piano playing in the three leading classes, the "teacher's certificate," the "graduating" and the "post-graduate" departments, respectively. The former, being an undergraduate grade, generally numbers from sixty to ninety members and the first thing is for the faculty to reduce the number to the individuals who may be considered as standing a fair show of gaining the prize. And since the contesting piece is generally a part of a concerto, the work amounts to hearing some forty or fifty youngsters play the piece, upon successive evenings, for a matter of three or four hours each evening. It is always a wonder to me how they ever arrive at anything like an exact valuation of the merits when there are so many to contest. But they seem to do it.

This season I had the pleasure of serving upon the board of judges in company with Messrs. Walton Perkins and Wilhelm Middleschulte. The first contest was made with the second and third movements of Rosenheim's concerto for piano, a rather mediocre work which none of the judges had ever before heard. The three players had good points, but the prize went to Miss M. Robyn a very pleasing young player, who bids fair to distinguish herself later.

The second contest was in the Hummell concerto in A

minor, first movement only. There were two ladies who played very well, and a young man who gave a really masterly performance of the work, with all the good qualities of schooling in it and much of his own also, such as tone quality and musicianly feeling. Of course he got the prize by unanimous judgment of the committee.

The third contest was in the Chaminade concert piece —a some what rhapsodical work, full of pleasing bits, but womanish to a degree. Here it was the second player, Miss Florence Wells, who obtained the coveted distinction.

Of all the performances that of the young man stood out as having in it that something which makes a musical work sound interesting and well done. The Hummel concerto under his fingers showed itself an excellent and very musical work, and never since the year when Mr. Maurice Rosenfeld took the prize here with the same work has it been so well played at the college.

* * *

And while I was noticing the quiet gentleman at the piano accompanying the Chaminade concert piece (Dr. Ziegfeld) I was thinking of this phase of professional position. Here we have one of the largest music schools in the world; and at the head of it a gentleman who while honored enough, perhaps, nevertheless does not hold in the estimation of the general public the honor which properly should appertain to his position. For consider what this means. There are about twelve to fourteen hundred music students here every year who look at Dr. Ziegfeld as not alone nominal head of a great college but as the very head center of its instruction. We make great account of President Harper, of the University of Chicago, and so we ought. But while President Harper rules the fortunes of about a thousand undergraduates, Dr. Ziegfeld rules the fortunes of nearly half as many more, placing this school in mere volume about on a par with Yale.

And in this connection there is one more point which deserves to be scored in Dr. Ziegfeld's favor, which is that he has here a veritable school, with esprit de corps, and a well knit system of instruction. There are flourishing con-

servatories here where music is well taught, too, which after all are nothing more than aggregations of private teachers. The class work either does not exist, or it it exists it is not compulsory and the school as such has no real being. The Chicago Musical College is not one of this kind; and it would be possible to make an entire change in its musical faculty without destroying its individuality and tradition. This when one reflects that it has no building of its own and no endowment funds, and has been run for twenty years as a private institution by the clever man who founded it and is still its head, is surely something which deserves to be recognized by all who wish the credit of knowing good things falling within their vision.

I have often differed from the College as to certain points of policy, but upon the points here mentioned the case is clear: as also is the further point of the generally high musical rank of its teachers. The piano faculty was never so large nor so capable as now; and never contained so many who have had the advantages of post graduate study abroad.

* * *

I had a call the other day from that energetic worker in music, Mr. Maro L. Bartlett, who was giving me some interesting particulars of the musical situation at Des Moines, Iowa. According to his experience, they have there quite a number of good orchestral players, and the vocal society is able to give its great works with orchestral accompaniment of about forty to fifty players, with representatives of all the essential instruments This is most encouraging, but there is another feature in the situation which is even more important. It is the increasing attention paid to the study of the violin and other orchestral instruments. They have in his school there some thirty or forty violin pupils, some of whom are said to play very well. I have noted the same relative abundance of violin pupils in several other schools, not alone our own in the city, where the presence of some of the first violin masters of the world naturally attracts talented and ambitious students, but in smaller places, such for example as Champaign, where Mr. Chas. W. Foster has a class of thirty or forty violin pupils.

Just as soon as we begin to have orchestras composed of young American players, we shall have entered upon the first chapter of our deliverance from the yoke of imported players. For while many of these gentlemen who come here to delight us with their musical gifts are most excellent people, an orchestra of young but competent American players would be a step nearer towards our national independence; and a little later the American conductor would begin to control players who could be addressed in the American language; and the American composer will have a fairer chance than he now has.

* * *

The approaching summer vacation finds Mr. Karleton Hackett in an agreeable frame of mind. Coming here less than two years ago after three years with the distinguished master, Vannini, of Florence, Mr. Hackett had his way to make. The extent which he has succeeded may be inferred from the following list of his engagements for next year. With the American Conservatory he will give song recitals from the classical and modern masters, and lecture upon song literature.

He is made director of the vocal department of the music school of the Northwestern University, at Evanston.

He will carry the vocal department of MUSIC.

He will conduct a department in Werner's Voice Magazine.

Besides these few employments he will take as many concert, and oratorio engagements as he can without neglecting these other branches of his work.

The best of it is with Mr. Hackett, that it seems to be deserved.

* * *

The Chicago Mendelssohn Club gave its first concert June 11, at Steinway hall. This club is an organization partly social and partly mäennerchor. The latter numbers about forty voices, of approved quality, including a number of professional soloists The officers of the society are, Messrs. J. H. Cameron, president, Pierce, secretary, and Frederic W. Root, musical director. Upon this occa-

sion they sang Mendelssohn's "The Hunter's Farewell," Lachner's "Hymn to Music," Rheinberger's "The Deserted Mill," and a couple of lighter pieces. The singing showed excellent quality of voices, careful study, and good shading. In short it was thoroughly commendable without anywhere rising to effects previously unheard. However it is not disrespect to a new clock that it does not show ability to strike more than twelve at the first attempt, in a time when so many other good time-pieces have struck twelve before. The Mendelssohn Club will afford its members a great deal of innocent pleasure which at periodical intervals will be extended to their friends and patrons. May it live long and prosper.

The solo attractions consisted of Mrs Genevra Johnstone Bishop, Messrs. Geo. J. Hamlin and Bicknell Young, and for instrumentalists Messrs. Max Bendix and Seeboeck. The former played Wieniawsky's "Faust" fantasia, and Mr. Seeboeck played some compositions of his own, the charming "Menuet Antique, No. 3." being most attractive. The audience was friendly in the extreme.

* * *

Mr. William H. Sherwood closed his season with a concert at recital hall, June 12th. The program contained the Grieg concerto, Schumann Quartette, etc.

The playing was magnificent, virtuoso in a very high degree, and full of artistic points. Speaking of virtuoso impressions I do not know that I have ever heard Mr. Sherwood play more magnificently than in a semi-private manner at the closing meeting of Mr. Derthick's west side Musical Literary Club. The piano was an ordinary upright, and not adapted to solo work of the grade put upon it; but in such tremendous tests as the Schubert-Tausig Military March and two other pieces Mr. Sherwood played in a most imposing and inspiriting style. On the present occasion the Raff march had some splendid work in it, as indeed had all the other numbers. Mr. Sherwood goes to Chautauqua and then to Europe for some months rest and travel.

W. S. B. M

THE NATURAL COURSE IN MUSIC.*

THE "aim of education is the perfection of character." While this in its full measure can come only as the last result of a well rounded life, the school stands in a vital and peculiar relation to it.

It has to bring the powers of attention under control, awaken and furnish elementary material for the intelligence, and by all possible means engender that condition of well regulated and healthy emotion upon which the sanity and operative force of conduct depend.

In this work music has a place of its own. In the mere attuning of the voices to the same melody, or to a melody, and its accompaniment, and in the sympathetic sweep of the rhythm, there is a modification of consciousness which brings the singers into a more plastic and, so to say, into a more congenial psychic state, in which at the same moment the intelligence is quickened and the feelings made more responsive and wholesome.

There is a still further benefit from singing, the unconscious education resulting from mental contact with pure and noble poetry combined with, and enforced by, equally pure and noble melody.

The third, and by no means unimportant, value of music in the school room we do not so much insist upon, inasmuch as up to the present very little of it has been experienced; namely, the awakening of fundamental musical concepts as such, and the foundation of taste and accomplishment in the art of music later. Nevertheless, taking the community as a whole, this last-named benefit cannot be ignored—the more especially as it might be secured without in any great degree impairing the success of the other two great ends of school singing.

Such being the possible range of school music, and so

*THE NATURAL COURSE IN MUSIC. Primer. Music Readers, Nos 1 to 5. Charts for school-room use, series A to H. By Frederick H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. Boston, New York, Chicago 1895, American Book Company.

delicate and internal the results to be accomplished by its use, it is easy to see that few parts of the educational apparatus deserve more care than the production of a set of music readers and a system of teaching intended to promote results so important.

In the Natural Course all these ends appear to have been taken into consideration, and the course as a whole intelligently disposed for securing them.

Certain novelties first strike us, on account of their technical bearing. The authors of this course appear to think (and very justly so) that the staff and key representation upon it need not be made so great mysteries as they often have been; and in a time when all intelligent children learn more or less of playing the reed organ or piano, it may be taken for granted that the staff is no longer to be reserved for the finishing stages of college life.

Accordingly we find in the earliest stages, upon the Charts of Series A, the full staff and several different keys almost in succession. These when first examined by teachers trained under usual methods of music grading appear abnormal and bold to the danger line. But upon analyzing the intentions of the authors, and the means whereby they propose to accomplish their work, they do not seem at all so uncertain. For example, we find upon the very first, or at least upon the second chart, the scale written in four different keys. Now these charts are intended for the first grade of primary instruction, and surely it does look hazardous if not impossible to present the pupils with the scale in four different keys, with signatures and all, at the very first lesson, or even within the first week or month. (In the absence of a manual for teachers, it is not possible as yet to say about how much time is supposed to be consumed before these many keys are called to the attention of the pupils.)

But let us look into this a little. Suppose, for instance, we have before us a class of children in the first primary grade. They range between six and seven years of age. Is it diffcult to have the children singing the scale by note within, let us say, two half hours of instruction? And will

it be found perceptibly more complicated and straining for them to sing the whole scale from do to do, than to sing three or four tones of it? Any one who has tried it will immediately admit that the full scale has a unity, and somehow reaches a place in the child's consciousness where it will fix itself as quickly and as surely as a mere half of it would have done.

When we have got the scale sung downwards, and upwards, as well as we can in the untrained condition of the tender voices (and of course softly all the time, and at moderate pitches) will it be much of a task in a couple of half hours more to secure a little exercise upon the scale, pointing meanwhile to the staff presentation of it? Is it not easy to see that almost by intuition the eye will catch the idea, that when the notes ascend the voice ascends, and vice versa. And while the concepts "up" and "down" have no necessary place in musical conception, the terms will readily commend themselves as associated with tension of the vocal chords, and with the sensation of tone as related to the resonance of the chest and head. There are a dozen little experiments which the teacher can try, even with children as small as these, whereby the concepts "up" and "down" will readily justify themselves.

Then let us suppose further that the scale is sung at two or three different pitches—all by imitation, or by first taking the new pitch, then by singing from it, as a melody. Will this be difficult? Surely not. Children can do it with perfect ease.

Now for the next step. When the children have sung the scale first from C, and then from D, will it be difficult to try and realize the pitch relation between the two positions of the singing? Surely not. And so we come to the method of our authors. After having sung the scale at different pitches, we then come to the more exact analysis of the relation of these two pitches. Starting from C, we sing Do-re. Stopping with the pitch re, we take that as Do, and sing the scale from that. Meanwhile we have this represented upon the staff. First in the key of C, the notes C, D; then the signature of two sharps, and the scale D

descending from the same D which had been re in the key of C. In like manner we have the scale of E beginning upon the pitch which had been mi in the scale of C; and F beginning upon what had been Fa in C.

At the same time that we have been forming an elementary idea of those relations in the minds of the pupils, they have had the inestimable advantage of seeing it illustrated to the eye upon the staff before them.

While we have transposed the scale, that bugbear of the older musical instruction, we have said nothing about it; for to transpose the scale is merely to sing it higher or lower and to write it as sung. The method of the writing and the reason for the sharps may need to be left for a later time; but the fact is plain enough, and the representation agrees so well with the inner nature of the fact that we need not grade by it.

Another peculiarity which runs all through these books and the accompanying charts is the idea that nothing is finished once for all; but that when once a child has gained a general idea of a certain fact, he must have something else to put with it; and only later come back again to compare this material of thought.

Hence the same elements of notation appear again and again, not alone in the Primer which is called into use in the second school year, but through all the readers of the grammar grades; and it may be even into the high school years—for this part of the Natural course is still *in petto*.

Speaking once for all concerning the practical value of these books in making good readers of music, it can be said that everything will depend upon the thoroughness with which the charts are used, and the care with which elementary principles are taught. After this it will be a matter of eye experience. Now the charts and the readers afford abundant and most excellent material for teaching all the essential fact of musical notation, from a singer's standpoint; and if good readers are not produced, upon the same principle as ducks swim, it will be entirely in consequence of a neglect of the oral part of the work and scientific training of the pupil in the individual musical concepts out of which

musical discourse is made up. Here no book can be more than a suggestion; it will be a matter for the teacher, and for the trained teacher. And the better musician he be, provided he be educator as well, the better will be the work accomplished through the application of the material.

Turning again from these the more technical aspects of the material of the Natural Course, we come to the examination of it with respect to the unconscious education of taste and feeling, both for poetry and music, dependent upon the quality of the material of both kinds, and the accuracy of their association.

Speaking in a general way it must be said that the Natural Course contains a quality of musical material the like of which has never before been embodied in any music for school use—so far as the knowledge of the present writer extends.

Melodies of the highest character are set to carefully chosen words, also by writers of eminence, generally of genius. So whatever there may be in this part of music's possibilities for unconscious training of the singer, these books are prepared to afford all the assistance possible.

Upon the technical side of material for reading music, the variety is very great, and the quality of material is rare. The junior editor, Mr. Tapper, an examiner in our highest American professional body, the American College of Musicians, is competent for his part of the work, and to his judgment and contrapuntal skill we are probably indebted for the generally high standard which prevails throughout this part of the system.

The senior editor, Mr. Frederic H. Ripley, is principal of one of the Boston schools, and a musical educator of esteemed rank. The general plan of the work and its pedagogic peculiarities are no doubt his.

Of the series as a whole one can only speak in terms of admiration. It is the best new series of school music books that has come under the observation of the writer. Much the best.

W. S. B. M.

A GROUP OF YOUNG PIANISTS.

FEW music lovers not living in a large city have an idea how many excellent pianists there are getting to be



Miss BLANCHE DINGLEY.

among the young. The early age at which the children of

the well to do take up the study of music, and the remarkable readiness of the American girl in everything musical, bring it to pass that fine players are extremely numerous, and the material of their playing is no less remarkable than the superior quality of their work, both as to technic and musical feeling and intelligence.

A young player now to be reckoned among professionals is Miss Blanche Dingley, the harpist, daughter of Frank L. Dingley, Esq. of the *Lewiston Journal* (Maine.) Miss Dingley has been a pupil of some of the best masters of the harp in the world, particularly of the Schuecker brothers, her last two years having been with Mr. Edmund Schuecker of the Chicago orchestra. She is now under contract as harpist with the Chicago Rivals, under the management of the Slayton bureau for next season. The following is one of her programs:



MR. HARRY EAMES.

Liszt	Consolation, no. 2
Wilm	Concerto in C minor (2d piano)
Schuecker	Schlummerlied
	(Dedicated to Miss Dingley.) Mazurka
Saint-Saens	Fantasie

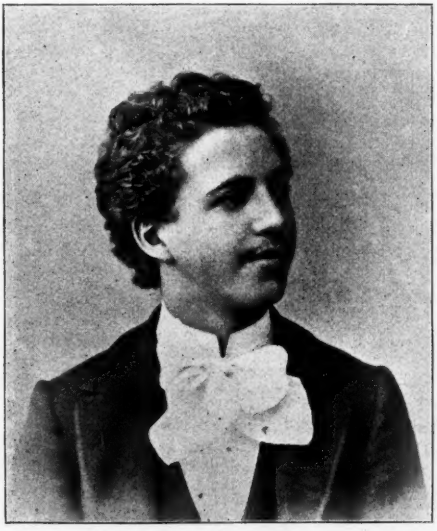
She is not less efficient as pianist, having had a large experience in chamber music, and numbering among her teachers such well known names as Messrs. E. A. MacDowell of Boston, Ferrucio Busoni, Barth of Berlin, etc. The following program sufficiently illustrates her range:—

Bach	Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue
Beethoven	onata in D major, opus 10
Schumann	Romance in F sharp
	Novelliette in D
Liszt	Liebestraume No. 3
	Waldesrauchen
Chopin	Fantasia in F minor op. 49

Another example, also to be counted a professional, is Mr. Harry Eames, who came to Mr. W. S. B. Mathews at the age of about twelve. He has a very sympathetic touch and great emotional capacity for music. His piano lessons came to an end when he was about sixteen, college studies interfering. Later he had some lessons of Mr. William H. Sherwood. Mr. Eames has been about two years "upon the road," having served the last season as pianist in the Remenyi company. A program played by him was this:—

Bach	Prelude and Fuge II. C minor
Beethoven	Sonata. Op. 13.
Grieg	Peer Gynt Suite
Sindig	Study in F major
Raff	La Fileuse
Chopin	Prelude 15
	Waltz, C Sharp
	Nocturne in G
	Etude No. 12
Bizet	Minuet
Liszt	Rhapsody Hungroice

Mr. Louis Elbel, of South Bend, Ind., is the splendid young player who took the prize as best pianist in the graduating class of the Chicago Musical College, his number being the first movement of the Hummel A minor concerto. Mr. Elbel is now only about seventeen years of age. He had one year of instruction from Ernst Perabo of Boston. He came to the Musical College upon the *Inter Ocean* scholarship, awarded him for solving a musical puzzle last year. There is a poetic justice in this little fact which for once is pleasing.



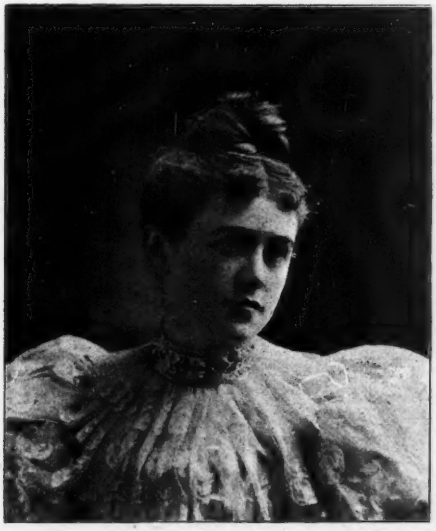
MR. LOUIS ELBEL.

As might naturally be expected the class of Mr. Emil

Liebling contains many fine players, and the tendency is towards a constant elevation of the standard, through the unvoidable action of emulation and the musical help experienced by his pupils from membership in The Liebling Amateurs, a society composed of his pupils, which gave only lately their one hundred and twenty-eighth recital. Allowing each recital to have included but six or eight pieces of music (a very low estimate) this would represent a very large repertory of pieces. From among his present list of pupils we have three prominent illustrations of the principle mentioned at the beginning, namely, of a high standard of attain-



Miss JENNIE EVELVN MUNN.



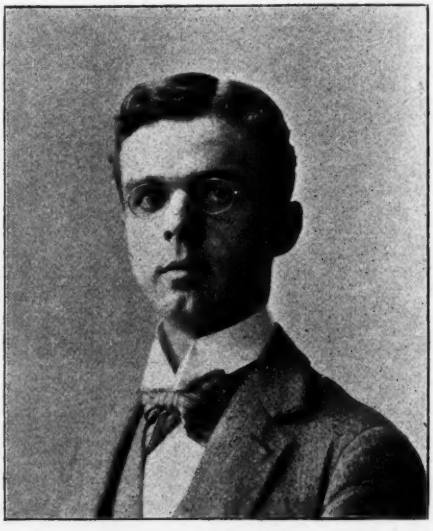
Miss MAUD JENNINGS.



Miss MYRTLE FISHER.

ment numerously represented. First on the list is Miss Jennie Evelyn Munn, daughter of Col. D. W. Munn, the well-known lawyer. A young lady of remarkable talent, she excels in delicate finger work, has a remarkably quick and retentive memory and is also a quick sight reader. She includes in her repertory the Chopin F minor Concerto, the Wagner Magic Fire Scene, Concert Tarantelle by Whitney, Schumann Faschingsschwank, etc.

Another very well known young pianist in his class is Miss Maud Jennings, a Chicago girl, and a very intelligent musician. She has an exceptionally finished technique, crisp touch, combined with delicacy and

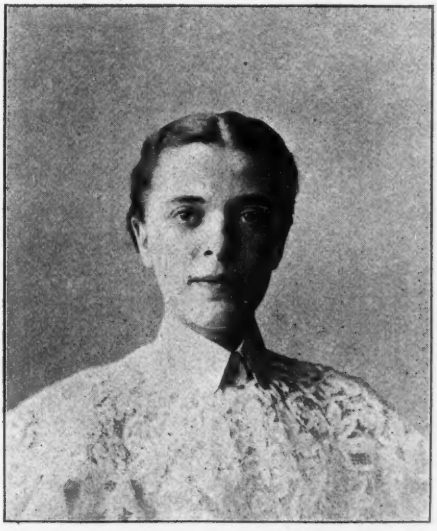


Mr. HOWARD WELLS.

power. She is a prominent member of the Chicago Ladies Amateur Club.

A young pianist who lately played a very effective program at Kimball hall, is Miss Myrtle Fisher. She unites breadth of technique and mature conception with musical qualities of a high order.

If the list of promising pianists of the Liebling class were to be extended, mention would be made of recitals lately played in various out of town places; such as at Elgin, by Miss Constantine Lang (Beethoven's sonata, opus 53, Kullak's barcarolle, opus 123, etc.)



Miss CARRIE DeCOSTA.

Other notable programs have lately been played by Mr. Chas. E. Gorham at Rockford Ill., (Military March, Schubert-Tausig, Forest Scenes, Schumann, etc.) Mr. Adolph Brune, (Prelude and Fugue in A Minor, Bach-Liszt, Venezia e Napoli Tarantelle, Raff Rigaudon, etc.) both pupils of Mr. Liebling.

Other pupils of note, are Mrs Ben C. Jones, Mrs. A. E. Hutchins, Miss Frances Eddy of Chicago, also Miss Flora Starr and Mr. Dave Livingston of Chicago, Mrs. Geo. Moreau of Paris, nèe Nina Warren, Mrs. Blanche Starr of Rockford, Ill., Mrs. J. Kidder of West Union, Ia., Miss Martha Trudeau, Memphis Tenn., Miss Angela Maxwell, of Indianapolis, Miss Gratia Flanders of Salt Lake City, Utah, besides an innumerable list of successful teachers all over

this country.

Mr. Howard Wells, a young and respesentative piano pupil of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, was born at Rockford, 1875. His first studies were under the tutelage of Mr. D. N. Hood. For the past three years he has devoted himself body and soul to his music, with the result that his talent is finding most gratifying expression. His study has been so orderly, conscientious and thorough, and the mechanical and expression so well proportioned, that the unfoldment is creditable alike to master and pupil. This uniform and steady advancement promises for Mr. Wells an exalted and enviable position. He possesses a good command of touch, has a retentive memory, is a ready reader and has a fluent technique. He has been elected assistant piano teacher at the Rockford College, the principal teacher, Miss Mary R. Wilkins, a former pupil of Mr. Wild having been invited to fill that office resigned by Mr. Hood. Mr. Wells last program was as follows:



MISS LILLIAN P. HUNT.

Sonata, Op. 31. No. 3.	Beethoven
"A Song for the Piano"	Albanesi
"Du bist die Ruh"	Schubert-Liszt
Gavotte, Op. 23.	B. O. Klein
Concerto in D minor	Mendelssohn

Miss Carrie DeCosta, another of the class of bright pupils Mr. Wild has been fortunate in having with him, is a a young lady twenty years of age, endowed with an excellent memory, a large, flexible, powerful hand, and unbounded patience, perseverance and good-sense. Mr. Wild having

had her from the beginning, she has made such rapid strides during four years of study, the greater part of each day being given thereto, that few will believe after hearing her play that such skill and command could be gained in such a short period of time. She has been giving recitals regularly, the last being as follows:

Sonata, Op. 22.	Schumann
Warum	Schumann
"Du bist die Ruh"	Schubert-Liszt
Barcarolle	Moszkowski
Volkslied	Mendelssohn
Etude, Op. 25, No. 2.	Chopin
Pasquinade	Gottschalk
March, Op. 91.	Raff

That Miss DeCosta is destined to take high position as concert pianiste, none doubt who have heard her. Her playing is neither weak, immature nor imitative. It bears the stamp of originality and self-thought, the best possible endorsement of the teachers ability and the pupils talent.



Miss SADIE WILDMAN.

Belonging more properly to the class of young players is Miss Lillian P. Hunt, who has pursued her studies for some years with Mr. W. S. B. Mathews. Miss Hunt is now about twentytwo years of age. The following is a fair sample program of hers:—

Bach	Prelude and Fugue in D major
Beethoven	Sonata opus 110
Schumann	Kreisleriana, Nos. 1 and 2
Chopin	3d Ballade
Paderewski	Melody in G flat
Liszt	Hark, hark, the Lark
Weber-Tausig	Invitation to the Dance

She is a petite blond, and her playing is characterized

by elegance and musical quality and fire—the latter often surprisingly great considering her physique and the arduous nature of the tasks she carries through with such a high hand. One of her best solo pieces is the Tausig "Invitation to the Dance," — a piece requiring very fine technic and mental quickness.



MISS CELESTE NELLIS.

Miss Sadie Wildman has been a piano pupil of Mr. Mathews for several years, and an organ pupil of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, for she is organist of the Ada street M. E. church. The following is one of her piano programs.

Bach	Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue
Beethoven	Sonata Pathetique
Chopin	Black Key Study
	Study in C sharp minor no. 4
	Nocturne in B major
	Scherzo in B flat minor
Schubert-Liszt	Wanderer
	My Sweet Repose
	To Be Sung on the Water
Liszt	Faust
	Tarantelle from Venice and Naples
	2d Rhapsody

Her playing is characterized by singularly good technique, and musical intelligence.

Were we to go through the class of Mr. William H. Sherwood we would very naturally find many who ought to be mentioned in a list like this. At the head may be named the "pet of the conservatory" as she has been called, Miss Celeste Nellis. She has been studying with Mr. Sher-



MISS MARGARET ROBYN.

wood for about three years, and her talent is remarkable.

Among the pieces in her list are the Godard Concerto in A minor, and the Rubinstein Concerto in D minor.

Miss Nellis is from Topeka, Kansas.

Mention has already been made of Miss Marguerite Robyn, who took the Dr. Ziegfeld prize as the best pianist in the teacher's certificate class at the Musical College. Miss Robyn has plenty of talent and the honor was deserved. She is a pupil of Dr. Ziegfeld.

Miss Florence Wells is the Musical College pupil who took the Wm. Steinway prize as best pianist in the post graduate class. She is from Detroit, and has



MISS FLORENCE WELLS.



Miss GEORGIA KOBER.

been studying here three years. Her number was the Chaminade Concert piece.

Her playing is brilliant and effective.

Another brilliant pupil of Mr. Sherwood is Miss Georgia L. Kober, who has already given a number of recitals. Among the favorite pieces in her repertory are the Grieg sonata for piano and violin, the Liszt Mephisto waltz, and the Schumann concerto in A minor. Miss Kober has already a collection of flattering press notices.



Miss KATHLEEN SHIPPEN

Miss Kathleen Shippen is a talented young pianist who owes her success to the teaching of Mr. Sherwood. At the closing exercises of the Chica-

go Conservatory, June 12th 1894, she played the first movement of the Mendelssohn G minor concerto with the Jacobssohn orchestra. Last September she was admitted to the faculty of the Conservatory, and is there the youngest of the corps of instructors. To Miss Shippen is due much credit for organizing the Sherwood club, of which she was the first president.

The limits of this article have prevented the full treatment of the various candidates, which if practicable would still more fully have illustrated the principle mentioned at the outset: namely, that our school girls are now playing easily, and often with brilliancy and musical feeling, a class of pieces formerly supposed to be the exclusive property of artists.

NEVINS BELLAIRE.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

RUBATO.

Several correspondents have asked for a definition of the term "Rubato," which occurs so often in modern music, particularly in that for the pianoforte. The term means in general "stolen," and signifies that for the purpose of expression a slight additional duration beyond the normal is given to a tone, a motive or a phrase; which additional duration is made up or compensated for by playing some other tone, motive, or phrase about the same amount more rapidly. This is very difficult to describe, inasmuch as the addition to the strict duration of the note is an extremely small fraction of a beat, and the particular value of the rubato turns on doing it in such a way that the hearer experiences the freedom, which the rubato is intended to express, without being conscious that the exact rhythm has been interfered with. It is possible, and any good player will do it, to play a Beethoven slow movement, for instance, in such a way that the hearer will think that he is hearing perfectly strict time; and yet apply rubato so cleverly that all the purposes of expression are subserved.

The object of *rubato* is to make the true expression of the melody (or harmony, if they are not one) felt by the hearer. You do this by giving just a little additional emphasis or lingering to the critical tones of the phrase, those upon which the feeling of the phrase turns; and you make up for it by playing a trifle faster upon the remainder of the phrase or enough of it to balance the rhythm. In this explanation I have stated the two requirements in the wrong order. In actual practice the accelerando takes place before the rubato. This is almost invariable. The philosophic condition of the rubato being that a smaller or larger climax has been worked up towards, in doing which one naturally hurries a little; and when the goal is reached the player holds a small fraction of a second for the listener to feel it.

The application of rubato "in the small" as I might call it follows the explanation commonly credited to Chopin, who is said to have described it as applied to the melody, while the bass, or conductor, keeps straight on in time. By this Chopin did not mean that form of expression in which the melody tone is brought in regularly a very little after the bass tone upon the same beat. This is almost invariably a vulgarism, although you hear it often from players of eminence. But to my ear it is as vulgar for a player to hold back his melody in this way as it would be in the orchestra for the first violins to lag behind the beat, or for the soprano to do the same.

There are many places where rubato is applied to an entire passage. The intermezzo in the second novellette of Schumann is a case in point. This passage is played freely as to rhythm, it being intended as a contrast to the principal movement, which is of a very vigorous rhythm, with the beat subdivided in such a way that the rhythm is the most prominent feature in it. In the intermezzo, on the contrary, the headlong driving force has momentarily spent itself, and the long semi-arpeggio figure springs up out of the low bass to a lingering melody tone at top, only to subside again, taking four measures to complete the cycle. This four measures is practically the figure upon which this part of the novellette is built. Now the rubato here amounts, approximately, to an accelerando in the ascending passages and a lingering at top with perhaps the slightest slowing up while coming down.

In the works of Chopin I believe the rubato principle is also applied in many different ways. In the Fantasia in F minor, this long rubato within the period is one in general use; but in places the smaller rubato within the measure or half measure is also used. As for instance in the lovely melodies which occur in the first part where the accompaniment is rhythmical, á la march. The melody has to be what musicians call "humored," that is permitted to sing itself freely, as if the singer were full of expression.

Rubato is not something to be sought. When it is sought you almost invariably get too much of it. What almost every piano student needs to learn more than any other one thing is first to play in measure. Very few do this for any distance at a time. When you have acquired rhythmical feeling, so that you can play with the metronome without any particular hampering of freedom, then the next thing is to learn to feel the expression; to realize where the melody "leans up," as I sometimes say; where the tone appeals, and means more than some of the others. Then, if you seek to feel this appealing effect, the chances are that you will not only get the rubato the author intended, but a great deal too much of it.

And in general so observe these conclusions:

1. Rubato is a variation of rhythm within the measure, or, upon the larger scale, within the section or period, for the purpose of expression.

2. It is a varying of the rhythm, and not a destruction of it; and as a rule every ritard or lingering upon a tone is compensated by an equivalent hurrying, which as a rule takes place before the ritard.

3. This varying of rhythm must be done in such a way that the hearer is not conscious of it as accelerando or ritard, but simply as expression; and when it is well done the metronome will come right with the playing when you take the whole eight or sixteen measures in succession.

4. You are to acquire a true rubato by seeking to express the melody, and not by trying to calculate about how much you ought to deviate from time to time. W. S. B. M.

CHOICE NEW MUSIC.

HAVE WE progressed technically since Liszt dazzled the world more than half a century ago by his pianistic innovations? Has anything been written since then which is not in some indirect manner the outcome of his Etudes Transcendentes, the E flat Concerto and the organ transcriptions. Would Tausig's Soireés de Vienne have appeared but for those by the "Altmeister?" I freely confess that we are still feeding off the legacy bequeathed by that G. O. M. and are likely to continue doing so for some time to come; in fact it is my belief that nothing startling will be presented in the way of new technique, until the present musical vehicle, the piano, offers a much enlarged sphere of action.

The Janko keyboard presented a fine opportunity which was only improved to a limited degree by the genial inventor.

The purpose of the present lines, however, is simply to draw the attention of Music readers to some new works which have lately come under my observation; I will therefore relinquish the discussion of the merely technical aspect of music and its historical developments to the gentleman who presides over the destinies of this Magazine.

Those who are fond of new experiences may invest in Paul Pabst's Concert transcription of themes from Tschaikowsky's Eugeny Onegin. A complete mastery of this work will be vouchsafed only to very few, to others it will be "an interesting reminiscence." Pabst is professor at the Imperial Conservatory in Moscow and like Balakireff and Antipow, has a remarkable way of piling up tremendous difficulties, without losing sight of musical effect. His Fantasie is much played by Siloti. The same author has published a set of pieces opus 84, which contains a very musical Albumblatt and quite a diabolical little Scherzo.

When the Trilby craze reaches music, those affected by it may read a piece of that name by Benjamine Godard, one of a set called "Lanterne Magique" opus 50, which also contained that exquisite bit of musical imagery "Pan." Another piece, entitled "Chopin," by the same author is very interesting. Pugno's "Serenade a la Lune" is rather monotonous as contrasted with the many effects of Bizet's Ronde Turque; the latter master has left a set of fine pieces in the Chants du Rhin, of which Le Reve and Le Retour deserve special mention.

Mme Roger-Miclos the noted French pianiste plays some things by Pierné; this writer of the modern French school is full of contrapuntal resource, as shown in a very clever Pastorale Variée. His Concerto is thoroughly new in every respect; the Scherzo was redemanded in Berlin. I have already in former articles mentioned Reinhold's pieces opus 52. The set includes a stirring Novellette with a well-contrasted middle episode, a breezy little Etude. "At the fountain, a noble Fantasiestück, (fully the equal of Gernsheim's important Romance opus 23) and a Scherzo full of surprises.

Mme. Backer-Grondahl, the Norwegian artist, publishes a new

set of Etudes, which are in the style of her Suite opus 10 and Etudes opus 11. The modern Sonata is well represented by Westerhout's Sonata in A, and Schytte's opus 53. Bruno Oscar Klein's Valses opus 39 and 32 should be generally played. Hainauer of Breslau sends a new Suite by Strelezki, which ranks very high; and the later works by Moszkowski, Navratil and Naprawnik are well worth investigating. The intelligent student will derive much benefit from Henselt's edition of Beethoven Sonatas opus 31 No. 2, and opus 53 (published by Forberg, Leipsic) and the same master's reading of selected Cramer studies (Breitkopf and Haertel.) D'Albert's transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D would make a fine opening number for a piano recital, and those who intend giving a "Wagner" Concert will do well to examine the transcriptions by Joseph Rubinstein, and a very marvellous reduction by Von Buelow of the Meistersinger Vorspiel.

Erdmannsdoerfer's Chant d'Amour and Caprice opus 29 are good concert pieces, and Otto Malling's Etudes opus 30 while thoroughly Norwegian in sentiment, may yet be utilized in many ways.

As for American composers, their works will begin to be played (and incidentally to pay) after they leave this mundane sphere; it is not every one who can write a popular piece; the educated musical mind is totally incapable of it, for its product is necessarily "per se" above general average intelligence; therefore the popular song of the day is most always the creation of one who belongs to the masses.

You might as well ask the artistic composer to fly, as to expect him to write a popular piece, for he never thinks of that class of music.

However this opens up another theme for discussion.

EMIL LIEBLING.

ANECDOTE OF HENSELT.

Alexander Dreyschock told the following anecdote of Henselt, the celebrated Russian composer.

Henselt used to come every summer to Dresden where some of his wife's relatives lived. One day Dreyschock going to call upon him heard him playing in a very animated way. He seated himself upon the stairs and waited a long time for the playing to be through. He said that in fullness, sweetness of tone, and in beauty of phrasing it surpassed anything that he had ever heard in his life, and he was particularly struck with the beauty of the ideas. At length the playing ceasing he knocked and was warmly welcomed. Full of curiosity he asked Henselt what he had been playing as he came in. Whereupon he answered that it was merely a new idea that occurred to him. He added that whenever he had a new idea he was so delighted that he could not rest until he had turned it over in every possible aspect—which was what he was doing in this case. Then Dreyschock asked him to play it for him.

Whereupon seating himself at the piano played it again—but with what a difference. Such was his nervousness and constraint in the presence of a listener that the playing was entirely different from that which he had done while unconscious of a hearer. Not only was the phrasing less finished and the conception less intense, but the very tone itself had lost its round, full and satisfying quality. This was the effect of constriction due to nervousness.

Dec. 31, 1891. WILLIAM MASON.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

WHAT IS THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS?

To the Editor of MUSIC:—Sir

I have read President Parson's elaborate article concerning the status of the American College of Musicians with interest, and have read with care the preliminary notice from the Regents of the University of New York concerning the alleged irregularity of the college in conferring degrees without their authority.

I have also had from President Parsons a letter in which he says that this action of recognizing the College under the laws of New York is of so radical a character that the status of all the existing members of the College is open to question. I understand him to say that the American College of Musicians in this new organization consists of the eighteen gentlemen who are named as trustees, and such others to the number of twenty-five who may hereafter be added to their numbers.

The American College of Musicians in its former state consisted of upwards of one hundred members from all parts of the country. Yet we found in practice that it counted for very little in the musical education of the country, even as an advisory factor, by reason of its limited constituency. If this was the case when the membership was much larger, what must it be when all the former members are cut off, and the entire operative force of the organization centered in these eighteen gentlemen—against whom personally or professionally I have not a word to say. I do not see what operative force the newly organized College can have outside, possibly, the state of New York. And even in that state I should doubt whether the preponderance of weight was sufficient in this body to make its opinion and degrees sought after by schools, conservatories and private teachers.

Moreover, I have heard that the old question of Music Extension will come up again; the question upon which you, Mr. Editor, wrote so clearly upon several occasions. But what force can there be in a body so small as this, without any local constituency in the smaller cities of the country for carrying out a work requir-

ing a consensus of professional co-operation more ample than that even in the Chautauqua Literary Circle, and the University Extension Society?

It seems to me that this action of disorganizing the American College of Musicians has been somewhat hasty on the part of its officers; and it is doubtful in my mind whether they had any right to take it, or any necessity for taking it. The complaint of the Regents lay wholly against the use of the term College. Any society, as I understand it, in New York or in any other state, has the right to formulate its own conditions of membership, and to administer tests of any character for ascertaining fitness. When the candidate is passed by our boards he is simply a member or associate of the College; and his relation to the community with respect to authority for teaching depends entirely upon his own force of character, and the local estimation placed upon the College certificates. But if this action of ours was illegal in New York so long as we called ourselves a College, why not have got around the difficulty by changing the name, or so modifying it as to obviate the objections of the Regents?

At all events whatever may be the possibility of our doing business in the state of New York, there can be no doubt whatever that we still have power to do business in all the other states; and so soon as the nature of the College is understood, and its aims, it will certainly meet the approval of the Regents, even in the state of New York.

I maintain therefore, Mr. Editor, that the disorganization of the College is unadvisable.

CHARTER MEMBER.

THE M. T. N. A. MEETING.

St. Louis, June 2, 1895.

Dear Mr. Mathews:

If not too late, will you kindly mention in the June number of "Music" that the 17th Convention of the M. T. N. A., will be held in this city July 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th? The committees and officers are working hard to secure a successful meeting, and indications point strongly to this being assured. The four days will be devoted to chamber, piano, organ, vocal, recitals, miscellaneous concerts, and lectures. Among the pianists who will give recitals and play at the general concerts are: Leopold Godowsky, William H. Sherwood, Alberto Jonas, W. Waugh Lauder, Augusta Cottlow, Charles Kunkel, Glover and Doerner and others. The organists are Harrison Wild and J. Warren Andrews. Among the vocalists are: Mrs. Wycoff, Miss Adelaide Kalkmann, Miss Mabel Haas, Mrs DeWolf, Mark Baker, L. Gaston Gottschalk, Mrs A. D. Cunningham, Miss Evaline Watson, Miss Mae Estelle Acton and others. The lecturers are H. W. Greene of New York; H. W. Schulze of Kansas City; Mrs. Minor Morris of Indianapolis; R. G.

Cole of Grinnell, Iowa; Theo. Johnston and Joh. Wolfrom of Cleveland; Mrs Jas. Richardson of St. Louis and others. Reduced rates at hotels and on the railroads have been secured, and everything that can be done to make the Convention a success, socially, artistically and financially, will be done. After much discussion, we decided not to have orchestral concerts, the reasons being many,—the chief one being that of the expense. But we think the general concerts will be highly interesting, and we honestly hope to see a large delegation of visitors from all sections.

Yours very truly,
E. R. KROEGER.

Some weeks ago a gentleman wrote for a sample copy of MUSIC, which after some delay was returned with the following testimonial, too good to keep:—"It does not accord with my ideas (which may not be correct) with respect to the method of treating of the art of music, which title it bears. Opinions generated from the circumscribed limitations of the pianoforte keyboard cannot operate towards a comprehensive dissemination of music in its higher and nobler forms, as we should be taught to contemplate it.

The Aeolian organ embodies a principle (which has already extended to the great pipe organs as well) the nature of which is of that significance that, if indications are true, it will soon terminate the usefulness of the pianoforte as an educator, which it never was and never will be. In pianoforte music we have been looking at the art as a bird in a cage. In the Aeolian organ we will be taught to contemplete her in a natural state, as a bird in a forest, unhandicapped by captivity, unmutilated by miniature perspective."

All of which might be characterized as "interesting, if true."

Joliet, May 11, 1895.

Editor, "MUSIC,"—I enclose a review of the Thomas concert by a brother editor here that in its way is a gem worthy of Tombstone, Arizona, and I think that it might interest your readers. It is all the more creditable, or otherwise, as the writer was charged with that "musical accompaniment"—beer—while being so extraordinarily impressed.

When "Music" first appeared it seem to me to have started on the top of the ladder, and that there was only one way to progress. But instead of sliding down you have added a few rounds and seem to be securely perched on them.

Permit me to suggest one more. There ought to be a "folk song" corner where we of the chorus could sass back at the editor and his band, or pop questions, or give tongue to our ideas.

Taking the liberty to create such a place at least for the present I would like to urge "Music" to make an effort for the intelligible christening of the octaves. Who outside of the College of Musicians would know whether E was at the top or bottom of the

piano, or whether a baritone who claimed to reach b flat in alt was joking or serious? For newspaper writing one must give the relation of a note to middle C or high C to be understood—a cumbersome and ridiculous performance.

Why not take the simple suggestion that has been made of numbering the octaves and affixing the number of the letter designating the note? Then we would have C 1, A flat 3, F sharp 7, etc.

Yours truly,

R. W. GRINTON

City Editor, Joliet News.

GRAND MUSICAL CRASH.

The great orchestra came and Mr. Thomas came with it. *The Times'* verdict is that they are a fine lot of musicians. It is the biggest aggregation of fiddlers that ever drew bows across a lot of violins. They chord grandly and harmonize magnificently. The most artistic music, difficult of execution, is rendered with graceful ease. If high art music is handling melody like touching off a big set of fireworks at a 4th of July celebration, then it was a high art affair. If smashing melody into a million splinters as fine as tooth picks is harmony, then their harmony was superb. If splitting the air like forty streaks of lightning with forty different kinds of instruments and shelling a solid steel musical bar into a billion magnetic needles per second is a grand musical accomplishment, then the Thomas orchestra was magnificently successful. We never witnessed such an expert ripping, tearing, hammering and smashing of music in so grandly a harmonious way. It affected us first like the buzzing of all the mosquitos in the world in one swarm; then like the combination of a hundred horse fiddles with forty bazoos and all wild winds in a bleak house blowing in one crack and a hundred keyholes. Then it came down like the roar of a Niagara and left us paralyzed as by a stroke of a concentrated thunder bolt combined from all the rumbling thunders of Jove and Jupiter Pluvius. The house was about half occupied and the applause was marked. Mr. Thomas swung his arms and baton like a gymnast and when the audience applauded he turned around and bowed his acknowledgements as if it was the bald spot on the back of his head and the genuflections of his arms that the people were applauding instead of the music. It was the finest rasping match Joliet was ever honored with at a dollar and a half a seat and we left the grand musical panjandrum, wondering why we were so musically cultivated.—*Joliet Times*

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

"VOCAL ECONOMY AND EXPRESSIVENESS."*

THIS BOOK will be a delightful addition to vocal literature viewing the subject as it does from the standpoint of thoughtful analysis. Particularly valuable is the chapter devoted to "Registers" that quagmire in which most singers and teachers so hopelessly flounder. "Registers," or distinct tone colors and characteristics in the voice, there are, all cranks to the contrary notwithstanding, and I do not know of a simpler or more lucid statement about them than the one Mr. Aldrich has given. Also the chapter on breathing is full of enlightened thought, especially his words in regard to repose and economy in the taking and use of the breath. It is perhaps a question if, for the student, too much stress is not put on breathing exercises, which have often proved of more than doubtful value when not thoroughly comprehended. But all the statements are correct, and for teachers, for whom I imagine the book is intended there is very valuable food for thought. There are two or three sentences that so voice the best modern thought on teaching, and give so excellent an idea of Mr. Aldrich's point of view that I wish to quote them. They occur in the chapter on breathing.

"It would be scarcely logical for us to expect the voice to be free when the rest of the body is thus, hence it is best for us to begin at the root of the evil.

* * *

But there is one step back of breathing and that is repose of the body. We are constantly wasting our forces by the continual hurry in which we live. We hurry up stairs and down stairs, rush through our meals, run here and there, to the great waste of our nerve force."

It is distinctly the book for the real student, the teacher and the artist; it has nothing for the mere technician who never gets farther into the realm of art than mere virtuosity will carry him.

"After all is done and said about the science of singing, after we have faithfully studied the technique of the art in the best light we have been able to obtain, we shall finally come to a realizing sense that it is *expressiveness* we are seeking, and all the details we have been studying are simply means to this end."

This is the thought that should be brought home to every student in so convincing a form that it becomes the guiding star of his life;—then he may one day be an artist.

KARLETON HACKETT.

* By Perley Dunn Aldrich. The Vocalist, Chicago.

NEW MUSIC.

FRANK E. SAWYER. The John Church Company.

The Undiscovered Country. (Duet)
The Mermaiden.
Love but Thee.
Unless.
Berceuse.
Chansonette Printaniere.

In this collection of pieces we have another evidence of which the Reviews and Notices in MUSIC have already given so many, of the healthy activity of the American composer in the smaller forms. Mr. Frank E. Sawyer is known to our readers as a lyric poet of promising ability. As a musical composer he is less known, but this collection of works shows him in a very favorable light indeed.

"The Undiscovered Country." The words of are from E. C. Stedman "Could we but know the land that ends our dark uncertain travel," Andante in the key of E major, the soprano entering in the key of B at the lines "Could we but hear the hovering angels high imagined chorus,"—the indication for soprano unfortunately omitted in the text. Later we have both voices together. A very effective and musical setting of the text. In this and two or three of the others there is a certain harmonic mannerism which may or may not have been intentional, viz., a frequent introduction of the augmented fifth.

The words of "The Mermaiden" are from Owen Meredith, the story of the mermaiden who loved a prince. Key of B flat, six-eight, quasi barcarolle. Very freely handled and meretorious.

The words of "Love but Thee" are by Thomas Moore, set, however in a way which that gifted but superficial poet-musician would never have imagined. For contralto voice, capable of great effect. Here again our old friend the augmented fifth appears frequently. The piece is dedicated to that energetic and talented young artist, Miss Madeline Buck.

The words of the next are from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Unless you can think when the song is done." Very beautifully written and expressive. Worthy the attention of every singer desiring something that is not everlastingly in the diluted Tupper vein which seems to so many of our lyric poets the only possibility for song.

The Berceuse for piano is simple and effective. It lies within the reach of the third grade and was possibly written for purposes of instruction since it is kept within much narrower limits technically than the accompaniments of the songs.

Chansonette Printaniere may also have been written for instruction, and the middle part contains some two octave triad arpeggios for the left hand which would be well worth careful attention. The piece itself is a quasi barcarolle, or melodious scherzo, within the reach of the early part of the fourth grade. These

pieces taken as a whole impress the reviewer as giving promise of something much finer later on. They are none the less, however, worthy the attention of amateurs in their present form.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL LIBRARY OF SONG. For Advanced Grades. No. 1. Mixed voices in four parts. Patriotic, devotional, occasional and folks songs of many nations. Boston, New York and Chicago. Ginn & Company. 1894. Small octave, Pp. 92.

The object of this little work is sufficiently indicated by its title. It intends to serve as a sort of supplementary music reader, containing the specialties of song enumerated in the list above. It appears to be well prepared for the purpose. The inclusion of the folks songs imparts a variety of moods and melodic turns which would otherwise be lacking. It will prove interesting in the school room if wisely used.

GEORGE P. HANDY. A Legend of Love. The John Church Company. A very pretty piece of words and music, of grade somewhat between the freely modulated modern songs and the simplicity of the folk songs represented by Dr. Root. Well worthy attention.

COLOMBO: A Vocal and Symphonical Poem, in four parts, by Albina Balanca, musicated by Carlos Gomes. "Primogenita sarai Della nuova umanita." Colombo, Parts IV.

COLUMBIAN SOLEMNITY IN AMERICA, 1892. Complete Poem for Song and Piano. Reduction by G. Loscar. Illustrated Edition, Price one pound.

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Only Deposit by the Editor, Arturo Demarchi, Milano.

The illustrations of this very interesting novelty of Senor Gomes, consists of his portrait, and small suggestions for the scenes. The title with its "as she is spoke" suggestiveness, sufficiently explains the work. The text throughout is in Italian only. The style is operatic in the excellent manner of this very successful and interesting composer. The first song of Columbus, as he enters the convent of La Rabida, is very taking—"Oh celestial delir." The entire work is effective and interesting. Its instrumentation is undoubtedly brilliant and rich, and all of the works of this composer are characterized by taking melody, novel phrases, and piquante rhythms. No composer knows better how to make an effect by a bit of highly wrought sensousness in melody or tone color. The parts are laid, the first at La Rabida, the second at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, the third on the sea, and the fourth returns to Spain. There are ballets of natives, and many characteristic bits of Spanish color.

THE NEW WEBER GRAND.

Among Piano Manufacturers, Piano Tuners, Musicians, and those especially skilled in tone, interest may be said to have centred these past few weeks in the New Concert Grand, which has lately been produced by the Weber House.

This instrument contains a number of structural peculiarities, not one of them sufficient perhaps to mark what is called an epoch, but attaining in cooperation that very distinguished result. As is well known the late Albert Weber possessed individuality which so to speak impressed itself on the piano which bears his name. He declared fanatically that the true Piano tone had not been discovered, and he set himself to the task of finding it. His ideal was the singing human voice, refined, musical, expressive, full and above all, sympathetic. It must avoid equally the Scylla of Metallic resonance, so commonly the result of the least wear; and the Charybdis of the prevalent short, "tubby" tone. The success of his efforts is embodied in what has become known the world over as "the Wonderful Weber tone," which possesses an individuality as exclusive as was his own.

It is said that the Weber Piano contains less metal than any other Piano made, only so much as is actually necessary for strength being employed. The resonance usually gained by this agency being acquired by the difference of the scale, and the expanse of sounding board. Be this as it may, the result in the instrument in question cannot be doubted. In nobility and breadth of tone this Piano unquestionably surpasses any that has heretofore been heard; while in respect of sustained vibration—(singing,) limpid and lucid quality it would be impossible to conceive anything more satisfying.

As we have intimated, the production of this Piano has attracted the very widest attention in musical circles generally and the instrument itself is evidence that the individuality, which Mr. Weber so distinctly impressed upon the piano that bears his name, is perpetuated and developed although he has passed away. The new Weber Grand is not only an advance upon the previously exalted standard of the house, but in certain respects it is believed by nearly all who have tested it to be an advance over anything previously produced by any house.

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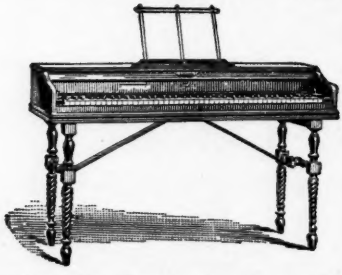
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VOL. VIII. NO. 4.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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BULLETIN

"MUSIC" FOR AUGUST.

COMING at a time when both the teachers and the student of music are enjoying much needed rest, MUSIC has departed a little, in this issue, from its usual strictly artistic treatment of its subject, and offers its readers an opportunity for better acquaintance with some rather unfamiliar phases of its every day use. "Street Musicians and Singers," by Paul Gsell, is a description of the wandering minstrels of Paris that will appeal instantly to those who have visited that city and which can, with very slight change be made to apply equally well to the organ grinders and other street musicians of any American city. For your street musician is nothing if not cosmopolitan, and it is the verp features that make him so that Mr. Gsell has so aptly described for us. "The Influence of Music on Life and Health," by E. A. Smith, and a Morning in a Musical Instrument Factory," are two articles that also come under the head of every day phases of music. The former deals with a subject that is daily becoming more prominent, and will be read with a great deal of interest both by musicians and by the "laity." The description of the instrument factory, by the editor of MUSIC, will be thoroughly enjoyed by all: by instrument players who may thus learn something about the methods of the manufacture of their instruments; and by the others who are always eager to be let into the secrets of any trade. In "The Uses of a Conservatory of Music," Mr. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin Conservatory, discusses further that all-important topic which has before this received much attention in this magazine,—the treatment of music as a university study. Mr. Dickinson, from his long connection with one of the most advanced university musical courses in this country, has something of authority in the matter. "The adoption of music as a factor in our popular education" he says is, therefore, the significant and promising feature of our recent musical history."

Lighter than Mr. Dickinson's article, and more properly vacation reading, is the opening story by Mr. Karleton

Hackett, "A night at the Opera." So, too, the description of Music in Madagascar, and the interview with the composer Massenett.

The Bric-a-brac also savors decidedly of the summer season. For the editor has been learning to ride a "bike," after the axample of many of Chicago's leading musicians.

Taken all in all this, the fortysixth issue of MUSIC, while not standing strictly to the course of the winter numbers, will be found fully as interesting for the time it appears.

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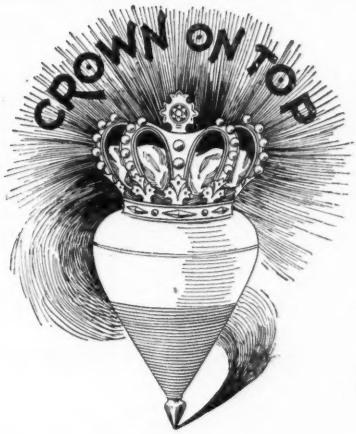
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MUSIC

AUGUST, 1895.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.

IT was a queer experience and it goes to show that the blood that runs in Italian veins is still red;—and that a duel may be more than a mere "Affair of Honor."

Walter and I had set out from Florence early one summer on a little tramping tour, and the second day out we came into the good old town of Pistoja, where pistols were invented, so they say, just as the store-keepers were taking down their shutters for the day. As we were strolling about the town after our morning coffee, I was amazed to see the name of Louisa Montabelli, as *Margherita* on the posters announcing the opera season. Also that the first performance was to take place that very evening. I knew Montabelli well, we had been fellow students and I was a little surprised that I had not heard of her engagement here: —then a bit of "contemporary history" flashed across my mind, and I was surprised no more. I turned to Walter and said:—"Well, old man, here is a girl with real pluck. I guess we must break our trip and stay over a day to see how she comes out."

Walter, whose wife by the way is also a *prima donna* and who was just running away from the turmoil of a long season, saw no special inducement; But I went on.

"Now see here, I have a sort of a notion that there may be use for us. At all events it's an interesting little story, so let us drop in here out of the sun and I'll tell you

Copyright 1895.

Montabelli is a native of this town, of very good family, young and mighty good looking. Some years ago she was quite the belle here and the young swells of the town were all desperately smitten. In course of time the contest for her hand narrowed down to two. One a young fellow in the Civil Service, the other a Lieutenant of Artillery. As usual the brass buttons were winning the day when Montabelli, the civilian, lost his head and grossly insulted Basini on the street. Of course there was but one answer to that and they fought next morning. Basini was desperately wounded, so that he has since been obliged to throw up his commission and is a cripple. Montabelli went directly to the girl's home, I have forgotten what her name was then, proposed, and received the victors award. Now Basini was also a Pistojan and very popular, and the feeling against Montabelli was so high that both of them had to leave the city immediately, and neither of them has ever set foot here from that time. Of course he had to resign his position and she took up singing. Their return here is evidently of such doubtful outcome that they didn't say anything about it. Under the circumstances I should not be surprised if they would be mighty glad to see a friendly face. Let's look them up!"

That put an entirely different light on the matter. If there was to be trouble, Walter with the true American instinct for fight wanted to be in it, and very much preferred to be with the under dog.

As luck would have it we knew the tenor and the baritone of the company so we decided to hunt them up first and find the lay of the land. We ran across them at breakfast at a hotel; after the greetings I said:—"How does it look for *La Montabelli*?"

Their faces grew long. At last Fiesole, the baritone, said: "I don't know what possessed them to come. The people are very bitter toward her and I fear a demonstration. She doesn't know half the truth because she has only seen a few friends and of course they have encouraged her. But he has been out among the people and knows the feeling. You fellows would better stay over and help them out, they

will need all their friends."

I glanced at Walter and saw that the words had struck home and that he was in for it heart and soul. We enquired where they were stopping and started out. Walter said not a word but he looked grim;—he knew what an angry Italian audience was like.

They were with friends on a quiet street. We sent up word and in a moment Montabelli came rushing down and grasped our hands in a way that left no doubt of his feelings.

"How is your wife"—I said. "Brave as a lion, and expects a triumph. But my dear fellows, I feel awfully down in the mouth. She doesn't know a tenth part of what I have heard. She is in great voice and we have many friends. But I feel the Devil in the air here. I wanted to turn tail and run, but she would not hear of it. You are going to stay? You must."

"Yes Sir. We shall both of us be on deck to night. I don't suppose there is anything we can do, but if there is, we are at the Colonna, and you call on us for anything. Say *brava* to the Signora for us. See you at the theatre."

Of course there was nothing to be done but wait. We tried our best to find out if there was any understanding among the people about a hostile demonstration at the theatre, but somehow they had heard that we were friends of Montabelli and we could not get a particle of information. The afternoon paper in announcing the opera made a sort of veiled threat in regretting the "possibly injudicious selection of artists for Faust." Towards evening the clouds began to gather and there were thunder storms all about us, the air was sultry and oppressive. I tried to eat a little dinner but we gave it up and went out of doors to wait till theatre time.

Montabelli had reserved the lower stage box for us, and as we entered and looked at the house we both felt queer; at least I did and Walter's face was solemn as an owl's and he said half to himself, "We'll fight before we get out of here." It was a stunning audience to look at. There wasn't a vacant seat that I could see;—but there was not one single woman in the house. We didn't have the heart to call on Montabelli but waited to see what would happen.

The conductor, though a great favorite, took his seat without a particle of recognition and the first act began in silence. I fairly held my breath when the time came for the vision of *Margherita* at the Spinning Wheel. When the scenes drew apart and she sat there bending over her spinning, there was a half audible murmur, that was gone in an instant. We looked at each other and I breathed easier. They were going to give her a chance after all.

When the curtain fell we rushed to Montabelli's dressing room with our congratulations. She was radient, and by George, she did look beautiful; but he was pale as death, and his hands were cold as ice.

The second act too passed off in absolute silence. None of her friends dared to applaud her when she came on the stage for fear it might be a signal for hostilities to begin. But at least they were giving her a chance.

Slowly the curtain rose on the third act. The crucial time had come. The air was stiffling, the silence maddening. If ever a woman's heart and soul were in her work hers were that night. She sang the Ballad of the king of Thule with a pathos and tenderness that was wonderful. Still not a sound from the audience, but the tension was nearing the breaking point, flesh and blood could not stand the strain much longer. Then she threw herself into the Jewel song with an abandon that fairly thrilled the house. Her friends burst into cheers and for a moment it looked like a triumph. But as she turned to acknowledge the applause, she started, turned deadly pale, and stood staring wildly at the box opposite. Standing there was a tall, sallow man who bowed to her with the low sweeping bow of the Italians. The house was still as death when a voice rang out, "Viva Basini! Erriva!" She put her hands to her face as if to shield herself, staggered a step, and fell prone. Montabelli rushed onto the stage and knelt beside his wife screaming "curs! cowards!" at the audience. Then there came a deafening crash of thunder, and that broke the spell. The house became pandemonium. Men shouted, cursed, and some began to clamber over the orchestra. Walter sprang on to the stage and I after to him. He picked

her up in his arms and ran to the stage door. I grabbed Montabelli by the arm and dragged him along. Some how we got out to the street. Good luck! a carriage was standing there. Walter leaped in with his burden still unconscious, I bundled Basini in, slammed the door, leaped to the box, grabbed the reins, whipped up the horses and away we tore, I had no notion where. Behind me I heard some shouting but those horses went as they never had gone before. It was pouring torrents and as soon as we had gotten away from the theatre there was no one on the streets. Finally I spied a bundle of rags huddled in a corner. I called him to the box to direct me to the station. More luck ! we could just make the Florence express. Off we tore again and pulled up at the station just as the engine came puffing in. La Montabelli had come to her senses thanks to the jolting. Walter wrapped a carriage robe about her and rushed them to the train while I got the tickets. Then we left the rig with the station master with twenty five francs for the owner when he should appear, and hurried back to our hotel, paid our bill, got our stuff together, spent the night at a little inn outside the walls, and at daylight were on our way again.

KARLETON HACKETT.

THE MUSIC CRITIC.

THOSE who are in the habit of reading the musical criticisms which appear in the newspapers, must often become weary of their almost unchanging monotony. The prima donna who sang last night is invariably a "great artist;" her methods are sure to be noted as "admirable," and she is certain to be reported as having received "an ovation." The person who looks for honest criticism either merely for the enjoyment of reading it, or to determine whether or not it is worth his while to attend a subsequent concert by the same company or singer, is grievously disappointed at finding instead such worthless stuff. For a time the writer of this pretence at criticism may succeed in misleading the readers of the paper on which he is employed. But only for a time. The marks of falsity must sooner or later appear. Deceived into attending concerts which their paper has commended and which their own judgment tells them are not worth hearing, they awake to the conclusion that the opinion of the paper on musical questions is not to be trusted. Of course the sincerest, most capable critic errs at times, and further, latitude must be allowed for those inevitable differences which are purely the result of variance in taste. The musical critic, after all, though privileged to use the editorial "we," has only one person's judgement to guide him. That judgement is supposed to be better than the average person's, partly because of native ability (or inclination which often passes for ability,) and partly through education and practical experience.

But making ample allowance for differences in taste, it is still true that there are certain fixed rules of art, the violation of which any critic worthy the name cannot avoid noting. Further than this even in the realm of expression, it is possible to speak decisively. For example: I do not see how any unbiased critic who had heard Eames give Tosti's "Goodbye" could write that in singing it she rose to

that ecstacy of passion and despair of which the song is properly the artistic expression.

I do not now refer to the notices written by persons ignorant of the proper use of musical terms and of the works of the composers; the writings of these persons are merely enigmas. They are unfortunate in having to attempt work of which they are not capable. Better far so prodigious a blunder as a reference to the "Eroica" of Beethoven, meaning the fifth or eighth symphony instead of the third, than a single conscious, willful perversion, (or concealment) of the truth, (as the critic sees it,) as to the capabilities of a singer or an orchestra. I refer to writers able to make discriminating reviews, who nevertheless praise, indifferently, good and bad alike. This is what makes "the judicious grieve."

Nothing can be said to excuse such writers. A glance at some of the obstacles in the way of genuine criticism may however, mitigate somewhat the judgement passed on them. Let us suppose a concert is to take place in L—. For more than a month before the time announced the music critics of all the papers in the town have received from the press agent of the company or star, glowing accounts of concerts which have been given elsewhere. These accounts often consist of isolated sentences taken from the leading newspapers of cities previously visited, and skillfully put together in a way to lead all but the most skeptical into thinking that the singer has really received favorable and extended notice. Arriving at intervals during the several weeks previous to the concert, these extracts are intended to have a cumulative effect upon the critic—to be like so many bandages, blinding him to all defects. Finally on the day of the concert, the press agent arrives in person. He is usually a rather small, quick-moving and glib spoken man who is abashed at nothing short of violent removal from the office. Long experience has taught him how to penetrate the armor of icy politeness in which the critic instinctively incases himself. The agent has been impressed, greatly impressed (this with a side look to determine its melting effect) with the critic's reviews. He is delighted

to have an pportunity to talk with one who really loves music. He loves it. With a tact that would do credit to one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, he gradually approaches the purpose of his visit. The critic is promised as a sort of reward, that "any little pleasant thing he may have to say about Madame" will be placed prominently in future collections of press notices. Above all he is urged with a cordiality like that of a bear about to hug its victim, to meet "Madam" either at the hotel or after the performance. She will be honored by his presence. In vain the helpless critic (who in his heart, let us believe, wants to be honest,) yields so far as to express with feeble politeness a desire for the promised introduction.

At night an intermission comes in the concert. The critic is tired, probably bored. People as well as verbs, have their moods and tenses. He knows that around the prima donna in her dressing-room he will find a congenial group; an occasional chat with these people into whose company he drifts readily by the principle of instinctive selection is one of the few sweets of his professional life. Once there, he is again in the toils of the press agent who by this time has arrived at a degree of intimacy warranting the use of "dear" before the critic's name. A photograph deferentially presented completes the purchase. The critic goes to his office with a decided notion that the trouble of writing a careful, discriminating review is, after all, not worth while; so the paper comes out next day with the usual amount of lavish praise. Thus is the cause of music betrayed and the standard lowered. It would be unfair to say that every writer of music reviews fails to discriminate from this cause and that every advanced agent seeks to buy the critic's opinion. There are advance agents who are welcomed by critics wherever they go as the fore runners of good tidings. They are usually the representatives of musicians whose name is sufficient to insure them an audience.

Many a music writer fails to speak the truth from sheer sympathy for the performer. This is especially the case when writing of women singers. It is much easier to speak with

severity of a violinist, usually a man. These writers, who would excuse themselves out of what they are pleased to call their kind heartedness, forget the great public which is being hoodwinked by their utterances. The greatest injustice is, of course, that done to the public—but the genuine artist, what despair can equal his in its utter helplessness at having his noble endeavor, the finished result of a striving that has lasted for years, described in the same terms as those meted out to the sham of the charlatan.

A consideration of the great need for true critics, naturally leads to the inquiry, what qualities are necessary for the proper fulfillment of a critic's duties? First of all, a love for music. This qualification is not so commonly possessed (especially among Americans) as is ordinarily supposed. People like to feel that they love music—far more they like to say that they love it. It is "the thing" and besides the feeling gives an inward satisfaction which shallow natures greatly enjoy. A man who truly loves music is content to go supperless, provided he be allowed to forget hunger and be lifted above time and space in the vast harmonies of "Lohengrin," or the "eternal sunshine" of Mozart. Happily the critic does not have to choose between his supper and his concert. But he needs to have a sort of stern spirituality. This is a bread and butter world at best; we need more "priests of the ideal." We degrade art when we make it a pastime. The soul which does not truly worship while listening to the sublime "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser" has not devined the master's profoundest meaning.

Having said that the critic should love music, one has almost stated all his requirements. Loving it truly, he will not long remain ignorant concerning it nor will he write falsely about it. Technical knowledge is really not one of the first essentials. It is desirable indeed; the best critic is able to discuss intelligently with each member of an orchestra the peculiarities of his instrument, and the proper method of playing it. Far more important is it however, that the critic should have large ideas about music. If he has a deep underlying love for it, these profound conceptions

will be like mile posts to guide him, and he will not go far astray between them. It will not be long before he will gain much practical experience, much ability to weigh and measure simply from going to many concerts. He will learn not to be greatly impressed, for instance, by players, who like Samson, conquer partly by reason of their long hair. In a fairly large city these concerts afford a great variety both in kind and quality and the critic, if he be quick to learn, will soon accumulate a store of valuable knowledge. To supplement this knowledge by that which may be gained from the large number of excellent books on music, and the composers, is neither a dull nor a difficult task. What life is more beautiful than that of Schubert, an unfinished symphony in its genuis, sweetness and modesty? No one can write comprehensively of his works without knowing the story of the hard struggle and the untimely end, for in his songs and symphonies, Schubert's brief life is fulfilled in spirit. The last requirement of the writer on music is that he record without fear or favor his exact opinions. (The simpler, more direct his style, the better.) If he passes this crucial test, then indeed he merits the right to be called critic.

GRACE ALEXANDER.

THE ABILITY TO LISTEN TO MUSIC.

LISTENING to music is in a manner the same faculty as listening to a speech, that is, intelligently grasping the meaning and peculiar construction of the various sentences contained in an orderly and continuous expression. "Listening" in a word, is equivalent to "anticipating." "Hearing" is merely mechanically following certain utterances. The difference in the two means of expression depends upon the use and interpretation of symbolism. Speech is symbolic. Music in its perfection, however, is absolute symbolism. The spoken sentence appeals to the mind through intonation and the choice of fitting symbols or words. The musical utterance is self-sustained upon the basis of a given key and rhythm. If a musical note either singly or in its character as a member of a phrase reaches the conscious mentality, there can be no arbitrary manner of admittance or acceptance of the sensation to the mind, because there is no set form of phraseology dependent upon which the recipient could respond with an emotion. There is no formula by force of which the human mind could be musicaliy stirred or soothed. Joy or sorrow is conveyed only to the extent of a general sentiment, and a very impersonal one at that. This is justifiable so long as musical compositions are to minister to our pleasure and pastime without any intended effect upon our practical life or our moral standards. If the vast and noble array of musical composition is to enjoy less distinction before mankind in general than the collective productions of our orators and poets, if, moreover, the latter are accredited with splendid material and psychical accomplishments, which to the former are denied, then there can be no doubt about a traditionally low valuation of musical expression. Provided a musical composition be held worthy of more than the transient use of entertainment, the whole mode of utterance becomes uplifted, seriously important, indispensable. Quite sufficient evidence is furnished by history to prove beyond

peradventure the peculiarly stimulating power of musical expression. The fact that it has been in more frequent use for the attainment of expressions of a transcendental nature —though a technical advantage—has proved a hindrance to the progress of the melodious and harmonious form of utterance. In its finite accomplishment of a musical composition, it seems to have dealt with emotional states verbally inexpressible, which to the scoffer, and to the casual though sympathetic observer, would preclude all idea of usefulness.

The perfection of the technical requirements, the almost incredible advance in the matter of production, yes, even the glorious attainments in the branches of concerted music, have not been able to illuminate the vague, foggy atmosphere of the human intellect with respect to profitable musical understanding.

The consciousness of helplessness peculiar to the sincere, is a resigned spirit of expectancy that the light may yet shine. The other—the enlightened—venture upon an utterance, a criticism or a commendation, precisely according to their advanced capabilities of interpretation of that which they have heard and understood. But to scan the opinions thus advanced more closely, can there be found even so much as a trace of that which a cultured public is accustomed to receive as a regulated, systematized and scientific criticism? Can there be a mention of precedent beyond the mere show at comparison? This for those who are wont to look upon themselves as endowed with the especial gift to penetrate the delicate mysteries of harmony of sound—this even to those who produce such musical sounds, at least while they concern themselves with the productions of another.

And is the mystery to be solved? Is there to be the national idiomatic limitation imposed upon musical language as the public preconceives in the literary efforts? Is there in one word, to be a mechanical system of recognizing values, or can there be no such conventional method of arriving at the character valuation of musical productions?

The solving of the problem very largely depends upon the degree of sincerity and truthfulness, as well as upon the intrinsic moral worth of musical compositions of the future.

As a means to this end, as related to a listener of concerted music, the mechanical ability to discern phrases is of chief importance. The difficulty of treatment of this subject rests in the diffused quality of the object to be attained, in the extreme delicacy of the laws of cause and effect of all sound.

Sound as a popular conception is an audible vibration of particles of the surrounding atmosphere. The distinction of quality is between the musical or harmonious, and the unmusical sounds. Unquestionably in order to produce either of these impressions upon the ear, it is necessary that an underlying basis, a key as it were, be given upon which a second or accidental sound wave may strike. Sound in no case is a single note or a set combination of notes. What is heard is an overtone quality, a certain contradistinction from the fundamental harmony of the surrounding vibrations. In order to illustrate this thesis, it will serve to point out what is commonly called "street noise."

Any one possessed of sensative hearing can prove to their satisfaction that in the matter of vibrations and tone quality each street has its ever-changeful, still decided, or individual vibration—its key note. Disturbances, inharmonies, are the frequent occurrence and are the grating, rasping elements in the impressions of a street. The predominating tones in such ensembles are the indicators of the general quality of a vibration, hence the life of an impression depends upon the existence of the more decided or sharply defined accentuations of sound. The even flow of the harmony of vibrations is practically inaudible, because it does not depend upon a renewed sensation upon the auditor's nerves.

Similar laws to those producing the key note of street noise directly governed the fundamental character of vibratory influences of every enclosed space. A concert hall is subject to a certain pitch which is produced by the dimensions and architectural characteristics of the room. The term acoustic largely borrows its importance from the evenness of response to produce sound waves. It is the faculty of an enclosed space to reflect sound waves simultaneously from all sides—without an echo. A true concert hall pitch is neutral, similar to the ground tone of a painting. It blends all

vibrations on a key of resonance above and at the same time interwoven with the accentuated sound. The solution of the problem to attain this pitch belongs among the researches and discoveries of laws as to vertical and horizontal limitations as well as material consistencies. The long known and successfully enployed principle of testing consistency of materials as well as displacement of weights upon girders in steel bridge building through the medium of a uniform response to a given musical key note, is an illustration of the existence of such laws. There remains but the way to formulate the requirements upon which certain results are indisputable, and the problem is solved as to how a positive assurance of perfect acoustics can be given at the time of planning the hall.

So far as to the life of what may be termed pre-existent vibration. The vital importance of the cognizance of such a momentum appears clearly in the endeavor to discern noise from orderly sound, or to systematically train the ear to conceive of and habitually place all accentuated sounds. Such training would necessarily include the ability to recognize musical vibrations in their proper value generally and individually. The inevitable result of such attainments would be the discovery of the principle of the psychical influences of harmonies, and with that systematic interpretation of the language of musical sound. Doubtlessly the ultimate outcome must be a perfect system upon which the human intellect can be taught, and which is applicable in all cases where either an active or passive act of response to sounds is experienced. Such conditions include the ability of scientifically broaching an area of phenomena hitherto unapproachable.

The smaller and less difficult intermediate attainment is the understanding of set forms of musical productions—the ability to interpret upon a broad scale of valuation as well as a limited personal recognition the impressions received from listening to any musical expression of thought or sentiment.

If the listener be trained and musically versed, it is a sense of comparison of previous impressions which leads to

a conclusion as to the particular personal response. Should the production as well as the composer be new to the mind, there is usually the same method of comparison which fashions the judgment. In consequence it may be said that there is no such thing as an unbiased impression.

Provided now that there be a natural inclination toward musical thought, but of training, experience or schooling, none whatsoever and such a gifted person hear for the first time the reproductions of a concerted musical sentiment—what is the probable effect, and how can the positive effect be determined? The probable effect is one of two sets of emotions—agreeable or the contrary—precisely as the receptivity of the individual is stimulated by the particular thought conveyed. In other words, this person merely went to hear some music, utterly oblivious as to the quality of the impressions necessarily conveyed by a composition. If that person luckily strike the proper thing for the existing mood—why, the concert is enjoyed hugely, no matter if it be a perfect Babel to him or her as to methods or detail—the music found a congenial mood and a ready though crude listener. There is another class of people who frequent concerts and operas, who really have a smattering perception of what is music, and who presume themselves to be settled upon their likes and dislikes of certain forms of musical expression. The case may be that such a person is conscious of a certain vagueness of comprehension—a sense of losing the main features of a musical sentiment. Both cases are helpless without the aid of some simple rule whereby to learn how to listen.

There is but one way to profitably enjoy and correctly interpret musical utterances. If the interest and the general intelligence as to music and the language of sounds are sufficiently alive in a person, it is best that he make himself acquainted with the personal peculiarities of the men whose composition he is about to hear, and thus arrive at conclusions regarding his own impressions by way of personal acquaintance, as it were. It is the ability to recognize the mental attitude produced in the individual by the hearing of a piece of music—and following this the capability of the

mind to recognize a phrase, an intonation, as the one or one of a set which produced such or such a reflection.

Therefrom will be derived the ability to anticipate a certain manner of development and cognizance of peculiarities in the methods of attaining results. Enjoyment and profit are not to be derived by unconsciously perceiving of a mass of sound waves, but by the regulated, justifiable interpretation of musical impression for the individual case. Richard Wagner serves in his method of composition as an excellent illustration of the possibilities of this principle. He enabled his audience by means of his "motive" to follow intelligently the expression of any musical sentiment.

This method will prepare a way to gain a more definite standard of intellectual values of musical productions until a personal impression is ever subservient to the broader, cosmopolitan, the catholic importance of any musical production not intended for the mechanical employment of time keeping only.

Dramatic music has but just begun to assert its wondrous power. In its short history it records triumphs such as oratory but seldom achieves. The cultured as well as their less fortunate fellow-beings, have been lifted into such heights of happiness as cannot well be imagined as the result of a spoken word. The flood of power and grand emotions have swept into each soul to establish there an unforgettable testimony of divinity. The future holds inconceivable riches, glorious attainments and an indisputable share of happiness despite adversity for those who "open their hearts" to the sunshine, the perennial cheer of the eternal harmonies.

A. R. Schlesinger.

A MORNING IN A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT FACTORY.

When a progressive American has occasion to visit the places where our commercial small musical instruments are manufactured, in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, his first emotion is one of astonishment at the small scale upon which the manufacture is carried on; then as he investigates still more he notes the crudity of the process, the absence of labor-saving utilities, and the small wages earned by the workmen. Nevertheless it very likely seems to him that such is the nature of a violin, a mandolin, and a harp, that the application of machinery to the processes is still something far in the future, or outright impossible. But we are living in an age when the impossible not only happens but has become chronic.

It is now about six years since Lyon & Healy began to manufacture upon a commercial scale some of the small instruments which up to that time they had imported. A morning lately in their great factory at the corner of Ogden Avenue and Washington Boulevard, in Chicago, furnished a variety of particulars which are of so much general interest that no apology is needed for placing them before our readers. The factory itself is a large building of five or six stories, modern in appointment, and in spite of the amount of space occupied by certain parts of the manufacture, it furnishes room for more than three hundred workmen.

One of the first departments which interested the visitors was the manufacture of mandolins and guitars. The mandolin, in particular, is that queer pear-shaped instrument, the body of which is glued up out of twelve or more little strips of bent wood, of about the thickness of veneer If you will examine the next mandolin you happen to take up you will see that these body stripes are of different woods, and in the more expensive varieties they are very narrow

and the total sometimes reaches a score, or such matter.

These little strips of wood are sawed out in part by machinery before coming to the workman who has it in hand to shape the instrument. He works upon a dozen mandolins at once. He has what might be called a wooden "core" to begin with. It is a solid shape around which the body of the coming instrument is to be shaped. Then with this in hand he fixes the solid end pieces, or bars, upon which all the strips are fastened, and which serve to give solidity to the completed instrument. Then taking a straight strip in his hand he shapes it first over some steam heated rollers, until it has the proper curve. The first strip is then glued to the end pieces and pressed firmly against the core, and held in place by clever little iron clamps.



In the olden time they used to fasten the strips with great wooden clamps or vices, which took up a great deal of room.

The new way is vastly more compact and more easily handled. The first piece put on is the center of the back. He goes through his whole dozen putting on this strip. By this time the glue is set upon the first one, and he starts around the second time, putting now two other strips, one on each side of the first one, which was the center piece of the back. A certain amount of hand straightening has to be done with each piece in order to make a perfect joint with its neighbor. Finally the body of the mandolin is completed, and now it goes to another set of hands who will put on the sounding board. This is rather a nice operation, and then comes the neck, and later the various finishing processes of the instrument.

All along there are a variety of interesting novelties. For instance, with a mandolin, guitar, or any fretted keyboard, the location of the frets is the scale of the instrument. All the scale depends upon the exact location of these little

cross grooves into which the fret is set. All the grooves are sawed at once, by means of a set of little circular saws, carefully arranged at proper distances upon a heavy spindle, making a gang of saws. There is one of these fret gangs for every scale of guitar and mandolin in the factory. It cost a great deal of experiment to locate these saws, but once done it was complete. Here is one place where American ingenuity makes a saving over the crude process of sawing each groove separately by measurement, as is still done in many parts of the world.

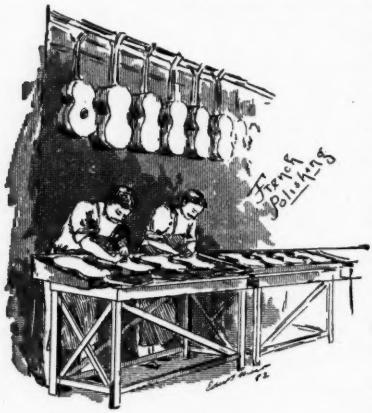


There are also some clever but surprising tricks in the decorative department, one of the most childlike and bland having reference to the wooden inlay work of rosettes, which one sees just above the sound hole of the guitar. These rosettes are first rolled up in long rolls, like jelly cake, a foot long or more, of as many different kinds of veneer as the completed pattern requires. When it is glued up solid and the glue has had time to set, the rosettes are sawed off the ends by fine circular saws, upon the same principle as the lady slices the jelly cake to go with the ice cream. To do one of the rosettes by hand would cost well up towards a dollar; to do them in this wholesale way costs a fraction of a cent each, and they are much better.

The guitar was an instrument which occasioned more or less trouble. The instrument begins with a long flexible strip, which the workmen bends into the shape of the side piece of the instrument, over steam rollers, guided entirely by his eye. He has a pattern at hand, but as a rule never refers to it. You can compare a dozen bent sides with each other and the pattern and they will be found exact within a very small error, so expert are the workmen. In spite of

this it used to occasion a great deal of trouble to get the bottom and top boards on without impairing the curve; and of course when this was once disarranged it became fixed by glueing the top and bottom into place. They now place the bent side piece inside a shape, and then clamp on the top and bottom boards. In this way all the guitars of a given scale are precisely alike in the matter of lines, curves, etc. All these instruments pass through a great variety of processes and very many hands before they emerge as finished instruments.

Time fails to speak of the drums, and banjos, and the like, of which a great many are made. Last year, for instance, Lyon & Healy made about thirteen thousand guitars, about seven thousand mandolins, and about twelve thousand banjos. The latter, I may mention, are very largely exported, London being one of the great markets for this queer product of modern genius. Yet I may easily convey a wrong impression here, for in point of fact the banjo is one of the oldest instruments we know. Something of this kind appears upon the oldest pictures in Egyptians tombs, dating from the fourth dynasty, which was probably about 4,000 B. C. The body of the instrument was round, the sounding board a stretched membrane, and the long finger-board had frets made by winding a thread of raw hide around the neck at the proper points. At least such appears to be the testimony of the monuments.



The most remarkable part of the work in this factory is in the departments devoted to the harp. The harp, like the banjo, is one of the oldest types of all, but the old harps from the same date as the banjos in the preceeding para-

graph were very different from the modern instrument. They were simply bow-shaped bodies, without a pillar completing the third side. The resonance body was probably a light frame work covered with stretched membrane, rawhide, put on wet and shrunk dry. There were no more than four or five strings, and this comprised all the notes of the instrument. The tones were probably in the bass register, to judge from the length of the strings. The modern harp began to assume a form something like that of the present time somewhere in the middle ages, when it had become the instrument of a gentleman, par excellence. The Welsh and Irish were great votaries of the harp. The really modern harp, with its double action, dates only from the early part of the present century, the double action movement having been invented by Sebastian Erard, in 1801 to 1810.



Originally the harp consisted of from three to five octaves of the natural tones, seven to the octave. This enabled it to play any diatonic music, in some one particular key (always the same for the particular instrument). Erard, however, like all successful inventors, built upon the work of several predecessors. Almost two hundred years ago a Tyrolese had suggested the idea of screwing a little crook or crochet into the neck of the harp, turning which the player could change at will a certain string to its semitone higher. Then about a half century later a pedal mechanism was invented, which while imperfect and crude at least enabled the player to modulate his instrument into any key, since by means of revolving disks he could shorten the strings of a given note and all its octaves a semitone. But when this shortening had once been done, there remained no further opportunity for accidental sharps. Erard

made the pedal mechanism double, so that when a pedal is pressed down to the first notch it shortens all the octaves of one note a semitone; and when depressed still another notch it shortens it two semitones. Then the instrument is set to begin with in the key of C flat, and other keys are arrived at by dispensing with successive flats.

The harp therefore is a very difficult instrument to play modern music upon, since every accidental has to be obtained by means of the pedal setting all the octaves of the desired note. It often happens moreover, that a string breaks in the middle of a solo; the player then has recourse to enharmonic devices, as if in playing the piano one could get a missing D by using a C sharp—only the piano cannot afford us this luxury of ambiguity. The harp can. It contains an unlimited possibility of perplexity, surpassing in concentrated capacity of exasperation probably every other instrument that exists, scarcely excepting the old-time natural French horn—upon which one could never be sure what particular note the instrument would put up for a given embouchure.



Erard's mechanism was very clever, but was subject to getting out of order. This means much more than appears upon the surface. A harpist like Mr. Schuecker, or any other first class player, playing an Erard harp, generally uses up an instrument every year, and often in the midst of a concert tour the revolving disks of the pedal mechanism get out of order so that certain strings rattle vilely, and the needed semitones do not follow their use.

I am quite sure that if Lyon & Healy had known as much when they began as they do now they would never have begun upon this troublesome instrument. But they

have distinguished themselves in a manner honorable to the American name. They started in to make a perfect harp. They have not yet done so; but they have gone farther upon the road than anybody else in the world. This is the verdict of most good judges. You have noticed the graceful curve of the upper part of the frame of the harp. That of the Lyon & Healy is by some thought to be less graceful than that of the Erard, for instance. But there was a reason. They made some curious experiments upon the scale. Selecting a proper thickness of strings for all the notes, they arrived at a scale empirically by applying equal tension to every string, bringing it up to concert pitch and cutting the scale at the points where the string gave concert pitch with this uniform tension. The idea was to equalize the tension upon the sounding board and the frame, and also to impart to every string equal resistance to the fingers, so that the touch would be more agreeable. I am not good enough judge to pronounce upon the success of this part of the experiment.

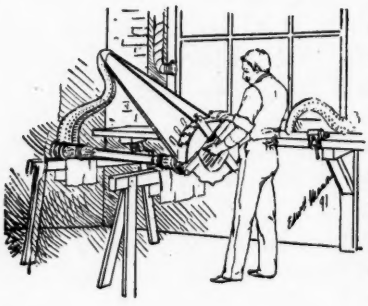


The pedal mechanism of Erard they very greatly improved, and still more in the matter of getting out of order. Moreover, the Lyon & Healy mechanism can be put in order easily. Each little disk instead of being fastened to its revolving axle by a pivot, as in the Erard, is fixed by means of two little screws, which act in opposite directions. Thus any disk or any set of disks can be set in a moment to take hold of the string sooner or later as may be necessary to prevent rattling.

It used to be favorite idea of Lyon & Healy that they

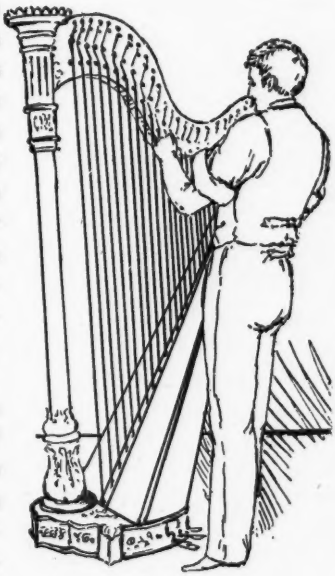
would make sounding boards which would never crack. They have recovered from this impression; for they discover that thus far any sounding board may crack. What they have done is to reduce the liability to its lowest terms as at present determined; and when one of their sounding board does crack they make it good---i. e. mend it or replace it.

But the harp is still very faulty upon the mechanical side. The entire tension of the string is carried by the sounding board; instead of pulling down upon its arch as in all other string instruments, the strings of the harp pull directly out and eventually pull up the middle of the sounding board. The strings fasten by means of little pegs, as in the guitar, and these are in holes bored in the sounding board. Thus at the very point where the tension upon the sounding board is greatest, the factor of safety is lowest. Lyon & Haely have done a great deal to make the sounding board and the body of the instrument stronger than before and at the same time to enlarge the vibratory capacity of the instrument. And they have distinguished themselves wonderfully. But the instrument is still faulty. I have an idea that it will be possible later to arrange the sounding board in a concave manner, and perhaps run the wood lengthwise or at least diagonally, and thus support the pull of the strings by the principle of the arch, as upon the violin. Up to this time this has never been tried that I know of; very likely the presumed uncomeliness of a concave sounding board may have prevented the experiment being made.



Among other improvements introduced by them, calculated to increase the volume of tone, particularly in the bass, is that of widening the sounding board at the base,

whereby the entire tone of the instrument is made broader and the bass much more pervading. This gives rise to a new set of complications, the longer vibration making imperative a method of playing which dampens the bass tones when they have continued sufficiently long. The common German method of leaving the basses entirely free to vibrate their full life when applied to this instrument results in a confusion not unlike that of the piano when the dampers are raised.



Still another modification which many of the Lyon & Healy harpists make is that of using wire strings in the highest octave. This makes the tone more ringing and brilliant, with less trouble to the player. The quality is less homogenous than with gut strings; but the superior brilliancy is a compensating advantage for concert work.

Especially interesting was it to note the processes of decoration applied to the harp and other instruments. The harp is essentially an aesthetic instrument, and an attention to ornamentation is more natural and unavoidable in its case than in that of the piano. It is so graceful an instrument, that when properly decorated it becomes an ornament to the most elegant drawing room.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the Lyon & Healy harp has been adopted by some of the most famous players in the world. Mr. Aptommas, probably the most brilliant and versatile of the English-Welsh harpists, carried several of these instruments back to England with him from the World's Fair, and he writes that they are greatly admired

over there. Mr. Breitschuck, first harpist of the Damrosch orchestra, speaks of them in the highest possible terms. All of which is something that Americans have a right to be proud of.

For all these modifications thus far introduced have been invented or carried out by one of those ingenious American inventors named Mr. Darke, of the kind we used to read of in the American boy's books, of Jacob Abbott and writers of his period. An inventor, who thanks to machinery and the division of labor, is well nigh obsolete.

W. S. B. M.



THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC UPON LIFE AND HEALTH.

IN the Musical World, certain sensations and mental phenomena sometimes arise that prompt one to inquire: Does Music cause, cure, or assist in controlling the physical, or does the physical condition first prompt the utterance or expression of sounds more or less musical? For instance, a man, bruising his finger, cries out with pain, or but tickle his foot with a feather, and he may laugh himself into convulsions. A drop of water continuously falling upon the head, or palm of the hand, becomes the most horrible punishment, and the agony manifests itself in the voice. Now all these appeals to the brain, act primarily through the nerves of sensation, which are mainly exterior.

To illustrate first the effect of music upon animals; and in doing this we do not draw upon the music-mad schools and poets, that relate of flocks being fattened upon tones of the flute, and rats that danced, keeping time to the music, as at the Fair of St. Germains, or of dolphins rising to the surface to carry the pipers across the waters upon their backs, they having played a sentimental melody, nor any of those fables, which are mere poetic ballads but really unworthy of serious attention when facts are wanted.

The horse, excited by martial music, grows restive and plunges into the thickest of the fight; and his succesful training for the circus is largely dependant upon musical effects.

Dogs are keenly sensitive to the sounds of certain instruments, sometimes uttering the most woeful cries at the prolonging of a certain tone. Change the pitch and the whole manner of the animal changes with it.

Richard Mead relates the following circumstance. A violinist, while playing one day, noticed a dog at his side.

The animal was strangely affected by a certain tone, appearing greatly distressed. As an experiment this tone was prolonged and repeated. The dog soon became violent, was seized with convulsions, and the music continuing, the animal finally died.

The writer has observed that the sound of a fire bell will arouse all the dogs in the neighborhood causing them to bark in the most excited manner, while no other bell causes any such commotion amongst them. Have not these animals the sense of tonal discrimination? At the report of a gun certain animals will feign death, while others flee as for their lives, the report in either case producing fear. Sheep are peculiarly affected by musical sounds, and many interesting anecdotes are told of them. Elephants, lizards, spiders, porpoises and birds are also peculiarly susceptible to musical sounds, and very interesting experiments have been made upon them which would gladly be related, did not the space allotted to this paper forbid.

But upon man himself are these experiments of principal value and interest. First, turning to the effect upon the emotions—if Dr. Haweis strikes the key note aright, when he says, "What is the ruin of life, but ill regulated emotion. What mars happiness; sullies manhood, checks enterprise, delays success. Constantly the same ill regulated emotion," then this phase becomes all the more important. The search light of science has thus far ended at the beginning of the emotional world, while music has continued on. It is easier to feel than it is to analyze ones feelings.

Perhaps the first instance on record where music has affected the emotions is when David played the harp, when the evil Spirit had taken possession of Saul, and the King became calm again. Timotheus while playing on the lyre could easily arouse Alexander to fury or as easily quiet him. Tyrtarus aroused a whole army to action by the sound of his flute. Soldiers, when on a campaign, often make their drummers strike up a march, that their weariness may be forgotten. Gibbon, in the last volume of his work on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," observes that

it is proven by experiment that the action of sound, while accelerating the circulation of blood, affects the human frame more powerfully than eloquence itself.

Gretry, the learned observer and expert upon the subject, writes, that placing his fingers upon the artery of the left hand and singing a certain air at a slow tempo, then at a short time afterwards singing it at a more rapid tempo, the pulse quickened or slackened to accommodate itself to the changed rhythm. Dr Chomet and others have also tried this same experiment, with a similar result. The bag-pipe has a wonderful effect upon the Scotch people, as illustrated in the battle of Quebec, 1768, and in the Peninsular war, where Sir Eyre Costa gave the Highlanders fifty pounds with which to buy bag-pipes, being convinced of their attachment to the music of their native land, and its effect upon their bravery. Melody awakens associations affecting the emotions through this agency to a remarkable degree. Deaf persons are often affected by sound--manifesting their sensations by a fluttering at the pit of the stomach, or a very marked contraction of the throat, or by the unconscious movement of raising the hands to the ears as though in the act of hearing, when that were impossible. Lastly, as regards the effect of musical sounds upon the physique itself. The great secret of preserving health rests entirely in maintaining the complete harmony of all the parts composing the human organization. The instances of diseases treated, or at least relieved, by skillfully combined sounds, are many and well authenticated. Indeed, so important has music become as a therapeutic agent that hospitals have been recently established in Paris and London, in which music is the principal factor for the healing of certain diseases, such as gout, sciatica, intermittent fevers, nervous diseases of the lungs, stomach and brain.

Voltaire said that his purpose in going to the opera was to promote digestion; that it quickened the pulse, imparted activity, and forced the blood to circulate more freely. Certainly we have all experienced the pleasure and desire of listening to music after a hearty meal. However, the blood vessels of the stomach being more extended and ac-

tive from the extra demands made upon them after eating, draw so much stimulus from the brain, that it is all the more difficult at such a time for the musician to enter into the spirit of his work with his usual zest. Dothers, Quarin, Roger, Pomone and Pinel relate instances of epilepsy being cured by music. Dr. Duval, member of the Medical Society of Paris, 1801, relates a remarkable cure of this kind upon a woman sixty years old. Since thirty years of age she had been an invalid, having never fully recovered from a sudden fright at that time. She was subject to veritable catalepsy. Convulsions took place every year at about the same period. Dr. Duval tried the usual remedies in vain. At last, to serve as a stimulant, he thought the notes of a clarion might be beneficial, but they had no effect upon her. She lay as one in a stupor. The Doctor then had some familiar airs sung and played. She first began to mark the time with her hand, and then with her head. On the fourth day her body recovered its flexibility, and she exchanged her bed for a chair; and on the fifth day, she was able to walk down stairs. The music having been played at different intervals throughout the experiment. Bourdelat, in his history of Music, writes, "that having been summoned to attend a young woman who had become insane, he succeeded in restoring her to reason, by bringing into her presence a number of musicians, who played at different times during the day." This remedy continued, for eighteen days, producing the happiest results.

Berlioz, the great Composer, has recently been overcome at the hearing of music, which he particularly enjoyed. The great singer, Malibran, was so effected upon hearing Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, that she was thrown into convulsions, and had to be carried from the room.

Madame George Sand writes of a friend who became insane, and was cured by musical sounds; her words are as follows:—"What poetic and religious consolations have fallen, like blessed dew, from those sweet, and penetrating notes! How can I ever bless you, my dear Master, who healed so skillfully—and why should I believe now that music is an art purely for pleasure, or mere enjoyment? When I

remember the surprising effect it had upon my friend, its eloquence was more convincing, then all the philosophy taught in books."

The Scientific Review, in a recent article says; "Many serious maladies have been attributed to the action of mental influences. Sennort believed that fear was capable of inducing erysipelas. Hoffman, and others, made fear play an important part as a predisposing cause in contagious disease. Dr. Tuke laid special stress on the influence of fear in the contagion of rabies."

Hervieux says, "I have often seen young women in a fair way to recovery hurried into mortal illness by mental agitation, from whatever cause; and that the emotions play an important part in the evolution of diseases following a surgical operation finds very general support from the medical profession at large." Now music of the suitable kind assuages fear and incites calmness; hence is a great factor in restoring the mind to its normal condition, in turn reacting upon the afflicted portion of the body. Should we not, therefore, commend the happy idea of employing music in our asylums and hospitals for the cure or relief of certain forms of insanity and disease? Recent experiments in private hospitals in New York and Chicago have confirmed the favorable reports already given. Music is a source of inexpressible delight, for it arouses courage, recalls associations, stimulates hope and inspires the most agreeable fancies.

In the hands of the physician, it calls for the most scrupulous attention, skillful application, and the most exact knowledge of the strength of the remedy, and the sensitiveness of the patient, for where, in some cases, the effect would be salutary, in others it would be lamentably fatal.

While the peculiar phases of this subject are new and comparatively little understood, it can be readily seen there is much food for thought and development along these lines, capable only of being hinted at in a single article.

Fargo, N. D., 1895. E. A. SMITH.

*Note.—The writer is indebted to the late Dr. Chomet, member of the Society of Paris, for many of the ideas and illustrations in this article.

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THE USES OF A CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE extremely rapid growth of musical culture in America has been so often remarked that an attempt to demonstrate it would only be to perform the useless labor of proving a truism. History is made quickly here, and this country has already what may be called a musical history. The development of taste, and the interaction between artistic movements and the general social life, are no less legitimate factors in art history than the development of artistic forms; and although we cannot yet claim that we have accomplished much of the latter, we may affirm with excusable pride that what we have achieved of the former is of some value. Our nation has not yet shown the faculty to create; it has shown a preëminent ability in adapting the products of alien minds to domestic needs, and making them operative to definite and profitable uses. Our creative age may come, but if not we still have shown that we possess a noble element of the artistic nature— the capacity to enjoy and assimilate. Ours is thus far the critical, the preserving, the distributing function. We have contributed something to the needful work of proving all things and establishing that which is good.

In the fulness of time America received the great music of the old world. Because it was not an evolution from native conditions, and because this people had not watched its growth its magnificent stature and diversity at first produced more bewilderment than gratification. It was forced to create the taste that appreciated it, and that took a generation or so. Much that was cheap and tricked out with the spangles of charlatanry came in its train, falsely assuming its credentials, but the pretenders were soon unmasked, and quackery now thinks twice before it takes the risk of playing upon what may survive of the old credulity. We still make blunders at times, taking that which is hollow for solid; but it is not because we want hollowness, but simply because we

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are over-anxious lest we miss something that is worthy. Certain sections of fashionable society have already reached the decadent stage, so rapidly do we move, and the extravagant and the superficial receives an unsteady encouragement from their insensate craving for sensation. But in the country at large the progress of musical culture has been normal, and has produced only health, sobriety, and eager zest for that which makes for growth.

As we trace this remarkable diffusion of musical culture we find that, as its area enlarges, it also works downward toward the foundation of that which is best in national life. That is to say, it has not become merely a national amusement, or a phase of the extension of polite manners, but has become a part of popular education. It reaches all circles and grades in its benign mission. It is becoming one of the influences which act upon the impressible minds in our public schools. In the higher education also it is successfully urging its claims. In the spiritual education which comes from public worship it is constantly gaining efficiency, for it is becoming more a vital and intimate ingredient in religious observance, less adventitious and formal. As the only art that merits the appellation of universal, it can adapt its ministry to high and low intellectual degrees,—the rude laborer is touched when it comes in simplicity, while in its grander reaches, and its historic and psychologic aspects it can elevate the strongest mind, and furnish problems worthy of the best thinker's consideration. All this we have already learned in America. We are coming to look upon music with respect, in place of curiosity and the condescension of patronage.

The adoption of music as a factor in popular education is, therefore, the significant and promising feature of our recent musical history. This movement is, of course, by no means complete, but the tendency is evident, and it will grow more and not less. This growth is both general and special. That music shall bring the best it has to as many as possible and something to all, is the purpose of our musical educators. Musical instruction becomes more exact in its methods and more systematized, and consequently it

gathers more and more around corporate bodies and organized institutions—around orchestras, choral societies, music schools. The day of the private teacher and the isolated musician has not yet passed and probably never will altogether, but the music school is more and more taking the work formerly almost monopolized by the private instructor, and the detached musicians are learning the increasing need of combination. We have found that music is so broad a subject that no single teacher can give all that is necessary to a musical education. The advantage of a corps or faculty, with the appliances of a thoroughly equipped institution, over the limitations of private instruction is just as apparent in music as in other branches of education, once the claim of music as an educational factor is admitted at all. The public learns quickly, and when it learns it acts to the full measure of its light. Hence the multiplication of institutions for musical study all over this land, and the adoption of music into colleges whose founders never dreamed of admitting this pleasing visitant into their severe scholastic fold. Trained musicians are thus gathering more and more into faculties, and find a satisfaction which solitary teaching cannot give. They divide the labor, supplement each other's work, afford each other mutual suggestion, encouragement, and enthusiasm; and the work of instruction, being specialized and recombined, is strengthened at all points, and made thorough and complete.

The musical conservatory deals with two classes of students,—those who intend to become professional musicians, and those who study the art for the pleasure it gives as an accomplishment or for its benefit as a part of a general educatiou. Teachers usually feel greater personal interest in the first class, but the value of a conservatory is perhaps even greater in the influence it exerts upon the second. It would be difficult indeed adequately to measure the power of a strong conservatory in contributing to the refinement of mind and the appreciation of the beautiful which are so priceless as constituents of the social life. Not music as an end in itself but music as a means of culture is the maxim which must ever be held before the thought of all students,

especially of the honorable majority, the moderately talented, who are always in danger of viewing music as something added upon the outside of life rather than as an agent in the enlargement of character. A conservatory stands to its students as representative of the art at large, all sides of it are constantly before them. The pupil learns to respect interests that are not specially his own, sees that merit is rewarded in whatever field it chooses, and he acquires a sense of the largeness of the art which under other circumstances he would with difficulty obtain. The same influences act upon the few of brilliant gifts, who are themselves to be teachers and producers. Not only are they sure to receive instruction suited to their needs (for shallow men and women do not usually obtain positions in high-grade institutions) but the atmosphere of the place works to cure the tendency to narrowness, which is always the danger of special talent. In such a school there are requirements that press equally upon all, and privileges that bring all for the time being upon a common level; these induce reverence for an art that is so broad and beneficent, and tend to draw the mind out of its cramping limitations.

These benefits are intensified and others added when the conservatory is one of the departments of a university. Such a connection enforces, by meritable comparisons, a standard of scholarship, and gives firmer tone to the ambition of teachers and pupils. Trifling and pedantry can hardly exist in the face and eyes of a modern college. The air is full of electricity in such a place, and it is no small stimulus, even on the musical side, to come in touch with the varied interests and problems of the world of thought. And if the conservatory student is moved to come into closer contact with these currents he may choose what he will out of the larger curriculum to supplement his musical study, with the frequent result of making the musical study itself more productive by the quickened activity and responsiveness of his mind. And, furthermore, music gains indirectly as well as directly by this union, for the college students are strongly affected by the proximity of the school of musical art. Some are drawn into musical study, some even

make music their profession; while others learn to love and honor the art, and in after life endeavor to promote its welfare, and to diffuse in the active world the potent charm whose gracious presence was one of the formative influences of their college days.

One such institution of musical learning has been in mind while the above was written,—a representative establishment, whose success shows not only that our educational systems are ripe for the admission of such experiments, but also that the public are eager to sustain them. No one who knows the Oberlin Conservatory would be unwilling to take it as a type of the higher class of musical institutions, or refuse to acknowledge the bracing influence which it has exerted upon the cause of popular musical education. It was founded with the same motives that gave life to Oberlin college. It was not something mechanically grafted upon the larger institution,—it developed out of the inner life of the college itself; it is one with the college in spirit; it has proclaimed in its ministry and proved by its works that the artistic impulse, the love of beauty, must be considered in every educational scheme, and that when chastened and worthily directed it acts for power upon the iudividual and upon society.

This conception has been the inspiring force of Oberlin Conservatory. Its immediate effort has been, like that of the college, to offer its advantages to the public at large so that those of average means might receive a solid musical training, either absorbing that which was necessary for the attainment of modern proficiency, or laying a sure foundation for success in the pursuit of a chosen vocation. In thus adapting its efforts to a wide range of needs it has exerted an influence upon musical education in the west which the friends of other noble institutions will confess has been preëminent. This success has been due to its tenacious hold upon the highest principles and standards, to its accurate perception of the wants of the time and to the rare business capacity which has kept it squarely in line with these wants, adapting its action to their advancing stages. It has been constantly enlarging its facilities, keeping pace with new

and approved methods, using none of the arts of the clever advertiser to attract students, scorning all sensational devices, never making a step forward without deep deliberation and never retreating from a step once made. It has given little thought to its fame, it has left that with its students and its graduates. They have been taken good care of its reputation, and the hundreds of students that throng its class-rooms, its growing dimensions, activity, and influence, prove that it has found material as well as moral profit in always keeping faith with its traditions.

Oberlin Conservatory is prepared to do still better work in the future than in the past. Its teachers are men and women who have attained proficiency in their art by long and thorough study at home and abroad, and they know how to incorporate in their work all the new discoveries. Although many have abilities that would enable them to win distinction in the larger world, they find their highest satisfaction in the work of training others in the midst of an atmosphere so singularly congenial to anyone of scholarly and artistic tastes. The pressure, the rivalry, the intrigues, and the commercial speculative spirit which is so often the bane of art in the large cities, never intrude upon the sheltered precincts of Oberlin. All the interests of the place converge in the university, and the prevailing temper of devotion to ideal ends acts upon teachers and students alike, creating satisfactions that are not willingly set aside.

The conservatory keeps always in touch with the great world of art by many communicating lines,—not the least of which is its concert system, which brings before the students a list of performers and musical works which is surpassed in extent only in the larger cities. Many of the most prominent artists upon the American platform are heard every year, including the reigning foreign favorites of the season. Great choral works, sometimes the new, sometimes the old, are given twice each year by the vocal society of the institution. Weekly recitals by the students, and the special recitals by members of the graduating class and other advanced pupils keep the tide of music in perpetual flow. The church music of Oberlin is far famed, and it would be

hard to over-estimate the value of the influence of this phase of work in establishing an elevated ideal of sacred song in the minds of the students. The standard for graduation is so high that only those can meet it who are certain to become a credit to the institution, and to hold their own in rivalry with those that go forth from other schools. A solid acquaintance with musical theory up to the most advanced counterpoint and form is a *sine qua non*, and the effect upon all the students of this emphasis upon the scientific side of music is seen in the remarkably large number of students of instrumental and vocal music who are also studying harmony or counterpoint. The courses in musical history and aesthetics are also largely attended, and the pride of the students in this line of work is stimulated by the fact that Oberlin, in advance of all other institutions in this matter, offers courses in musical history and criticism which follow the method of instruction now established in all college departments of history, literature, and allied branches. The reading and thinking students (and there are many at Oberlin) find material in the large college and conservatory libraries far in excess of all possible demands that can be made upon them. The conservatory library also furnishes them with material for all their regular study free of charge.

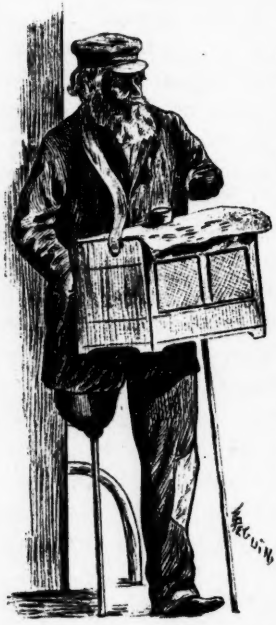
Oberlin Conservatory is therefore more than a music school, in the ordinary popular notion of the term,—it is an institution of musical learning. It is not the least of the services performed by such an establishment that it enables the layman to see that the expression "musical learning" is not a juxtaposition of incongruous terms, but one that stands for a possible and an actual fact. And in our time and country of make-shifts, of veneer, of craving for easy and cheap notoriety, it is of no small consequence that there are institutions that stand for the union of scholarship and moral weight with the enjoyments of aesthetic emotion. By such schools art is honored, and its wholesome action upon the nation assured. That such institutions are wanted and supported in this country is significant of a noble future for American music. It is hoped, of course, that out of them will come a line of American composers who will advance

the art into new realms of expression, and embellish American life with immortal tyes of beauty, reflecting spiritual forces inherent in the native American character. We may reasonably hope that such may be the case, for in history one of the conditions of great works of musical art appears to be a wide general diffusion of musical feeling and knowlege. The great composers have always been representative of nationality, not of imported, exotic culture. But whatever the future may have in store for us in the creation of genius, it is hardly less a cause for satisfaction that we seem destined to be a people who will give the fine arts a place of equal honor with the arts of utility. That this may ensue will demand persistent, devoted, and intelligent effort on the part of those who believe in the divine possibilities of art. "We must do all we can to encourage the beautiful," said Goethe, "for the useful will take care of itself." This encouragement, to be efficacious, must not lie in the mere sounding of art's praises, or in appeals to sentiment,—it must be in the rational adjustment of means to ends, enforcing artistic culture by the educational methods that avail in other educational departments. The agencies that act for progressive education in the art of music will be tested and applied to best advantage in institutions of which Oberlin is a type, for they are best provided with the requisite machinery. They will justify themselves and receive inevitable reward when they stand both for rigid, scientific, special training, and also for the diffusion of a pure taste in the community.

EDWARD DICKINSON.

STREET MUSICIANS AND SINGERS.

A PLEASANT writer in *Le Monde Moderne* gives a lively and intelligent account of the grades and merits of the street singers and musicians of Paris, illustrated by designs some of which are here reproduced in reduced dimensions. Many musical people, says the writer, have a general idea that the street musicians are practicing a sort of permitted mendicity, whereas nothing can be farther from the truth. The players upon organs, the singers, when studied closely are found to possess the traits of veritable artists in their respective provinces. For who would give the artistic impetus to the poor, if these did not, in this, the rules and taste of this art which is the most popular of all, since it delights the sense even before it touches the heart? And so, at midday, when labor is suspended, the circle is quickly formed around these priests of harmony; workmen, laundry women, and domestics listen eagerly to catch some refrain with which they may lighten the further tasks of the day. One straightway admits that these charmers of hearts have the right to interest us briefly, in the manner of their work and by their repertory.



THE ORGAN GRINDER.

The princes of this order are evidently those who are able to procure an instrument at some price. The organ players are by no means of equal condition, whatever this may be; the most swell possess veritable sighing machines

which mounted upon wheels they push before them upon the Parisian sidewalks. At the moment when the air is heard one sees rolling in an enclosure for this purpose a sort of panorama of some heroic drama, such as "The Life of William Tell," "Jeanne d'Arc"—panoramas of which the bad taste gives evidence of German co-operation. It is at Mirecourt, in the Vosges, that these extraordinary organs are manufactured. Four or five hundred workers there prepare the cylinders with little teeth, whose revolution produces the chansons of the day. Here is the whole secret of the wandering musician; to have the newest airs, and such as will maintain their popularity for the longest possible time. The *La Fille de Madame Angot* is less taking than the *Czarina* or than the *Valse des blondes*, of M. Ganne; this goes without saying. The small workmen who have the words of a popular song give their pennies willingly to this artist who at the same time will furnish the music to the song and accompany their voices with the instrument, the better to aid them in retaining the notes.



THE LITTLE ITALIAN SINGER.



ACCORDEON PLAYER

And, moreover, the good organ player may even count upon his personal talent, because there is a manner of turning the handle which adds charm to the oldest airs, in accellerating or retarding certain passages, according to their expression. I have known a very clever man who by the rapidity of his play was able to conceal the dilapidated character of the

mechanism he administered, which lacked even some measures together. But, on the other hand, when one wishes to attract the pity of the passers by, it is not a bad idea to pick the sounds in a lamentable manner, a method specially followed by the crippled, who, at the same time present to the eyes of the public a card upon which is set forth the nature of the accident causing their infirmity; as for example, of a man falling down five flights of stairs.

When between the courses the musician has noted the emphasis with which some old professor throws him a silver piece with a gesture requiring him to move on, he does not fail to come again the next day, and every day following, until the old professor has comprehended his fault; which is much like that of Charles the Great in paying the Normans never again to come into France—a faith in which he was speedily undeceived. In default of professors, the organ grinder lives very easily off the ordinary music haters, or even off the sick. One of them tells me that in this manner a man can make from seven to eight francs per day.



ACCORDEON PLAYER.

Let us pass on to other artists. It often happens that trombone and cornet combine to appear in public, and while the powerful and vibrating tone of the trombone sustains the melody, the cornet exercises itself in light phrases and variations. These executants are commonly from some wandering theatre. The house of Cocherie distinguished itself formerly by a very good orchestra, in which many of these poor devils were engaged. By a patriotic consideration no foreigner was admitted and an immense play-card announced the principle in these terms: "The orchestra is French."

But since that Madame Cocherie, this great dame whom every one knows from having seen her upon the stage as marquise of the ancient regime, with powdered locks, since that this women-mistress has replaced the orchestra musicians by a great mechanical organ, the unfortunate artists have found themselves without employment, and have been driven to wander the streets at the will of chance. The contingent of street virtuosos is also enlarged by many discharged workmen from some large industry where music has been in favor, as the chocolate factory Lombard, of which the trumpets are so well blown. Cornets and trombones often occupy themselves at the public balls, such as those of "Mille Colonnes" or of the street at the Gaiety, or at the barriers. They give them there about five francs per evening. But the best luck falls to them in weddings, because besides the gratuities the trombone manages to carry away in the tube of his instrument provisions for many days.



THE CABMAN-FLUTIST.

Another kind of street band is offered by the assemblages of violins and accordions. Their holders are little Italians, boys or girls, come from the Appenines to charm us by the spectacle of their picturesque looks and the grinding of their fiddlesticks. The manner in which they are recruited is very strange. A speculator goes down there and engages with the parents to furnish them in France, at the lodging house, their sustenance and all the elements of a distinguished education, namely, lessons in harmony and

an instrument. He demands for all this nothing more than the profits which he can make from their talent when it is fully developed. He lives generally with his dependents in the neighborhood of the Place Maubert, and it is thence that our Paganinis radiate in spring over the whole capital; and it is there also that artists go to seek models when they desire something in this *genre*. And "*viva la Franchia e Vittor Emmanuel.*"

Nor should we omit in an enumeration of this kind the



"I swear before you,
Before God, even.
I swear on my knees
I love you."

fantasists of the profession, in the first line of which we rank the dwarf from the quartier Montparnasse, scarcely more than a yard high, who plays the flute by the nose, and I must admit that this mode of playing awakens repugnance in me. Another unfortunate for many years played by an aperture in his throat, opened by an operation for tracheotomy. I suspect he has retired, having made his fortune; for in his case compassion surpassing disgust, his gains were large. Let us note also a very distinguished amateur, a

cab man flutist who charms the loafers at the station by his delicate modulations. Anyway this need not astonish us, for it is notorious that many ruined gentlemen become drivers from necessity, and continue to play their favorite instrument. A writer in a daily paper told recently that going in a fiacre to collect some old books along the quays, he had seen his coachman take out his Virgil and read ravishingly:

"Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena."

"Tityrus, thou exercisest thyself upon the brittle reed." This must have been the flutist cabman. Certainly this man would have had the approbation of Alfred de Vigny, who regarded the intention, even in art, as sacred, and who put the humble player upon the flute in the rank of the greatest masters by this melancholy sentence:

"Ah! what human genius has not experienced its limitations!"



THE SOLITARY SINGER.

Certain players of the harp, with white locks done up in bandages, carry their instruments upon their backs, and every Sunday morning in the fine season go from tea-garden to tea-garden, from the Bas-Muedon even to the Suresnes, committing the most hazardous pizzicatos, which nevertheless still possess the charm of swinging agreeably the enlaced couples.

Finally the man-orchestra is unique in his kind; one meets him rarely, but one never forgets him. His head joyously shakes the bells of a Chinese chime, his right hand carries a cornet, while with his left hand he delivers from time to time salvos of strokes upon a great drum perched upon his

back; further, an ingenious mechanism permits him in moving his knees to strike a pair of cymbals perched upon the drum. The charivari produced is indescribable.

* * *

The groups of singers present individuals who, overtaken by a poverty more hopeless than that of the instru-



A STREET SINGER.

mentalists, are never able to buy themselves instruments, and they employ an art much more complete in the choice and execution of their selections. As a rule it is the serenades of love which have most success, above all when reinforced by beautiful brown eyes, a cravat negligently tied, and a felt hat upon the head. In order to sell the printed songs two confederates are needed. The one armed with an execrable screeching fiddle sustains the voice of the other, who mounted upon a little bench hurls headlong the strophes of despair, of jealousy, or of despondency. Or in tone more natural and suburban, "Behold, my sweet youth. Buy the 'Serenade to the moon;' come my pretty brunette,

Hast thou seen the moon—all for the modest sum of two cents.

We will sing 'The Myrtles' dedicated to Madame the Baroness de Rothschild. And first the music:

'Of your flowering gardens, the gates lock fast.'
The myrtles are blooming, the roses passed. . .'

The subject is the despair of a lover who swears that he will never more love his cruel mistress, and who concludes nevertheless by a cry of passion:



I swear before you,
Before God even,
I swear at your knees
That I love you."

Fancy how the tenor's voice vibrates upon that word love!

Many other songs there are also, such as the "Grains of gold," "The Dead Violets" which never fail of exciting the delight of the passers by. Many patriotic songs also are heard, some of which maintain their popularity for a long time.

* * *

The solitary singer particularly effects dramatic airs which appeal to his temperament, still a little savage. All sorts of ballad recitals, from the middle ages down, appear in these selections. An excursion to bloody and mysterious Venice is always very popular:

"Venice sleeps on her sad lagoon,
All is silent as summer noon,
The wave is still and dark the moon,
While far Saint Mark's sounds midnight."

Then enters a pair of lovers in a gondola, while the bravo attends further on concealed in his mantle.

The singer does not economize his stomach. I knew one who in order to give himself more heart would from time to time say to his intimates whom he might happen to observe loitering near: "Move on, my friend; everything that

I get is for thee." Actually he never received the least money for which he had not immediate need. He was a modern Diogenes who slept in good nights doubled up in a hogshead in some deserted quarter of the Plaisance, when the season became more rigorous he had recourse to some kind hearted workmen; or failing this he would appeal to the patrolman, "Arrest me, my friend, I have not a sou." The station house was a haven of refuge not to be despised.

The homely old women who lead around processions of children in order to appeal the better to charitable hearts, always devote themselves to songs of youthful love.

There are also not wanting traces of the comic, but we have not time just now to go into this part of the subject. Enough that we have entered our appreciation of the brave hearts and the often not inconsiderable talents which some of these wandering musicians display.

PAUL GSELL.

PART FIFTH.

Expression in Cyclical Forms.

I. THE STRUCTURE OF THE SONATA.

134. The Sonata, the most advanced cyclical form is selected for extended consideration. Its structure though well-known is briefly stated. It has a primary three fold division into *parts;* Part I, *the enunciation*, extending to the double bar; Part II. *the elaboration*, extending from the double bar to the re-entry of the first theme; Part III. *the recapitulation*, extending from this re-entry to the end of the movement. These parts are divisible into themes having specified key relations. Each theme may be a period or group of periods, according to the dimensions of the Sonata. Each period is susceptible of division into sections, subsections and phrases as in Par. 62-64.

135. Extended sonatas in the major mode may have the following structure.

I.

1. Principal group (in Tonic)
2. Tributary (transitional)
3. Song group (in related key, usually Dominant,
4. Concluding groups (in same key as 3)
5. Coda (in same key as 3) or Link (returning transition to tonic). Repetition of Part I.

II.

Elaboration of most salient rhythms, melodies and harmonies of Part I by imitation, sequencing to remote keys etc, returning to tonic

III.

1. Principal group (in tonic)
2. Tributary (" ")
3. Song group (" ")
4. Concluding group (" ")
5. Coda (" ")

136. Extended sonatas in the minor may have the following structure.

I.

1. Principal group (in tonic minor)
2. Tributary (making transition or modulation)
3. Song group (in related key usually relative major but frequently dominant)
4. Concluding group (in same key as 3)
5. Coda (in same key as 3) or link (returning transition or modulation to tone C minor. Repetition of Part I.

II.

Elaboration as in the sonata in the major mode.

III.

1. Principal group (in tone C minor)
2. Tributary (" " ")
3. Song group (in tonic minor or tonic major)
4. Concluding group (in same key as 3)
5. Coda (usually in same key as 3 but occasionally in tonic major when 3 is minor or in the tonic minor when 3 is major)

137 Only in the most extended sonatas are all these divisions present. The tributary and coda are often lacking in examples of moderate dimensions.

The essentials to the form (which need only be a period in length) are:

I.

1. Principal theme
(2)
3. Song theme
4. Conclusion
(5)

Repetition of Part I.

II.

Brief Elaboration

III.

1. Principal
(2)
3. Song
4. Conclusion
(5)

II. SPEED IN THE SONATA.

138. So artificial a form, involving contrasted themes, and changes of key and mode might be thought to offer special difficulties in expression; especially, as the greatest

composers have used it as a vehicle for their most abstruse ideas; but it is not so. It is only necessary to isolate the themes (periods or groups of periods) by the method of analysis just given and according to the rules of parts third and fourth of this book play each with the speed and force suitable for its class. Let the Sonata be considered a collection of pieces (like the suite which preceded it) in which unusual attention must be given to details that the work may be comprehended by the listener. To ensure this let there be great freedom in the tempo. Such is the practice of the best artists, a fact attested by Von Bülow's edition of the Sonata Appassionata when he writes for the principal theme ♩.=126; but for the song-theme ♩.=112. These tempos alternate with short rallentandos and accelerandos throughout the movement which concludes with a Coda at ♩.=160. The *Andante con moto* is ♪=100-108 then follow *poco piu musso, poco allargando al tempo primo* (*quasi improvisata;* and with a *ritardando* a passage is made to the *Allegro ma non troppo* at ♩=132-138; which rate with occasional ritardandos and accelerandos is maintained to the Coda, a Presto at 𝅗𝅥=92-96.

The doctrine of an "organic unity" in the sonata limits the composer's freedom to themes that have substantially the same normal tempo. If he passes that limit his work is a fantasia, not a sonata. But sonata or fantasia the interpreter has only to give each group its appropriate expression as if it was an independent piece.

139. The fantastic nature of many principal themes, due to their irregular rhythms and phrases, to their bizarre melodies and harmonies, makes it desirable to appeal to standards extrinsic to the composition itself, when possible, for the normal tempo.

1. *To the composer's metronome indications.* But allowance must be made for his fine frenzy, which may unduly intensify (see ¶ 50) or may even give an entirely wrong tempo. Lussy is responsible for the following: "In the quartet in E♭ op 127 Beethoven had marked a passage with *Andante.* But it is said the famous violinist Böhm who was leading it in his presence, retained the tempo of the preceding movement,

thinking that he could thus make a greater effect. Whereupon Beethoven got up and taking a pencil out of his pocket scratched out the word *andante* in the four parts and turning to the players thanked them." It is said that Schumann's indications are wrong on account of the faulty mechanism of his metronome.

2. *To the composers time directions.* The approximate equivalents of the Italian words are:

	Slow
Largo	40 to 50
Adagio	50 to 60
Larghetto	60 to 72
	Moderate
Andante	72 to 84
Andantino	84 to 96
Allegretto	96 to 120
	Quick
Allegro	120 to 150
Presto	150 to 180
Prestissimo	180 to 208

It must be noted that Beethoven's *Allegro* is not as quick as Cramer's or Clementi's; that Haydn wrote *prestissimo* and *allegro* where composers of today would write *allegro* and *andantino* and that generally the tempo of modern composers is quicker than that of the ancients using the same terms. The use of the tempo names as titles makes them less valuable as a direction for tempo. Thus Clementi entitled his 31st study with the tempo ♩ = 92 an "Allegro" as also his 8th study with the tempo of ♩ = 168 or 𝅗𝅥 = 84. He wrote "Presto" for his 17th study, ♩ = 132 and "Prestissimo" for his 37th study 𝅗𝅥 = 76. The term names bear still another use, that of suggesting the style of delivery. Thus "Allegros" are passionate. The greater speed of "Prestos" and "Prestissimos" yield too evanescent shades of feeling to be deeply so, etc.

3. *To the titles, dedications or traditions of a composition.*

These may suggest the style. As the "Pathetic" op 13, the "Appassionata" op 57, "Les adieux, L'absence, Le Retour" op 81; the dedication of op 27 No. 2 to Countess Julie Guiciardi; the titles of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without

Words" and of Schumann's works generally; even among the ancients, as in Conperin, the same may be found.

4. *To the metronome marks of Editors.*

Though they also need traditions, for the greater the virtuosity of the editor (generally) the stronger his tendency to unduly press the quick and (his musical palate disdaining the moderate) to relax the slow. The Pathetic sonata has been marked as follows.

	Grace	Allegro	Adagio	Rondo
Moschelles	♪ 60	𝅗𝅥 144	♪ 60	𝅗𝅥 104
Marmontel	♩ 92	𝅗𝅥 144	♪ 54	𝅗𝅥 96
Le Couppey	♩ 44	𝅗𝅥 160	♪ 40	𝅗𝅥 132
Lemoine	♪ 63	𝅗𝅥 144	♪ 60	𝅗𝅥 104
Lebert	♪ 69	𝅗𝅥 138	♪ 60	𝅗𝅥 92
Von Bülow	♪ 66	𝅗𝅥 144	♪ 60	𝅗𝅥 96

(Probably Moschelles is the better authority as he knew Beethoven personally.)

140. In the absence of any indications by composer or editor or any tradition the class must be determined as in Part Third. Fortunately few pieces of late composition are so barren. But compositions of the ancients are frequently so. In the analysis of such works, their irregular rhythms and phrases must be regarded more as disjointed prattle of musical children than as evidence of strong feeling. Such pieces, then, must be played simply depending for interest on the tender tinkle of their ornaments and other melodic devices. The allegros of that day were not as quick as those of later times for the reign of the finger virtuoso had scarcely begun. Their adagios were not as slow as those of later composers for long chords on their instruments would have been but vanity. Their frequent use of half notes when quarters would now be written was only a custom of the time which must not mislead.

141. In the sonata as elsewhere, the highest degree of speed were better left to virtuosos or for special occasions. Artistic beauty requires repose and smoothness of delivery rather than any excess speed which may be bad art, and

when the purpose is personal display is bad morals.

III. FORCE IN THE SONATA.

142. Since there is no absolute standard for force such as the metronome furnishes for speed it is necessary in determining the dynamic level for "themes" to analyze them for "style" as in Par. 49. Though composers and editors have added terms, but little reliance can be placed on them. Such as *dolce con espressione*, *con brio* are too indefinite while the signs *pp*, *p*, *m*, *f*, *ff* are relative, because of the limitations of the player or instrument; relative, because of the difference in the standards of composers; relative to the general style of the piece. Traditions of the composer are also valueless, for the "delicate and etherial Chopin" rises sometimes to tremendous power, while the Jupiters of art sometimes murmur like the turtle dove.

143. Pieces written anterior to 1800 should be played with less force than those written since then. He who venerates Mozart, Haydn, Scarlatti and Bach will never go beyond a forte in playing their works though passages are marked fortissimo. The modern fortissimo was not available in their instruments. It is impracticable to use their instruments; it would be as undesirable as to return to candles for artificial light but the restraint that is contended for is both practicable and desirable. If one's self-restraint is not sufficient for the purpose it is advised that the soft pedal of upright pianos be used. The rationale of the matter is that their compositions were conceived in what may seem now a half-light—that there was a corresponding congruity in the shades; and that a delicate taste of which the measure is their greatness will wish to reproduce their effects; besides if the subject is Bach, the neighbors will thank you.

IV. THE GROUPS OF A SONATA.

144. The Roman numerals signify the *parts;* the Arabic numerals, the themes, tributaries etc. as in Par. 135 and 136. In every case the piece must be analyzed to the minutest element prior to its study.

1. The normal tempo must be determined by the metronomic or other indication of composer or editor. If

these are lacking then from the analysis, corrected by consideration of the art epoch to which the work belongs. 2. The dynamic level may be similarly determined subject to a similar correction. 3. The first giving out a theme requires clearness and breadth. It also requires attention to every detail; the accentuation of metres etc., that will not be necessary on its repetition. Therefore the first tone should be struck from a greater height and in a more significant manner though it may be soft. The more intense should be the beginning, the larger the work. The first tone should be a little lengthened whether strong or weak. I-2. Its beginning will be like the termination of I-1 from which it springs. Its general character will be weaker than I-1 because it is a dependent element in structure. 4. If long, it may have independent expression,—probably agitated—with increase of force and speed because transitional or modulatory (see par. 48, VII, 3 and VII, 2,) but the tones that effect the transition or modulation may be retarded and must be accentuated. 5. If short, it will be slower and broader that the elements that change the key may be perceived. 6. If its termination is at a full close the following pause or link will be delayed unless the link is a single voice in high pitch; it may then be accelerated; if a middle cadence, there may be a pause; if overlapping, there must be disjunction of the last tone before the entry of I-3 (if the overlapping is in the same voice.) I-3. Its speed and force must be the same as if it were an independent piece. As the composer should make it contrast with I-1 it will probably be broad, slow (by the use of larger notes) and quiet when I-1 is lively or passionate. If, as sometimes occurs in a sonata in the Minor Mode, I-1 is mild then I-3 may be forcible and require increased speed and force. I-4. Because this division is the climax of Part I it is strong. When there is no Coda, it must retard at the end and the pause be lengthened. I-5. If it is a true Coda, the close is in the same key as I-3. As the climax of I-4 it will be brilliant. 2. If the passage leads to the original key it is a link, not a phrase of feeling but an interlude between two phrases. The link must be retarded, (a) because a weak

part of the structure; (b) because a returning transition (see par 48, VI, 2) or modulation (see par 48, VII, 1); (c) so that the ear may perceive the transition and the new tonality; (d) so as to give *relief* to I-1 on its repetition.

The repetition of part I.

The purpose of the repetition is to enable the mind to grasp more firmly the original forms that will be elaborated in Part II. Any change in performance would defeat that purpose. Its force and speed should therefore be identical with the first delivery. But phrases and motives need not be so clearly defined.

II. Its general character is excitation. Its esthetic function is similar to that of the middle division (see par. 85) that of sustaining or suspending the interest that Part I has excited. The attention must be aroused as it is the grand climax of the form. To that end vigor and energy must be the prevailing style; subject if thematic passages, sequences etc., appear to modifications which will confirm to the character of the themes or rhythms from which they are derived; subject therefore to the skill or incompetency of the composer.

III-1. Its treatment must be like I-1.

III-2. Will be nearly like I-2. It may be stronger than I-2 if the modulation is to the Tonic major. It is usually abbreviated, and will be weaker and is sometimes absent.

III-3. Same as I-3 unless it is varied, or its transition is to tonic minor (as in minor sonatas); in that event it is usually at a lower pitch than at I-3 therefore quieter; or has a trans itional modulation to the tonic major; in that event its character completely changes (see par 48. VII. 2.).

III-4. Usually finer than I-4 its character is frequently that of the Coda to which it leads, which see.

III-5. The Coda may be a sigh or the last glow of pas sion; therefore, it is sometimes quiet and retarded; sometimes, brilliant and accelerated. As it is usually transparent in structure. the discrimination will not be difficult.

145. The chief climaxes are at I-4, at the end of II and at III-5. Even quiet codas must be made "deeply, tenderly passionate." Lesser climaxes must be distinguished in

every theme. Of course, the climaxes of the phrases and the chief climax of the periods must be enforced.

146. The "turning points," the chief contrasts in style will be at I-1, I-3, I-5, II, III-1, III-3, and III 5, if the composer has marked wisely.

147. Many sonatas have a slow introduction. It is independent and belongs to the class, *song without words.*

II. THE RONDO.

148. For one who can play a sonata, the Rondo has no special difficulties. Of a gay and lively character, it has less scope for emotional contrasts than the sonata. Its more extended forms admit of a practical division into parts like the sonata. As a guide to analysis an outline of the five Rondo forms is given. The substantial sonata-equivalents are indicated by the numerals at the right of the name of the Rondo Groups.

* * *

FIFTH RONDO FORM.

Theme I-1.
Tributary I-2.
1st Episode I-3.
Coda 5.
or Theme (Repetition in Sonata.)
2nd Episode II.
Theme III-1.
Tributary III-2.
1st Fpisode III-3.
Conclusion III-4.
Coda III-5.

FOURTH RONDO FORM.

Theme I-1.
Tributary I-2.
1st Episode I-3.
I-5.
Theme (Repetition in Sonata.)
2nd Episode II.
Theme III-1.
Tributary III-2.
1st Episode III-3.
Conclusion III-4-5.

THIRD RONDO FORM.

Theme I-1.

1st Episode I–3.
Theme (Repetition.)
2nd Episode II.
Theme III–1.
Conclusion III–4–5

SECOND RONDO FORM.

Theme I–1.
Episode I–3.
Theme (Repetition.)
Conclusion I–4–5.

FIRST RONDO FORM.

Theme I–1.
Interlude.
Theme Repetition.
Conclusion I–4–5.

III. VARIATION.

149. Their more common mode of construction, that of increasing technical difficulty, precludes much esthetic significance. Their usual treatment is that of increasing force up to a climax in the final variation or Coda. In a few examples there is a succession of climaxes shown in the following by the increase or decline of speed.

Mendelssohn's seventeen Variations Serieuses: Theme, ♩=52; var. 1, ♩=54; var. 2, ♩=69; var. 3, ♩=88; var. 4, ♩=96; var. 5, ♩=96 *agitato;* var. 6, ♩=88; var. 7, ♩=84; var. 8, ♩=108; var. 9, ♩=108; var. 10, ♩=60; var. 11, ♩=60 *cantabile;* var. 12, ♩=69; var. 13, ♩=56; var. 14, ♪=65; var. 15, *poco a poco agitato;* var. 16, ♩=100; var. 17, ; coda, ♩=160.

In Beethoven's 32 variations (no opus), climaxes are at XI. XXIII. XXIX. and XXXII. But however earnestly or trivially conceived, each variation must be considered as a complete and independent form and receive the force and speed suitable for its class (see par 50).

IV. THE OVERTURE, CONCERTO, SYMPHONY, ETC.

150. These are so similar to the sonata in structure that they offer no new problems.

RICHARD WELTON.

MASSENET, THE COMPOSER.

A LIFE noble in its simplicity is the life led by Jules Massenet, the great composer. To-day a wealthy man, he continues to live in the small, though comfortable apartment in the Rue du General Foy, to which twenty-eight years ago, then only a professor of music, he brought home the charming lady who is his wife, a lady to whom, as he never tires of repeating, he has owed not only all the happiness of his life but in a great measure his artistic triumphs. It is an apartment on the fourth floor of a quiet house in a quiet street, one of the streets of Paris most preferred by artists. Sardou, who is one of Massenet's oldest friends, lives a few doors off in the same Rue du General Foy. A delightful hour may be spent with Jules Massenet, for the man is kindness personified, and apart from this and from a habit of hospitality, which is not very common in France, his conversation is invariably fascinating. His long connection with the theatres has endowed him in a remarkable degree with the power of mimicry, and when he speaks he will illustrate his story, both in tone and gesture.

Massenet was born in 1842. He was the twenty-first child of Colonel Massenet, one of the most valiant officers of Napoleon I. "All our people were soldiers," he says, "and most of my brothers have been soldiers. I am the only artist of our family. My father fought in all the wars under Napoleon, from 1807 to 1815. My mother taught me to play by means of a clever and original system. On each of the keys of the old piano on which I was taught she had pasted a little piece of paper on which was written the name of the note, and above this was a sketch of its position on the register. In this way I learned my notes very quickly. I worked hard for my age, practicing four hours a day, but at that time piano-playing was not my ideal. Not that it tired me, but what I wanted was to conduct orchestras. I had never visited a theatre, but the idea of

the theatre always haunted me. I was actuated with a desire to command, and used to place newspapers all over my room, literally covering the floor with them, to represent an orchestra of musicians, and over this orchestra I would preside, beating time for hours together."

He worked with such success that at the age of nine he was admitted to the higher piano class in the Conservatoire. The family now moved to the Faubourg Montmartre so as to be near the Conservatoire, and remained there for three years, during which time Jules made good progress, winning many prizes. But when he was thirteen years old his father's health gave way, and the family was forced to leave Paris, going to live in the south of France, near Chamberry in Savoy. "Here I worked very hard, indeed, both alone and with the help of my mother. Yes, I worked enormously. But I was anxious to return to Paris and the Conservatoire, and when I was seventeen years of age, I spoke out my mind and said that I could not continue the life I was leading; that I must return to Paris. 'Well, then, go,' said my dear parents. 'Go if you must go, and earn your living.' Then they gave me a little money and saw me into the stage-coach and blessed me on my way."

Massenet only remained two years in Rome instead of five. "Liszt was living in Rome at that time," said Massenet. "It was just before he took orders. I used to go and see him, and one day he wrote to ask me if I would go and play in the evening at a house where there was a young lady who was greatly interested in music. I went, and continued my visits. Liszt used to come too, and we played together, and sometime Sgambati, one of Liszt's pupils, who has recently been elected a member of the Academy, and whom I consider the greatest musician in Italy, would also come. Liszt impressed me at that time as a wonderful man. I used to sit and watch him for hours together, and from memory he would play whole works of Beethoven and of Bach, who were his favorite composers. Whilst he was playing he would munch a cigar, which was never lighted, and by the time he left the piano the whole cigar would be eaten up. I cannot say what influence Liszt had upon my

music. I can say that he had a decided influence on Wagner, and I am sure that if Wagner had never known Liszt he would never have written Parsifal."

The reason why Massenet left Villa Medicis and returned to Paris, in 1866, is a romantic one. He had lost his heart to the young lady to whom he and Liszt and Sgambati used to play, and when her parents returned to Paris, Massenet followed them as her affianced husband. By favor of the French government, he was allowed to keep his scholarship, though not living in Rome, and this at that time formed the whole of his income. Yet, in 1868, he married, and it was to the apartment which he now occupies he brought home his beautiful and accomplished wife. "To add to my income," he says, "I gave piano lessons, but all the while I worked hard at composition, and during the four years which preceded the war I wrote my sacred drama, Marie Madeleine. The war interrupted my work, and while it lasted I did not touch my pen. I engaged as a soldier in the Mobiles, in one of the batalions de marche, and one of my comrades was Victorien Sardou, who was a most ardent patriot, full of fire. Before the war Marie Madeleine had been written. Doubtless it had proceeded from the influence that Rome had exercised upon me, but I also attribute it a great deal to the influence of Renan's Life of Jesus, a book which impressed me greatly. I knew Renan well and liked him, and regretted his death. We often met in society, and I was present at more than one scene which became famous for his ready repartee. One night at dinner at a house, fine talking was indulged in, and the lady of the house saw that Renan was about to speak, and interrupted him, saying: 'It is M. Dumas' turn to speak now.' When later on she remarked, 'Now you may say what you wanted to say, M. Renan,' he answered very quietly, 'Oh I only wanted to ask for another helping of beans.' I also remember that one night in my presence a very pretentious lady asked him: 'Monsieur Renan, what do you think about Shakespeare?' 'Oh, do you want to find a wife for him?' asked Renan.

'My real career began after the war, and thence for-

ward had no interruption. My life advanced with a dizzy rapidity. In 1872, Marie Madeleine was produced. It was followed in 1874 by Les Brinnyes, for which Leconte de Lisle wrote the words, and in 1875 by Eve, a poetical mystery in three parts, extremely philosophical in idea. In 1876, a one-act operette called Gran Trante was produced at the Opera Comique." It was not, however, till in 1877, that Massenet scored his first success, a triumph which ranked him at once amongst the greatest of living composers for the stage. "One day in 1876," he says, "I was walking on the boulevards, when I met Halanzier, who at that time was the director of the opera. 'I have heard your Marie Madeleine and your Eve,' he said to me. 'As you can write like that why don't you write an opera?' But I have written an opera,' I said. 'I have a complete opera in my drawer at home.' 'You must let me hear it,' he said. I was dumbfounded, but at last managed to stammer out, 'What! I? I? My opera? How can I waste your time like that?' 'I tell you I want to hear your opera. Bring it to my house to-morrow.' Well, next day, it was July 9, 1876, I went to Halanzier's house on the place Vendome, together with Louis Gaibert, who had written the libretto, and found Halanzier waiting for me, and the piano ready. So I sat down and played and sang the first act right through. Then I stopped, waiting to hear what he would say. 'But that isn't all,' he cried. So I played and sang the second act, and then the third, and so on till it was finished. Halanzier had never said a word. I thought that his silence meant disapproval, and exhausted with fatigue I picked up my music and was about to go away when Halanzier said: 'You must leave me your opera.' I could hardly believe my ears. 'What,' I cried, you mean to say that?' 'There's your contract,' said the director holding out his hand.

"That opera was my Le Roi de Lahore. It was produced at the opera in the following year, with considerable success. My next première was one of the painful experiences of a very happy life. That was in the first performance in 1880, at the opera of my one-act La Vierge. It was given at one

of the opera concerts, at which I myself conducted the orchestra. It was a great failure, and was hooted. The second performance was, however, a great triumph. That evening was one of the happiest evenings of my life. Vaucorbeil wanted me to give a third performance, but I refused, and said that I preferred to rest on my laurels. Krauss was very admirable in her part." La Vièrge has since been frequently produced, and always with success. "The Last Sleep of the Virgin," a morceau taken from this piece, is very popular in America and frequently figures on the programs of the Thomas concerts.

Speaking of his method of working, Massenet says: "I work very strangely. To begin with, I never touch a piano. The piano in this room is for friends, and a very bad piano it is. I sometimes spend two years thinking out an opera, and during that time I do not write down a single note. I carry it all in my head, and I compose at all times, even when speaking or when dining, at the theatre, in a carriage, in the train, everywhere. But my best work is done whilst I am walking up and down my bedroom, which is my favorite study. Then, when the opera is already in my head, I rush off to the country, and there I do write. I write from twelve to fifteen hours a day, straight off, without corrections of any kind, for you see I am writing under dictation from myself. People who see my manuscript often say that it must be the third or fourth copy, and when I tell them that it is the original and only manuscript, they say that I must have extraordinary facility. They do not reflect that I have been working at it, in my head, for years previous to the actual writing down. My memory rarely betrays me. I carry the whole score in my head, but at times I feel a sort of cooling off and a feeling of anxiety takes hold of me as I ask myself whether I have not lost my way. But it is soon dispelled, and on I go. I hardly budge from my table and my dear wife is literally forced to drag me out to take the two hours daily exercise which she considers necessary for my health. If anything important in the way of news occurs whilst I am writing my scores, I always note it down at the bottom of the page on

which I am writing. Thus, on the first page of the manuscript of my opera Werther, you will find written in a corner, 'The opera Comique was burned today. Mignon was being played.' You will remember that Werther was being written for the Opera Comique. I am now working at Griselidis, on the libretto of Armand Silvestre. I have been working at it whilst we have been talking. If you will follow me I will show you where I have worked at it for the most part,'' as he led me into his workroom, so often described.

Pittsburg *Leader.*— ROBERT N. SHERARD.

BESIDE THE SEA.

Often we walked together, hand in hand
  Beside the sea whose waters ever roll
  Between the present and the future goal;
And walking there upon the hither sand
Discussed the beauties of the farther strand.
  We were but parts, she thought, of some great whole,
  Of perfect Love and Truth,—the Oversoul,
That is the hither and the farther land.
  Existence so seemed somehow doubly dear
  That we might always have our lives the same.
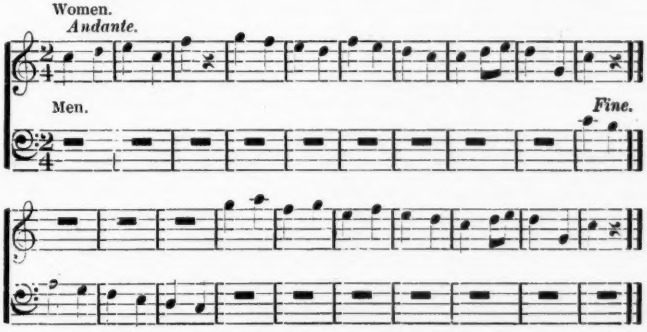
* * * * * * * *

Alone I walk beside the sea and hear
The purling ripples murmuring her name;
And, though alone, the way seems never drear
For well I know her farther shore is here.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

MUSIC IN MADAGASCAR.

THE recent events in Madagascar suggest the possibility that a few details concerning the custom of the natives may be of interest.

The Madagascan loves to talk and to sing. For his song he utilizes the first theme that occurs to him; he takes some saying, some phrase or a single word and repeats this until he is weary, with a chorus which he improvises as is the habit with all uncivilized races. Conversation is his delight; he loves, he adores eloquence, as he does a melody; he will chatter on indefinitely on some trivial matter caring nothing
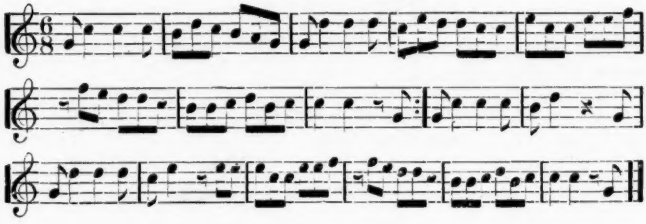


whether his words have sense or not; and an orator of even slight talent is always sure of an audience of charmed listeners.

When the talk begins to languish they try to improvise after the manner of the sophists some enigma, or charade (rahams hatra) word after word, sentences which form a line. Here is an example:

Three men, one of whom carried blanched rice, the second fagots, the third, an iron pot, approaching from three different directions met near a spring in a desert place, far distant from any human habitation. It is midday, and each of them, having as yet had nothing to eat, is very anxious to prepare

a meal but knows not how to set about it, for the owner of the rice is not the owner of the wood and neither of them has a right to dispose of the pot. However, each one contributes what he has and the rice is soon cooked; but at the
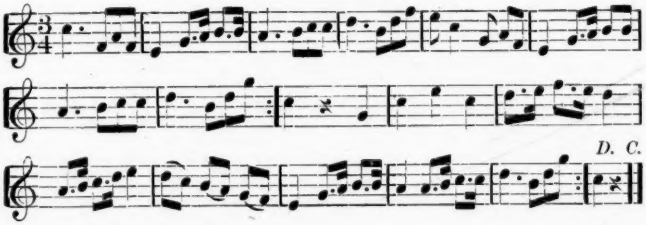
WARRIORS' SONG.



moment the repast is ready each one wishes to claim for himself the entire meal. Who is the owner of the cooked rice?

The Madagascan auditors are undecided; each one of the three men appears to have an equal right with the other two

LALO FATRA.

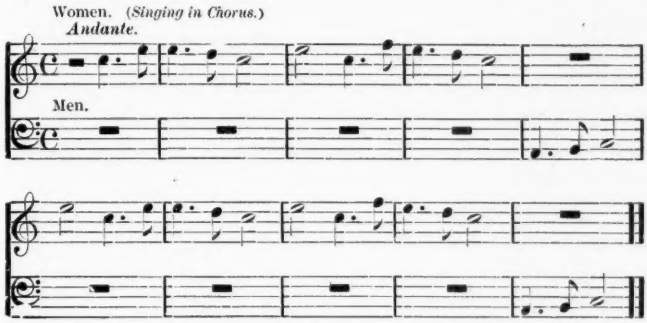


to the food. Here then is an excellent theme for discussion.

Like all indolent and sensuous people the Madagascans are passionately fond of poetry and music. At evening, in the villages one may see them assembled to listen to songs which one of their number improvises upon a familiar theme. They repeat the refrain in chorus, accompanying it by clapping their hands to mark the rhythm. The words of their songs consist in general of short phrases without much connection. They sometimes have a moral or satirical significance—more frequently they contain some simple image. The melodies are as a rule monotonous. They have never-

theless, a certain charm which proceeds as in most primitive songs, from their strange and languid tonality.

The musical instruments are very imperfect; they are the *érahou*, the *bobre*, the *Marouvané*, and the *azonlahé*. The most common is the marouvané or *vallya*, the favorite in-



strument of the Madagascan. The marouvané is made from a bamboo, as large as one's arm. By means of a knife they detach from the fibrous bark of this reed filaments which, being supported by little bridges, form cords. Upon this species of harp–guitar the Hovas execute all their national airs, the Queen's Air, the Warrior's Song, and even waltzes. The *vallya* is sustained by a small flute, and three assistants accompany it by clapping their hands.

We give here, as curiosities, written specimens of the four principal airs, of which the first two are the Hova's National Airs. The third, the Lalo Fatra and the second, the Warrior's song, are played by the fanfares upon official occasions. The last, like the first, is thoroughly characteristic and is sung in chorus at the homes of the Betimsaroes.

FRANCIS A. VAN SANTFORD.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THERE are two particulars in which the music student who betakes himself to Germany for carrying on his work, finds himself in better environment than in this country. The first of these is the highly advantageous fact that it is not possible for him to earn any money over there, and consequently he must devote himself to his studies without dividing his attention in a vain strife for pupils. Closely connected with this fact is its complement, that the parents or financial powers behind, recognizing this fact, provide money for the continued study until the proposed course is finished.

The second element is the so-called musical atmosphere, which consists of two ingredients: First, the bountiful provision of performances of fine music accessible to students at minimum rates (far below what they generally are in this country); and, second, the habit of talking over musical topics among the students themselves. When a few score Americans get together to study music in a German city, like Leipsic or Berlin or Vienna, they form a colony in a strange country. However successful they may be in German for ordinary uses, the tongue of their own country nevertheless goes nearest the heart; and they fall into the habit of coming together for companionship, and of talking over musical ideas and works, in a manner which is very rare in America. Indeed I doubt whether the students in Chicago come together at all. Our habits of life are so different, and the students living far apart in the city, and each one having his own friends, they rarely meet one another as musicians, and still more rarely find themselves talking over serious musical topics, as is the rule in Germany.

Of course many things assist in Germany. The newspapers, for instance, instead of the philistine tone regarding music affected by so many American papers, give serious and idealistic articles concerning every important topic and

new work. The students read, compare the different conclusions, and propound other opinions of their own, which may or may not be more radical and sweeping. But, whether wise or otherwise, they at least involve a taking in of music as subject of current thought, rare in this country.

Even where the student knows his German well enough to be at home in the country, the fact is advantageous rather than the reverse, for now in addition to the coterie of students there are German students and geniuses whose opinions are vigorous, and as a rule rather sweeping. And while these gifted souls may begin their survey of the pantheon of music by proposing to take it down and to reconstruct it entirely, they rarely carry out their fell designs, but as they grow older begin to accept that which was conceded before their day, and fall into a system of valuation more in consonance with the *vox populi*, which in art finally becomes *vox dei*—merely because the *vox dei* being eternal has an inestimable advantage in any race for immortality.

The much decried habit of drinking beer at least tends to sociability; and any one who has been much in Germany knows that beer is a liquid which, taken in moderation, is more liable to harm the liver than the morals, (which perhaps is after all about the same thing.) This, however, is another question.

* * *

The American College of Musicians had its annual meeting for organizing the new body, last month in New York. In another place will be found an account of the proceedings. As will be seen the status of the former members of the body is a very problematical question. The curious thing about it is that there were no great number all told; and those who nominally belonged as charter members held by a very slight tenure, which the collection of the annual due of two dollars always strained and sometimes ruptured entirely. Nevertheless, now that there seems a question whether there is any College of Musicians officially beyond the body of trustees, the value of the membership seems to have appreciated remarkably, and there is a fear that the cutting or passing of these unvalued privileges will

be marked by a degree of warmth altogether unanticipated.

* * *

Upon the face of it, the proceeding of the officers of the College in making the new organization appears strange. But upon investigation it appears, as so well recited by President Parsons in a former issue of MUSIC, that the College was never properly organized, and never had a legal right to do any of the work it proposed and undertook. It might have done almost anything else, made hoes, sold rakes, started an insurance fraud; but the purely honest and god-fearing avocation of promoting higher standards of musical education was legally beyond its ken; and it might have been brought to book anytime had some one chosen to feel aggrieved by its work.

It must be remembered that the most important work which a society of this kind can do might be described as moral, rather than actual. When it has proposed certain standards of attainment for entering professional work in music, it can administer its tests to all the candidates who present themselves. These, however, form but a very small proportion of the greater public whose ideas and whose studies are influenced by the formalized standards of the College. In this way it shines upon the just and upon the unjust, and he would be a bold socialist who would undertake to define the limitations of its influence.

It is not certain but what the College will be stronger when the old time charter members are eliminated. The small number of them restricted the value of the distinction; or rather, the selection of a very few names, about one-hundred in the country as a whole, as representing the work of the College, and barring out all other equally reputable professional musicians except upon the wholly impracticable condition that they come around and be examined, necessarily restricted the authority of the college. If in the new order there can be an advisory council or something of the kind, large enough to take in all good workers in music all over the country, as fast as their sympathies are shown to be with us and their professional record is such as to indicate the value of their influence, then there is no reason why

all serious music students may not work under the general lines laid down by the College, even if finally judged by their own immediate educational superiors rather than the officials of the College. The value of the College work would remain just the same; and the fact that the certificate granted bore the name of some individual college, or some private teacher, would signify little if it were once understood that such individual or conservatory was working under the plans of the American College of Musicians. In short this may be one of those cases where to lose the life of the former membership is to gain it twice over, in a better and broader association of the musical profession.

* * *

Of course there are some who doubt the value of professional association. Curiously it was a Chicago musician, somewhat eminent as teacher of composition, who in reply to an invitation to join a musical club of teachers for meetings once a month and papers, said: "Do you suppose if I get a good point I am going there and give it away to those other fellows?"

* * *

Still more strange, a friend of mine whispered in my ear the other day (and his name is well known to all readers of these pages) that he considered it of doubtfnl advisability to permit your pupils to get together too much. I do not know the particular mishap upon which this observation was founded. But evidently I came upon a conclusion the story of which might have been interesting.

* * *

There is something curious in the present effort in certain quarters to bring young Siegfried Wagner forward as a musical conductor. Of course it is a great disadvantage to the young man to have his father's fame, and his mother's father's fame, behind him as a standard to live up to. It is like the sons of general Grant or of Abraham Lincoln; who *could* live up to such a parentage?

But in young Wagner's case there is something entirely different from anything we find in the case of his eminent

parents. The late lamented grandpapa Liszt at the age of fifteen was the first pianist of his generation; and at the age of twenty had astonished the world. Young Richard Wagner had not written anything of importance by the time he reached twenty-four. But he had already distinguished himself as a conductor in a local opera troupe.

* * *

John C. Fillmore lately gave a concert in Milwaukee, at which he brought forward a considerable number of the graduates of his music school, preparatory to leaving that city for California, whither he goes in the hope that the climate may benefit his daughter, Miss Margaret Fillmore. Professor Fillmore has accepted a position as head of the music department in Pomona college, near Los Angeles. It goes without saying that the state of California gains in Mr. Fillmore one of the clearest thinkers and writers we have upon music: and a teacher who is experienced and thorough. For some years, as readers of MUSIC know, Prof. Fillmore has devoted considerable attention to deciphering the folks songs of the various tribes of Indians, especially the liturgic songs of the Omahas. Upon these he has written several times in these pages. He has also had several boxes of phonograph cylinders sent him containing songs of other western tribes. By the aid of personal instruction from an educated young Omaha now in the government employment at Washington, and of that energetic and lovely woman, Miss Alice Fletcher, (whose remaining articles may sometime find place in the Century,) Mr. Fillmore has become expert in reducing these songs to musical notation, and discovers (as was probable enough upon the face of it if we had not been taught to look the other way) that these songs lie mostly along the five toned scale, and are essentially in the same tonality as our own folks songs. It also appears sure that the Indian feels the same about his music as Caucasian people do about theirs; and that either we are all of one blood, or else that evolution works in the same way when circumstances are the same or similar.

It has been a hope of Mr. Fillmore for some time to

obtain a fellowship in some university which would enable him to devote his entire time to saving these fast vanishing remains of a primitive song lore, so ancient and so traditional that few of the younger generation of Indians are acquainted with them. But although the sum required for supporting an investigator is but small, no encouragement has been received, neither the Smithsonian Institution nor any of our large and liberally endowed universities being able to furnish funds for the purpose. It seems a pity that a matter of two or three thousand dollars could not be devoted for a few years to this work.

So after this pleasant experience as musical scientist, Mr. Fillmore resigns himself again to the bread and butter producing activity of teaching the gifted youth of California the pervasive art of playing the piano and writing harmony.

He will do both duties well.

Mr. Fillmore is also a very interesting and clear musical lecturer, who ought to find a great deal of this sort of work to do.

* * *

Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck played two very interesting piano recitals before Mr. Mathews' summer class, July 11 and 18th. His programs were these:—

JULY 11.

1.	*a.* Gavotte in D major.	Bach
	c. Aria	Gluck-St. Saens
2.	*a.* Nocturne F major	Chopin
	b. 2 Ecassaises	
	c. Mazurka F minor	
	a. Kamennoi Ostrow	Rubinstein
	b. Etude in E flat	
3.	Hindoo Song	Seeboeck
4.	*a* Jet d'eau (waterfall)	Ijinski
	b Berceuse	
5.	*a* Minuet Antique. No. 3.	Seeboeck
	b Papillons No. 4	
	c Serenade in D flat	
	d In the Forest (bright summer morn)	
	e " " " Will o' the wisp	
6	*a* Ritournelle	Chaminade
	b "To the last"	Seeboeck
7.	Thema con Variazioni for 2 Pianos, (dedicated to Mme Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler,)	Seeboeck

1st Piano. W. C. E. Seeboeck
2nd. " Miss Emma Roelle.

JULY 18.

1. *a*) Bach, Prelude and Fugue. C minor (from Well-tempered Clavichord)
   b) Mozart, Rondo in A minor
   c) Grieg, Dance Caprice
   d) Chopin, Polonaise in C sharp minor

Vocal Solo, Massenet air from Herodiade. Mr. Carberry

2. *a*) Lack Idilio.
   b) Naprovnik, Nocturne in D flat
   c) Leschetizki, Mazurka in F minor
3. Schumann, *a*) Papillons
   b) Sonata in G minor

Vocal Solo by Mr. Carberry.

4. Seeboeck, *a*) Toccata
   b) Nocturne
   c) Fantasy on themes of Gounod's Faust

The first program, as will be seen, consisted largely of short pieces, well contrasted. Several of them were very brilliant, especially the Rubinstein study in E flat. Mr. Seeboeck's own compositions are dainty, at times strong and always well worked and musicianly. Perhaps the most taking of those on the list were the third Antique Minuet and the "Will o' the Wisp," the latter very wierd and pleasing. His great "Theme and Variations" for two pianos was praised by no less a judge of good writing than Mr. Clarence Eddy as being better than the celebrated Schumann variations for two pianos. On the present occasion it went splendidly at the hands of Mr. Seeboeck and his pupil, Miss Emma Roelle. Another notable novelty on the program was the Hindoo song, "Mighty Brahma," which is a very strong and beautiful composition. And it was well sung upon this occasion by Miss Lucille Stevenson, who has a voice of excellent timbre and range.

Speaking of Mr. Seeboeck's songs the Sunday Tribune had an article upon Chicago composers, not long ago, in which it was stated that Mr. Seeboeck had composed about three hundred songs, and all had been published. As matter of fact very few have been published, not more than eight or ten all told; and the full number now reaches the imposing total of 317. In addition to this vast fertility there is a long list of piano pieces, of all grades and often of considerable elaboration, two concertos, two operas, part

of an oratorio, and the like. The Apollo club has sung some of his part songs, upon occasion, and the supply is not yet exhausted.

The second program was best in the Schumann sonata, and in the original compositions of Mr. Seeboeck, the greater proportion of the selections being of moderate difficulty, not affording fit illustration of the remarkable and exceptional technical and artistic qualities of the player.

* * *

In the old times there was a writing-book copy which read "What man has done, man may do," which in turn is not unlike the motto of Sam Slick, that "Some things can be done as well as others." Mr. Seeboeck has lately turned his mind to mastery of the wheel, urged thereto by a forfeit, compelling him to ride around upon a wheel and call upon a lady of his acquaintance within a week. The fatal evening was a Thursday, and he had taken his first lesson upon the wheel on Tuesday. Nevertheless he was out upon the wheel three hours on Wednesday and again on Thursday, and mastered the whole technique. Which will be pleasing to those who think it is difficult to learn to ride.

I confess that I have had many a moment of admiration at the daring intellect displayed by riders of my acquaintance—I, who could never maintain an equilibrium for twenty feet together. I have often wondered how ever they are able to do it, to ride along so securely and evenly upon this ticklish little vehicle, so light, so rapid, so easy to upset. But my own time has come. I also have discovered that some things can be done as well as others. Becoming possessed of a wheel, it was a question of using it myself or of seeing it worn out by some one else. Two evenings threw no light upon the subject. The same old elusiveness. I remembered how it had taken the united strength of two strong and husky fellows to keep my wheel in a vertical position while I was trundling along upon it for a hundred feet or so. But presto, change. A half hour in the morning, and lo! one rides four or five miles and the problem is solved. Like all well made dilemmas, the wheel reduces itself to two conditions: First, to get on, then, to stay on.

And why not stay on? Instead of trying to carry one's body this way or that, why not make the wheel itself to do the balancing, and show its quality by keeping under the rider, no matter what his lurches?

* * *

There is a direct relation between the agitation for good roads and the wheel. First, because it makes a vast difference to the wheelman what sort of a road he rides over; and second because he is obliged to keep his eyes glued to the road in front of him. To ride a wheel in order to see natural scenery is futile, for you have no time to view the landscape o'er; but when you have studied some scores of miles, rising into hundreds of all sorts of roads, you finally become qualified to do your country great service as inspector of public highways.

* * *

Have you ever noticed the look of desperation which sits upon the face of the beginner? The wheel takes a notion to go its own whither. There is a curb and a tree on the other side, exactly where you do not care to be carried; but you are upon the wheel, being "broken upon the wheel" they used to call it, and to the curb you go, and against the tree. And, wonder of altruism, you carefully save the beastly little vehicle from the bumps it has so viciously set up for you, and take them yourself with all the good humor you have left.

* * *

And then three days later you discover that anything more than a foot wide is wide enough in all conscience for a path for the obedient little wheel. Nevertheless, the little monster gets in his work later, when you are tired, or when there is some one looking. You take projecting manholes, bark trees along the curb, and dismount just in front of a buggy with a vicious horse, at imminent risk of your life.

* * *

Verily riding a wheel is interesting.

* * *

But think what it must have been when the perch was

about five feet up in the air and the pneumatic tire had not yet been invented.

* * *

Among the Chicago musicians addicted to the wheel vice are Sherwood, Gleason, Walton Perkins, Cady, Seeboeck, Miss Julia Caruthers, and perhaps scores of others.

* * *

One of the largest and most successful summer schools this year in Chicago was that of Mr. Calvin B. Cady, who, by the way, has dissolved his connection with the Chicago Conservatory. One of the important incidents of his school was a series of chamber concerts, in which several of his advanced pupils played important compositions, such as the Brahms Trios, opus 101, and opus 99; Beethoven Trio, opus 1 played by Miss Josephine Large; and Brahms Trio opus 114, Saint Saens Trio opus 92, by Miss Mary L. Powers.

There was also a series of piano recitals in the course of which a considerable variety of new and artistic music was performed, as well as much of a classic character. Mr. Cady's work rests upon a peculiarly solid treatment of the elementary problems of the music teacher; but it would be a mistake to conclude from this that he does not equally distinguish himself in the most advanced departments.

* * *

Messrs. Frederick H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper will hold a summer school for teachers in Boston, July 29, to August 10, and in Chicago from August 12, to August 24. The course will include a thorough drill in educational principles and practices. For further information see elsewhere in this magazine.

W. S. B. M

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

PIANO TOUCH AGAIN.

Having recently again read the entire series of article relating to Piano Touch, I feel like adding a few lines, if you still care to devote any further space to this subject. These will be occupied in considering what has already been said upon this subject rather than treating the subject a-new.

One of the writers seems to consider such discussions beneath an artist and almost contemns analysis of the means by which the artist produces his effects. While it may be undesirable for the artist himself to analyse the *means* to his performance, the practical teacher cannot be satisfied thus. He *has to know* the material basis, cause and reason for every effect he wishes to produce through his pupils. I will put it stronger and say that as an instructor he is a failure just to such an extent as he *don't know.*

Mr. Sternberg's discussion of tone quantity and quality is very instructive and suggests that peculiar influence that quality has on quantity in producing the carrying power of tone, but I don't think that many will be with him in assuming some hidden cause "perhaps not known to us," or "not necessary for us to know." We do not feel that in this discussion we are prying into "Mystery,' quite the contrary, we are simply seeking for a cause.

Mr. Kelso's position that pressure does not effect a *single* tone after it has been produced but that it can only affect a series of tones or passage, seems to me correct; and Mr. Webster, in my judgment, clearly proves this in his attempt to prove the contrary. Mr. Wm. F. Apthorp has already pointed out—in Mr. Webster's argument—that if the duration of contact depends on the velocity of the hammer, subsequent pressure could not effect the tone. Besides, if we study the constructions of our piano action we will notice that the hammer leaves the action and so severs its connection with the hand of the player before it strikes the string. It is therefore like a ball after it has left the hand that throws it. If the connection between the hand and the hammer severs before the string is struck, how can subsequent pressure possibly affect the tone? If this is true, then Mr. Webster's argument respecting overtones also has a different aspect.

Hummel's and Klindworth's statements as to the necessity of "pressure" and digging into the keys, which Mr. Webster quotes, are very valuable injunctions, but they have in my mind no bearing on this immediate question. They are not to affect the tone after it has been produced but are rather to have their influence on the hand of the player, to prepare it for subsequent action. So we

come around to Mr. Kelso's position that an entire passage only can be influenced by pressure. It also appears that if a piano player can influence a single tone by pressure, a painter can also shade his color by one application of the brush. It requires then repeated application of both finger and brush to produce shading.

It seems quite clear as Mr. Sherwood states that a simultaneous application of the pedal and the hand is apt to produce a blurring of the chords, but to say that it is the cause of the existence of harmonics, seems to me incorrect; for we can prove by a very simple experiment that if the pedal is used at all we are bound to have harmonics. If we press down one of the lower keys so gently that the hammer will not touch the string, then strike the octave higher, and after an instant, release the key that has been struck still holding the lower, the harmonic will be distinctly heard. We will also find if we strike a key, hold it for an instant so as to note the quality and volume of the tone, and then use the pedal, that the tone will gradually increase in volume and change somewhat in quality. This is because the sounding string is thus allowed to impart its vibrations to other strings and so produce harmonics.

Mr. Fillmore in his article says: "I believe that nobody has yet given, in this magazine, the scientific reasons why the quality of tone of a piano is modified by the touch of the player." This may have been either because it was not in the original demand of the symposium, or because the writers turned the discussion upon this single point of the possibility of modifying a tone by pressure after it is once produced. This seems to me to have been perfectly correct as it is important to have this question thoroughly discussed first. Now we are ready for the other question which Mr. Fillmore has partly considered, and I for one sincerely hope that there will be another opportunity soon to consider—*Why the quality of tone differs among players, the instrument being the same.*

Let it first be established then, that there is a difference in tone-quality among players, which is not due to the instrument but is directly caused by the touch of the player. There are many points in the construction of an instrument and the adjustment of its various parts, that become causes of tone-quality in that instrument; but we are now only to consider *one* cause; and that is *that* which appears in the touch of the player.

All teachers are well aware that there is a great difference in touch and tone-quality among pupils, and that for some it is comparatively easy and natural to acquire a good touch while the greatest amount of instruction will not develop it in others. All hearers of music can testify that an instrument sounds quite different under the hands of some players than it does under those of others. We would be perfectly safe in concluding, then, that the cause of this difference is to be found somewhere within the player himself. An instrument maker can point out all the causes that produce good and bad tones in an instrument and can make practical demonstrations of the scientific reasons showing why and how these causes produce the given effects; but can we be expected to

give as clear a demonstration of the reasons for the effects which a cause so mysterious as the one we are considering produces, without taking the word *scientific* in its generic sense and extending its meaning to the realm of thought?

When we contemplate man, he appears to us in two aspects, at least. He is physically active, expending his energies through his muscular system, thus converting them into mechanical motion. But he has also an inner or subjective life. He can expend his energies through his brain or in a still more subjective manner and we recognize him as a thinking, reasoning being. If we again contemplate his inner life more closely, it also appears as a complex, made up of many faculties, capabilities, characteristics, etc. Let us now ask ourselves with references to our cause of a good touch and tone, does it have its seat or origin in man's physical body or does it extend back into his inner being where may be found the mental faculties and the psychical capabilities which appear to stand related to the outward physical activities as causes stand related to effects? Looking at it from a purely physical standpoint we cannot but see how exactly and completely a good tone depends upon a correct touch, and the teacher's efforts are turned in this direction, and the mechanical part of his *method* is devoted almost entirely to the formation of the touch. We might think that we have here discovered the cause of tone-quality but if we consider acts as the expression of thoughts, we have not found the ultimate cause in comparison with which this physical cause appears only as an effect.

Those who have paid some attention to the discussions as to the influence of mind over body might be tempted to place in the former the ultimate cause for which we are seeking. When we consider mind analytically, however, we find it a complex also: a mere collection of faculties and behind them, there is a *unity* which works through them and manipulates them as mere parts of an instrument. I do not here wish to set aside those valuable injunctions and aphorisms spoken by earnest teachers and genuine artists, setting forth the fact that musical performance is not merely mechanical or muscular, but that it is essentially a "mental" process, and who make use, instinctively, of the aphorism of Moschele, "The spirit should practice more than the fingers." What I wish to show is that these processes which we usually denominate mental, which take place in the brain and which are to a great extent functions of that organ, are not to be regarded as ultimate. There is still something behind these which appears through them. These mental faculties are animated by still higher processes which are known as psychological or thought processes and which are direct emanations from the psyche or soul in which, in our judgment, the true cause we are searching for, inheres. We would more correctly say then that technic is a psychological process; in fact musical performance requires the most exact and acute mathematical calculation we can think of, for no where is the intellect required to operate under so many limitations as here.

That in soul music has its origin and that it is to the soul of

man that it appeals, is not difficult to show frrm the works of all great musical writers, philosophers, poets, etc If music be regarded as an art of "saying something to human souls," as Mr. W. S. B. Mathews has said, than it must also come *from* the souls of the great masters of composition and performance. Kullak calls improvisation "the mimic play of the soul." Ambros says: "Music is the best portrayal of soul conditions." Schumann says: "Music is the outflow of a beautiful mind," George Sand has said, "The combination of the arts must be sought for within the depths of the soul. "Gottfried Hinkel has said: "I call music *archaic revelation.* In none of the other arts do such crystals stream from the hidden man." Schiller said: "Life is breathed by the pictorial art, spirit I demand of the poet: but soul is expressed by Polyhymnia alone." Franz Brendel says: "To represent the deepest and most hidden impulses, is distinctively by the task of the tonal art. It has found the material which can bring the depths of the soul into immediate expression, this is the height, the greatness of music, this art of the soul, wherein it is not equaled by any of the other arts." We might go on for some time yet and increase indefinitely the number of these beautiful gems of thought, illustrative of the psychical origin of music, but we will leave the matter after quoting one more from J. S. Dwight because it is particularly suited to this discussion. He says: "Music is finer than speech and makes its appeal to a deeper *some-what* in us underlying all thought of the understanding." The inference is easy then that in the soul the ultimate cause of difference not only in tone-quality but in all other qualities in musical composition as well as performance must lie. The true explanation of *Genius* itself is found right here. That there is a wide difference in souls, is easily seen when we contemplate such masters as Mozart, Mendelssohn and others who were born into this life with such a knowledge of Harmony and Mastery over Form, displayed even in their childhood works, as cannot be acquirsd by many earnest students of music in a whole life time, to say nothing of the pure spiritual essence of music which is cast into these forms.

As we have before said,—and it is particularly applicable to these great souls—when we contemplate man he appears to us as a dual being. Much has been written on the influence of the mind on the body, but there appears to be something stronger than an influence in the relation of the soul to the body, to which we have referred, it really amounts to *control.* If this be true we might conceive of the soul as playing upon the body through its inner mechanism of mental faculties in the same manner in which the body plays upon a piano through its inner mechanism. But, as one writer has said, we are not to think of our bodies as a mass of matter through which the soul manifests, but as an *animal,* "which has its separate existence, its tastes, its tendencies, its will, and only stands above other animals in this respect, that it is disciplined and supplied with a more perfect organism." This view seems to be fully warranted by—at least not in conflict with,—the experiments and researches relating to the reflex and automatic

activities of physical man and animals. This doctrine of duality was well established in the systems of many ancient philosophers and we are gradually coming round to it again in this generation. This duality is somewhat forcibly presented by Goethe when he makes Faust say:

> " Two souls, alas; are lodged within my breast,
> Which struggle there for undivided reign:
> One to the world, with obstinate desire,
> And closely cleaving organs, still adheres;
> Above the mist the other doth aspire'
> With sacred vehemence to purer spheres."

Whatever may be thought of this question of duality it will be found that it offers at least an explanation for a great many phenomena which are otherwise unintelligible and mysterious. Upon the hypothesis that the soul, the superior member of this duality, manifests its hidden inner life in all art, but particularly in musical composition and performance, it can easily be seen where the real cause of the difference we are considering may be found, but it is not so easy to show by actual demonstration *why* and *how* this cause produces these effects.

It is not correct, however to infer from what has been said that a beautiful quality of tone always accompanies other artistic powers for Paganini himself is quoted as saying that he excelled in execution rather than in quality of tone in which he was surpassed by some of his contemporaries; and we can many of us undoubtedly call to mind other artits whose playing partakes rather of a heroic or furious character whose tone is not so pleasing to us as that of some milder tem peraments. We can reasonably say, however, that whatever the tone-quality may be, it corresponds to the character and quality of the inmost soul of the artist which, during performance we see, as it was poured into the instrument until this inanimate mechanism becomes a living, speaking creature. H. R. Haweis in speaking of Ernst's Violin says: "Its body only is there; its soul was the very soul of the master whose has passed to where the chiming is 'often the chiming of the Eternal spheres."

It is said of Rubinstein that even when he practiced the dryest mechanical exercises, he could infuse them with "a peculiar warmth and geniality of tone." It was in fact his very life essence with which he animated each tone until it became a living breathing entity. Every one who feels the spirit and essence of *music* awake and stirring within himself, knows this from his own experience when he thinks back to the time when often during his practice the dryest studies were transformed under his fingers and seemed to glow with new life which he felt go out from his inmost nature. The artist is a man of wonderful power, being in possession of the *sacred fire* by means of which he can infuse a warmth and life into dead forms until they live and speak again. When we think of these things, the story of Orphens itself remains no mere myth but becomes a great truth, for this transforming power of soul—inspired playing is truly magical in its effects on tone and musical forms which in soulless playing are so uninteresting, so dry, so dead.

Englewood, 1895. WM. H. WETZ.

A BERLIN LETTER.

Since the writers former student years at Leipsic, the center of musical life of Germany, has been removed from that venerable city to Berlin. Here a well established opera company under royal patronage, and with able directors, provide an operatic performance, every night during the year, excepting during two months in in summer, and on religious festival days. The royal opera house orchestra, also give a series of Symphony concerts each season. Wagner's opera have been very liberally given of late, "Der Ring der Nebelungen" has been given (entire) three times and Die Meistersinger, Die Walkure, Tristian and Isolde, and Rieuze.

As for concerts and recitals, one soon learns that it is advisable to attend only the best, as the number given is enormous. Something like three hundred had been announced during September 1894, and the season had hardly commenced. Every ambitious concert player, or singer now adays, feels it is his or her duty to give at least one concert in Berlin, and many are not satisfied, with anything short of a series of concerts, to make sure of a complete display, of their real, or supposed skill. Conservatories and schools of music, are forever hatching a concert or recital, and as the season wears, its close, the number given, increases in a fearful ratio, till, suddenly, the struggle to be heard is over and silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows ef sound."

Violin players are attracted here on account of the presence of the famous Joachim. Pianists came to study with Klindworth, Reif, Moszkowski, or other distinguished masters. Lillie Lehmann and Amelia Joachim are much heard of, through their own singing and that of their pupils. Occasionally an operatic is developed here just now, it is Miss Oliva Tremstadt an American and pupil of Lehmann, who has just secured an engagement of four years, in opera at Cologne, and will also sing at the Bayreuth festival to be given during the summer of 1896.

Composers both old and new, do also congregate here. Several of the leading newspaper critics are quite ambitious as composers, and several smart concert givers have hit upon the plan of performing only works of these critics, hoping thereby to predjudice criticism in their favor. On the whole this city is an excellent place for the general development of the musical student, And although other countries and cities, may boast of celebrated composers, teachers, and performers yet it is a hard matter to find a city other than that of Berlin that may more justly be called the musical capital of the world.

F. W. Merriman.

THE A. C. M.

THE first annual meeting of the trustees of the American College of Musicians took place at Steinway Hall, New York, June 28th at 7.30, A. M. a quorum being in attendance. There were present. Albert Ross Parsons, George E. Whiting, S. B. Whitney, J. P. Warren, William Mason, Frederick W. Root, Robert Bonner, Samuel S. Sanford, Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, A. A. Stanley.

Trustee Albert Ross Parsons called the meeting to order.

Several statements were made by officers and the legal advisor of the College from which the following deductions were evident:—

1. That the American College of Musicians was by a blunder organized originally under a commercial act, and while under its charter it might engage in almost any nameable commercial or manufacturing operation, it had no authority whatever to conduct examinations and do business as an educational body or college.

2. That in addition to securing under its new organization the authority it required for establishing tests and processes of musical education, it also inherited as part of its relation to the University of New York a very complete apparatus of circulars of information and propoganda instrumentalities, calculated to greatly facilitate its work along its former lines, and in any new directions which from time to time might be taken up.

3. And that as to the status of the charter members of the College of Musicians under the old organization, it appeared that by reason of having never been voted in after the incorporation in 1886, they had been members of the former College only *de facto*, but not *de jure*.

In the present organization the former charter or foundation members constitute the Advisory Council of the College, with the powers and privileges of the principals and faculty of affiliated musical institutes in the annnal convocation of the College, held in the last week of June. Persons heretofore or hereafter admitted to the College by examination from the grade of associates upwards, constitute the Alumni of the College, with the powers and privileges in convocation of the Advisory Council. The annual subscription of members of the Advisory Council, the Alumni Association, principals and faculty of affiliated institutions, etc., is $2.00. The former College, loosely organized and with no assured future, depended upon dues and examination fees for its very existence. The present College being upon a secure foundation for all time, all who hereafter avail themselves of the rights and privileges of membership, will continue their annual subscriptions for the purpose not of founding the College, but instead of sharing in the benefits and advantages and contributing towards the expenses of the annual convocation for mutual intercourse and conference.

The annual convocation of the University of the State of New York has been attended of late by over four hundred members, including over one hundred representatives of the faculty and alumni of thirty colleges in fifteen different states of the Union, thus constituting that annual meeting the Congress of the Higher Education for the United States. The annual convocation of the members of the American College of Musicians is destined to assume from the outset equal importance in relation to all that concerns the Higher Musical Education.

4. It was believed by all the speakers that the College of Musicians in its new form is in position to conduct educational propaganda of all necessary sorts to much better advantage than as it existed formerly.

6. Several of the speakers believed that the sanction of the University of New York would prove an important aid in its work.

4. The organization of the board of trustees being effected by electing Trustee Parsons Chairman of the board, and President of the College, E. M. Bowman, Vice President, and Robert Bonner Secretary and Treasurer; the appointment of an Executive Board consisting of the President and secretary and all the resident New York trustees, the further determination of the very important matters of relating the character members of the College to the new body, and beginning in a system of Music Extension. were left over to later consideration by the Executive Board. with powers to act.

The College adjourned.

MUSIC is in receipt of the following communication regarding the musical display at the Atlanta Exposition.

Dear Sir: As Chairman of the Committees on Music and Law for the State of New York to exhibit Woman's Work at the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., I would request you kindly to aid this worthy object by assisting me in securing all important Musical Compositions, Books on Music or Law, or printed essays on Woman's Work in Music or Jurisprudence, Photographs and Autograghs of all the women composers, or singers, or pianists of world-wide reputation; or photographs and autographs of women who are practising Law; or bas-reliefs, or busts, or plaster casts of any of these talented women; or any matters of importance pertaining to the above subjects.

All exhibits must be sent by me to Alanta, Ga., for the Woman's Building, during the first week of August, 1895, and they will be returned in December unless the exhibits are donated.

Awaiting your reply and kind assistance for the World's Fair, which will open September next, I am, Yours Truly,

FLORENCE C. SUTRO.

Send exhibits to Mrs. Theodore Sutro, 20 Fifth Ave, New York City.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

NEW MUSIC.

(From the John Church Company.)

XAVER SCHARWENKA. MOMENT MUSICAL. Opus 73. No. 2.
LANDLICHER TANZ. Op. 74, No. 1.

The former is a pleasant piece in A minor, a la danse antique. Advanced 4th.

The second is a pleasant valse de salon, 5th grade.

BENJAMIN GODARD. Guirlandes. Op. 107, No. 11. En Valsant. Op. 53. No. 6.

The former is an "artistic study," in which rapid arpeggios keep the right hand busy while the left hand plays a melody. 4th grade.

The second is a brilliant and pleasing valse de salon. 5th grade. Both of these have been revised and fingered by Theodore F. Bohlmann.

C. CHZMONADE. Serenade.
" Zingara.

The serenade is an agreeable teaching piece, in a swinging 3-4 measure. 4th grade.

The Zingara is more brilliant, the main subject consisting of running work in A minor, the second subject being more lyric, in A major. Both pieces will play agreeably, and are therefore to be sought by those looking for pretty music of a semi-popular quality.

G. D. WILSON. Balletto. Op. 166.

A pleasing piece in E flat, polka movement, its chief fault being too great length for its thickness. Very pleasing, easy 4th grade.

HANS SEIFERT. Elfin Play, Op. 21.

A good and pleasing study in a variety of styles, most of it falling within the less advanced 4th grade; part of it, however reaching into the 5th. Triplets with a melody in the uppermost notes. Good finger work.

U. S. CADETS MARCH, Mandolin and Banjo, by Harry C. Jordan.
SEGOVIA VALSE, for Mandolin, E. P. Hodges.
DA SE RUSSE, for Mandolin and guitar, W. S. Baxter.
THE CRUSADER, for Mandolin and guitar, W. S. Baxter.
SUMMER FANCIES, Waltz, for piano, Harry C. Jordan.
BALTIMORE AMERICAN MARCH, Two mandolins, violin and guitar, by Charles P. Burton, arranged by L. Q. Rawson.

Awards Souvenir. Musical instruments at the World's Columbian Exposion.

We have received from the Presto Publishing Company their

book of awards at the Fair. It contains a large number of portraits and the original awards of the juries in full for all the musicale x-hibits of the Exposition. These awards were acquired by dint of considerable trouble and are undoubtedly authentic. The book is profusely illustrated with portraits and other matter and deserves the attention of every member of the music trade and of all musicians who are interested in preserving the memory of the musical side of the Fair. The facilities of the Presto for acquiring this information were unusually good, since for the greater part of the time they published a daily paper and were therefore the recipients of a large amount of news at first hand.

SERENADE BADINE. GABRIEL MARIA. Piano and violin. Very pleasing, in a Gavotte like movement.

HITHER AND THITHER. Polka. Waldteufel. Pleasing dance music. 3d grade.

From G. Schirmer.

TWO DANCE MOVEMENTS. Bourree, with Alternative. Jaraslaw Zelinski. An ambitious and modern movement, clever and well done. 6th grade.

Mr. V. J. Hlavac, of St. Petersburgh, who will be remembered as one of the experts in musical instruments at the Fair, has lately done a remarkable thing. Taking the Chopin study in F minor opus 25, No. 2, as basis, he has put with it enough other matter to make an orchestral suite of seven pieces, during all of which the study itself is played upon the pianoforte. The Berlin *Music Zeitung* says that in the prelude four horns have a soft and beautiful melody; in the Scherzo the string quartette is in the foreground; in the Nocturne, two B flat clarinets and the harp have the leading roles; in the Waltz the string quartette with contrabass, in the Eclogue, Flute, oboe, horn and harp. And the finale, the full orchestra is brought into play. The *Musicalische Rundschau* calls it "a contrapuntal master work."

WHERE EARTH AND HEAVEN MEET.

'Tis by the brook and Meadows green,
Where sun and shadows play;
Or silent snow-fields intervene,
With trees of leaflets gray;
Where stately hills send down supplies,
To blue lakes at their feet;
'Tis not so far from where we stand.
Where earth and heaven meet.

2.

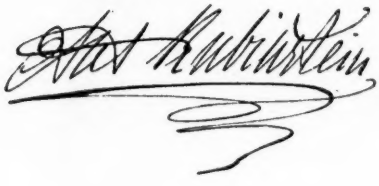
'Tis where the sunbeam's morning light
Doth kiss the morning dew:
Or where his rays so warm and bright,
Paint flowers with deepest hue.
'Tis by the anvil of the plow,
In frost or Summer's heat;
Where'er the earth doth meekly bow—
There earth and heaven meet.

3

'Tis where the storms arise and break,
Or trouules cross our way;
Where gentle showers come down to make
The heart both glad and gay.
'Tis by the hearth and pleasant home,
Kind thoughts, though sad or sweet,—
A noble act - where'er we roam,—
There earth and heaven meet

Dr. H. S. Perkins.





MUSIC

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANTOINE RUBINSTEIN.

IN those times, Chopin having disappeared from the world, a sweet evening star which sparkled but for a moment, Thalberg fatigued by success had retired to Italy, Liszt leaving the piano for the baton of a Weimar orchestral conductor, there were no more great pianists; not that the world absolutely lacked of elegant or brilliant virtuosos, of Döhler, Prudent, Ravina, Gottschalk, these we might certainly call heroes, but they were not gods. Violinists held the place of honor, and if no one among them had the strength to sway the scepter of Paganini, given up as the work of a unique miracle, Alard, Vieuxtemps, Sivori scintillated as stars of the first magnitude, each one having his admirers, who were even fanatical at times. As to gods of the piano, the race seemed to have become extinct, until one day there appeared upon the bill boards of Paris a little handbill bearing the name of *Antoine Rubinstein*, of whom no one here had ever heard before, for this great artist had the coquettish temerity to disdain the assistance of the press, and no advance notice, none at all you understand, had announced his apparition. He made his appearance in his Concerto in G major, with orchestra in the lovely Herz concert room, so novel in construction and so elegant in aspect, of which one can no more avail himself today. Useless to say there was not a single paying hearer in the room, but next morning, nevertheless, the artist was celebrated, and at the second concert there was a prodigious jam. I was there at the second concert, and at the first notes I was overthrown and chained to the car of the conquerer. Con-

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certs followed one another and I did not miss a single one. Some one proposed to present me to the great artist, but in spite of his youth (he was then but twenty-eight), and in spite of his reputation for urbanity, he awakened in me a horrible timidity; the idea of being near him, of addressing a word to him, terrified me profoundly. It was only at his second coming to Paris, a year later, that I dared to brave his presence. The ice between us two was quickly broken. I acquired his friendship in deciphering upon his own piano the orchestral score of his *Ocean* Symphony. I read very well then, and his symphonic music, written large and black, was not very difficult to read.

From this day a lively sympathy united us; the simplicity and evident sincerity of my admiration touched him. We were together assiduously, often played together for four hands, subjected to rude tests the pianofortes which served as our field of battle, without regard to the ears of our hearers. It was a good time! We made music with passion simply for *the sake of making it*, and we never had enough. I was so happy to have encountered an artist who was wholly an artist, exempt from the littleness which sometimes make so sad a barrier around great talent. He came back every winter, and always enlarged his success and consolidated our friendship, to such a degree that one year he invited me to direct the orchestra in the concerts he proposed to give. At that time I had directed very little and hesitated to accept this task; nevertheless I did accept, and acquired in these eight concerts my education as orchestral director. Rubinstein brought me at rehearsal the manuscript scores, crabbedly written, full of erasures, of cuts, of passages of every sort, never could I obtain a sight of the music in advance; it was too amusing, he said, to see one read so easily all these difficulties. Moreover, when he played it, he did not in the slightest degree occupy himself with the orchestra that accompanied him; he left it to follow at its own sweet will, and at times amid such a clash of sonorities that the tone of the piano was buried, and I had no other guide than to watch his fingers upon the keyboard.

After this magnificent series of eight concerts, we were

one day in the Pleyel concert room listening to I know not what concert, when he said to me "I have never yet directed an orchestra in Paris; let us give one concert in order that I may have occasion to hold the baton."

We inquired what day the hall would be free. It was necessary to wait three weeks. "We have three weeks before us," I said to him. "It is well; I will write a concerto for the occasion." And I wrote the concerto in G minor, which thus made its debut under illustrious patronage. Not having had time to work it up with reference to the execution, I played it very badly, and excepting the Scherzo, which took at first hearing, it succeeded rather poorly. They generally found the first part incoherent and the finale very defective.

At this moment Rubinstein and I had become at Paris almost inseparable, and many people were astonished. He, athletic, indefatigable, colossal in stature as of talent; I, thin, pale and somewhat consumptive. We formed together a couple analogous to that which had before been seen in Liszt and Chopin. Of the latter I reproduced only the feebleness and the uncertain health, not having power to pretend to the succession of this prodigious being;—this virtuoso of the drawing room, who, a mere breath, with his light pieces, studies, waltzes, mazurkas, nocturnes has revolutionized art and opened the way to all modern music. I have not even had the luck to go with him as a consumptive, because while he died of phthisis I have stupidly gotten rid of mine.

On the other hand Rubinstein would hardly face the recollection of Liszt with his irresistible charm and his superhuman execution; very different from him in every way. Liszt was the eagle and Rubinstein the lion. Those who have seen this velvet paw beating upon the clavier with its powerful caress, will never forget the comparison. The two great artists had nothing in common but their superiority. Neither the one nor the other was ever at any moment *a pianist;* even in executing very simply the smallest pieces they remained great, without being able to suppress it, by the grandeur of their simple natures. Living incar-

nations of art, they exercised a sort of holy terror upon the ordinary admiration. Thus they worked miracles. Have we not seen Rubinstein without any other attraction than himself and a piano fill, as many times as he wished, this enormous concert hall of Eden with a trembling public that he presently moved upon with vibrations as powerful and varied as those of an orchestra? And when he joined an orchestra to himself what a superior role the instrument played under his fingers in this vast sea of sonority! Thunder in a stormy night would alone give the idea, and in what fashion he made the piano sing! By some chance, these velvet sounds had an indefinite duration which they never seemed to have under the fingers of others.

His personality overruled; whether he played Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven or Schumann, this that he played was always Rubinstein. For this we should neither praise him nor blame him, because he could not make it otherwise. We do not find the lava of a volcano like the water of a river to flow sweetly between its banks.

Today, alas, the river is frozen, the strings of the magic piano resound no more except in the world of memory, but the work written remains; it is considerable. In spite of his nomad life and his innumerable concerts, Antoine Rubinstein has been a composer of rare fecundity, whose works number up into the hundreds.

Critics "in the swim," with their convenient way of going straight ahead without taking account of the real nature of things, proclaim, for example, that the public is indifferent to the French comic opera, and that the modern masters who have desired to resuscitate this dead form have failed, in spite of the thousand performances of Mignon, two hundred of Nanon and the inconceivable popularity of Carmen; —these critics have declared that Glinka was an Italian composer and Rubinstein a German composer, admitting as truly Russian nothing more than the ultra modern school of which M. Balakireff is the illustrious and very remarkable chief. From this simple point of view Auber would not be a French composer, Weber, and Sebastian Bach himself, would not be German composers! Because the maccaroni of

Rossini figures upon the table of Auber, the rays of the Italian sun illuminate the glasses of Sebastian Bach, and when Weber wrote the celebrated air of Freischütz he did nothing else than to dress up sumptuously the classical Italian caballetta. Whatever they say of this sort, Glinka and Rubinstein *are* inordinately Russian, in spite of their alliances and their originality; their taste for the terrible subsists in spite of all; the Slav soul finds in them its expression. It is thus they are judged by the great majority of Russians themselves.

Like Liszt, Rubinstein has known the disappointment of not seeing his success as composer equal that of a virtuoso, and the effort made repulsed, one might even say the talent despised. If Liszt cherished the glory of the fruitful invention of the Symphonic Poem, Rubinstein is entitled to the credit of having cultivated all forms from the oratorio and opera even down to the *lied*, from the etude and sonata up to the symphony, passing through all forms of chamber and concert music. Both have carried the burden of their prodigious personal success, and the tendency of specialization, from which the public will not absolve them; both writing for the piano under the empire of their exceptional virtuosity have overpowered the executant. Their works have been described as "pianist's music," which is supremely unjust to Liszt, whose instrumentation is so practical and well colored, whose smallest pieces are imbued with orchestral sentiment; but it is less so for Rubinstein, in that the entire work seems to arise from the piano as a tree from the germ; his orchestration is not free from a sort of strange awkwardness, which still has nothing in common with inexperience. One would say sometimes that he places instruments in the score as the pieces on a checker board, without taking into account the tone qualities and sonorities, leaving to hazard the effect produced; and the hazard gives us these ordinary combinations alternating at his will the most astonishing and sensational colors of the palette with the sombre grays. The author himself said that certain of his symphonic pieces when he played them upon the piano were more colored so than by the orchestra, and he sought in

vain the reason of this phenomenon. I have sometimes heard the Rubinstein music reproached for its structure even, its large plan, its vast stretches wanting in detail, of which I have already spoken. Maybe these are not, to say truly, faults, but necessary aspects of the nature of the author, to which it is necessary to resign ourselves, as to one accustomed to the great lines and vast horizon of the steppes of his country, of which no one disputes the beauty. The mode today is for complications without end, arabesques, incessant modulations; but this is a mode and nothing more. If the carvings, the gold and the ornamentation of the holy chapel of Paris fill the eye and the thought, is this the reason to despise the blank surfaces, the severe and grand lines of the temples of ancient Egypt? Are not these austere lines as suggestive as the multiplied curves and clevernesses of the delicate work of the thirteenth century? It seems to me, in my simplicity, that the fruitfulness, the grand character, the personality,—these master qualities which no one denies to Rubinstein,—suffice to class him among the greatest musicians of our times and all times.

Like almost all composers he desired success at the theatre, and the opera at Paris attracted him above all. I still see his joy when he beamingly announced to me that he had "a promise from M. Perrin." He was ignorant in his loyal frankness of how little value it had, and it was not my business to instruct him. He found himself a comfortable place in the outskirts of Paris where he sketched his "*Nero*," which he orchestrated later at Petersburg, and which was represented, translated into German, at Hamburg, where this work had a brilliant series of representation. The "Maccabees" after a brilliant triumph at Berlin failed at Vienna; the "Demon" of which at Paris they know only the airs of the ballet, has had a great success in Russia, where above all the subject pleased, being taken from the poem of Pouschkine. "Feramors" (Lalla Rookh), the most precious to my taste of this series of theatrical works, has succeeded at Dresden and was played at certain towns, but the work appears to have been abandoned and I do not understand this indifference. It is true that the author of the poem had

not like Michel Carré in the French Lalla Rookh the skill to limit the action to two acts. The piece in three acts appears languishing, but what a fine oriental color, what a capital perfume of the essence of rose, what freshness in this luminous score!

Do they play some part of the "Paradise Lost," a work of his first years, which Rubinstein was occupied in finishing when I had the happiness of making his acquaintance? He had there a fight between angels and demons, in a fugue style, of an extraordinary animation and power. To mention further the "Tower of Babel," which was overshadowed at Paris by an execution so ridiculous that the author himself, assisting at this massacre in a stage-box at the Theatre-Italian, could not refrain from laughing in witnessing the desperate efforts of the choristers and performers. Certain fragments in this work were recognized in spite of all, and one would have said that it would be worth while to try under good conditions a presentable performance of this original biblical cantata.

Rubinstein died confident in the future, persuaded that time would define his true place, and that this place would be distinguished. Let us leave him to time. Coming generations, having lost the memory of this overpowering and astonishing pianist, will be better placed perhaps than our own to appreciate this mass of work, so diverse and nevertheless marked by the same stamp, the product of a single powerful brain. So much abundance, such breadth in design, grandeur in conception, are not found in all the corners of the streets; and when we have passed over the fashion of extreme modulation, when we have ignored the strivings after effect and complication, who knows if one will not be happy to come back once more to the Ocean Symphony, with its strong living waves and gigantic swells, like those of the Pacific? After we have lost ourselves in the thickets of virgin forest, and have respired even to drunkenness the perfumes of tropical flowers, who knows if one will not be glad to come again to the pure air of the steppes, and to repose the eye upon these limitless horizons? Those who live will see. Finally I have sought to render homage to a great

artist to whom I have had the honor to be a friend, and of whom I will cherish, even to my last day, the marks o sympathy and intense artistic joys he has given me.

C. SAINT-SAENS.

Translated for MUSIC, from La Nouvelle Revue, June 15th, 1895.

AN ODE.

TO LAKE MICHIGAN.

OH HAPPY sheet, that hidden in thy calm
And placid bosom hast eternal balm
To soothe the grieving. and to cheer the sad,
Calm Niobe, and make the Stygian glad,
What is the secret of thy magic spell
To banish grief, and sadness to dispel ?

Some sprite of music, wandering thy way,
Must have espied thee on a peaceful day,
Thy sparkling ripples viewed in quick delight,
And fallen in love with thee, thou lovely sight.
With thee abiding while the day was still,
To leave at night he found beyond his will.
Thy fair, soft moonlight with enchanted wake
Cast o'er the sprite a charm he would not break,
And there the wanderer captured and made fast
Found in thy waves a fitting home at last.

Now all the day thy ripples give him tongue
To voice the sweetest melodies e'er sung,
That, harmonizing with the essential chord
In each sad soul, put each in true accord;
Or in a sterner voice relate a woe
Beyond the power of man to undergo;
And overawing petty human grief
Bid sad souls joy, and mourning souls believe.

Such must the secret of the enchantment be
That gives thee power, thou many-murmuring sea.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

IS APPLAUSE NECESSARY?

IN the days of the primitive horde, when the warriors half-clad in the skins of wild beasts and with their faces and bodies painted and tattooed, met to discuss questions of moment, there was a recognized manner of expressing satisfaction with men or measures. It was by the clashing together of the spears and shields and battle axes with which the savages were armed. In the latter part of the nineteenth century when men and women are gathered together, it is noticeable that there have been several striking changes in the costumes which are considered *au fait*. The men are clad in somber broad cloth, cut mainly with the idea of demonstrating the territorial possibilities of the shirt bosom. The costumes of the women, however, furnish interesting suggestions of our pre-historic progenitors. They are dressed in robes whose fashioning announces a haughty disdain for man's modern substitute for the bare skin,—the shirt bosom; and some have so much regard for the good old times that they are unwilling that their faces should suggest simply the use of pure water and honest soap.

But the men and the women, bosomed and more or less unbosomed, show in common at least one trace of the early ancestors. When they are pleased, they clash their hands together. They do not pound on the floor with their feet or walking sticks. That is an unlicensed variation of ancient custom which is resigned with pitying disapprobation to the bosomed gallery. Besides it raises a dust which mars the immaculateness of their bosomedness or unbosomedness.

It is against applause as a means of expressing appreciation of music, that I wish to register an emphatic protest. Few persons will deny that it is often highly inappropriate. I think that it can be shown that it is generally illogical, and that under the best conditions it is entirely unnecessary.

First, as to its inappropriateness. Can there be any-

thing more out of place, more at variance with the spirit of the moment, than a tremendous din of applause at the conclusion of a beautiful song? Is it anything short of a profanation that an audience should send up a storm of hand clapping after Miss Carey has told them of the unspeakable sorrow of the tale of The Three Fishers? There are tears in the eyes of hundreds of strong men and women, and yet they select as a means of proving the genuineness of those tears an uproar which pulls from its pedestal and tramples into the dust the sacred image before it has been scarcely completed by the magic of that pure woman's wonderful voice.

Or when the perfect interpretation of a Chopin nocturne has spread the softened silver of the moonlight over the silent audience, why should that audience arise and throw off that veil and rend it into rags? Why should it be one whit less appropriate to send up a shout of approval at the close of a beautifully worded prayer? Because, it is answered, that is against all custom; it would be shocking. It is not customary to applaud in church. True; but why is it not customary? For no other reason than that it is *inappropriate*. Yet the same man who would consider any such demonstration highly inappropriate in church, will attend a concert, listen in silence to that most perfect of all prayers, Gounod's "Ave Maria," while it is being offered up by Nordica, and then proceed to make as much noise as he possibly can within the lines drawn by his bosomed and unbosomed companions.

This brings us to the point of the logic of applause —a problem very difficult of solution. Take the instance of The Three Fishers as sung by Miss Carey. It is not to be supposed that the applause of this song indicated satisfaction with the story, or pleasure at the contemplation of sorrow in the abstract. "No," you answer; "it simply means that we were enthusiastic because of the way the story was told." Very well; then the din which arose when Miss Carey had finished that song, and which, as I have maintained, instantly blotted out the picture when it was most beautiful, meant simply this: "Capital! That was a remarkably clever

imitation!" Was not that a rather left-handed compliment to the singer? The reason given for the applause is the very reason why there should be no applause at all. It was more than a naturally fine voice, and a given amount of scale singing that made Anna Louise Carey one of the women who "were weeping and wringing their hands;" and it was not exactly in good taste to say to her: "Verily, we were almost made to believe that you really *meant* what you sung." If she had not meant it, she never could have sung it.

Now as to the necessity of applause. It was my privilege to hear a magnificent rendition of "Faust" in the Grand Opera at Paris last summer. It was a truly wonderful performance. The soloists were good, and the chorus superb. But some of the choruses were sadly marred, and many of the solos were almost ruined by the diabolical *claquers*. In several instances the last three or four bars of a solo were utterly blotted out by the conscientious manner in which these hirelings earned their money, (for they are hired to see that the phlegmatic French shall not be unduly inappreciative, and everybody knows that the average Frenchman lacks enthusiasm to just about the same extent that Newcastle lacks coal.) So several bars before the end of Margaret's spinning wheel song, and while Faust still had a dozen or more notes of his serenade to sing, these infernal *claquers* begun their uproar, utterly ruining the effect of the songs, and reducing at least one member of the audience to a frame of mind which would have made bloody murder the keenest enjoyment. "But what would you?" said one of them to a friend of mine; "we are the *promoters of success.*"

In what striking contrast to this order of things was the regime which we found at Bayreuth! Whether or not Wagner's operas give us the most soul-satisfying music to be heard on this sphere, certain it is that nowhere else is the musical idea more thoroughly realized than in this quaint little out-of-the-way Bavarian town. How is it there in this matter of applause? Allow me to picture, as best I can, the conditions as our party of three found them. We

entered the great, plain auditorium by the door which was indicated on our tickets, and found our way at once and without the aid of an usher to our seats. About two thirds of the audience were already assembled, but nearly all were standing, principally in order that the very little effort required to reach the seats be reduced to the minimum. There was no boisterousness, but nearly everybody was talking to his neighbor or to some one nearby. The old lady in front holds a program in her hand and evidently is explaining what is about to happen to the lad of sixteen or seventeen, who listens intently. The pretty, yellowed hair and blue-eyed German girl laughs and talks her plain honest mother tongue to some friends who are seated back of her. Two men just behind you are talking eagerly to each other, and their rapid, somewhat monotonous French is in strong contrast with the more musical flow of the German. From another direction you catch the sonorous intonation of the voweled Italian. It is an ideal audience from a musical standpoint; for people who go to hear Wagner's operas, whether they live in a miserable house on a side street in the quaint, old town, and have been saving their pfennigs for a year with this end in view, or whether they have come from over the sea and have very large letters of credit in their pockets, stand on the same plane when they are gathered in the Wagner theatre at Bayreuth. There is no chance for the display of purple and fine linen; one seat is as good as another and one seat costs just as much as the other, no matter whether you are a duke or a dienstman. Even though you do wear broadcloth you are no lower in the social scale than your neighbor who may be clad in a working-man's blouse. The fact that you are present is taken as evidence that you have a common motive with your neighbor. You love music, and have come to hear music as it may be heard nowhere else in the world.

Suddenly, and without warning of any kind, nearly every light in the house is extinguished, and you are left in almost utter darkness. In probably less than a minute the commotion caused by the turning down of the seats, and the sitting down of the audience has subsided. The doors are

closed and an inexorable official mounts guard over each one. There is to be no invasion of that quiet by bosomed and unbosomed late comers. The few lights about the stage are lower and still lower, and there is complete quiet. No, not quite complete, for some misguided person nearby attempts to whisper to his companion. He is instantly hissed into silence. The house becomes so dark that you cannot distinguish the features of your neighbor. In probably less than two minutes from the first turning down of the lights, the great auditorium filled with its breathing, *listening* thousands is as quiet as a country church at midnight.

You know that the orchestra are down there under the shadow of that huge sounding board which utterly excludes them from view, and the silence is so deep, so sympathetic, that you can *feel* the music coming. At last it drifts up to you,—a long sweet swell from the strings, born of the silence and blending with it as the moonlight blends with the twilight of a summer evening; and you find yourself wondering, dreamily, when the transition began. And so you sit there for perhaps two hours in silence which is never broken except by the voices from the stage and the hidden orchestra. No matter what your emotions are, you must not betray them by any demonstration whatever. When the curtain has gone down at the end of the act, you arise and walk out into the open air. Has there been a wild storm of hand-clapping when some singer has poured his whole soul into the darkness and silence on the other side of the foot lights? Not a sound. Was there a frantic outburst of cheers and shouts when the curtain descended? Not a whisper. That is Bayreuth; the Ultima Thule of the opera; the Mecca of the musical world.

I have intimated that we have heard no applause whatever at Bayreuth, and that indeed is the temper of the place. But there was one remarkable exception, and we were told that it was one of the very few times in the history of Bayreuth that there had been any open demonstration in the Wagner theater. This demonstration occurred during the presentation of Lohengrin with Nordica singing the role of Elsa. At the end of the first act, after the great American

prima donna had carried the immense chorus and orchestra through the triumphal ensemble, her magnificent work brought a score or more of enthusiasts to their feet, and there were very audible cries of "Bravo!" Hisses instantly came from all parts of the house, but the cheers increased in number and volume and the result was something like what is termed an "ovation" in America. There can be little doubt that the Americans in the audience (and the proportion was large) were responsible for this demonstration, and that it was prompted principally by patriotic pride in the instant and emphatic success of the first American to sing in Bayreuth.

But the point which I wish to bring out is that in Bayreuth, where the grand opera has reached its ideal stage of development, where the soloists and the chorus and the orchestra are the very best that the world can produce, applause is considered not only unnecessary but intolerable. Why, then, is it necessary or even excusable elsewhere?

Springfield, Mass. GEORGE GLADDEN.

MY PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ANTOINE RUBINSTEIN.

TOGETHER WITH LETTERS.

While Rubinstein's death is still fresh in our memory, the following article, translated from the German of Julius Rodenberg, will be of especial interest. It is from a recent issue of the Deutsche Rundschau, of which Mr. Rodenberg is the editor. From 1858 until Rubinstein's death Mr. Rodenberg sustained peculiarly intimate relations with him, and wrote the text to several of his operas. The letters by Rubinstein which are printed here, together with the comments by Mr. Rodenberg, throw considerable light upon his character and his method of work. The German used in them is colloquial, some of it being apparently of Rubinstein's own coining. Mr. Rodenberg has transcribed them exactly as they were written, and an effort has been made to translate them literally. The punctuation, consisting largely of dashes and exclamation points, has been retained. MARY L. REGAL.

IT was in London in May, 1858, that I first saw Rubinstein. Those who knew him only in his later years will find it difficult to conceive how handsome he was at that time. For Rubinstein early became old, and although there was something titanic in his nature which even to the end did not forsake him, a certain weariness overcame him which gave him a heavy aspect. At the piano and at the conductor's desk the old fire still flamed up, but when he came down from the stage the infirmity of this imposing figure became apparent. He produced effects by means of his personality, if any one ever did so; but the great, gnawing grief of his life was that a like power through impersonal art remained beyond his reach. His creative longing and ambition had set the highest aims but he never reached them —he always came near to them and always failed of the last step. No noisy, momentary triumph, no external mark of fame, not the admiring gaze of the multitude wherever he showed himself, not all the honors of the world, which covered his head, deceived him about this.

Although ennobled, a Russian councillor of state and an "Excellency," he still always remained in his personal intercourse only Antoine Rubinstein. Only once in the thirty-six years of our acquaintance did I see him in full gala dress, with all his ribbons and stars on his breast and with the

pour le mérite suspended from his neck, when he came from a court ball to which he had been invited. How gladly would he have exchanged all this pomp for a single lasting success, for a little "band of followers," as he once said in the bitterness of his heart, i. e. for one, such as to cling to him firmly, and with conviction. He had seen how mighty the few are whose belief becomes the belief of all, if it bears the spirit of the future in it. He saw on his right and left men rise up, whose supremacy overshadowed his path. Although he was too truth-loving to deny the fact, he was too proud to bow to it. His innermost being revolted from this. His great soul was a stranger to envy, but he had moments of anguish in which only his nearest friends saw him. A person of simple habits, and by royal generosity freed from money anxiety, these periods lasted longer. the more he failed of that satisfaction which alone would have made him happy. With wonderful energy he always made a new attempt, always charmed the multitude with a new composition, and the work always vanished together with his presence. Every work was rich in single passages of overpowering beauty, in strokes of genuis, but all lacked finish. Of his greater works, therefore, hardly one has held its place in the concert hall or upon the operatic stage without contention, or only during his lifetime. Worshipped by a host of enthusiastic friends, admiring women and grateful pupils, endowed with inexhaustible kindness which has helped many, noble in all he did and thought, raised high above any petty feeling, with the glory of a name which filled both hemispheres, a man of the first rank in every respect, and regarded by the best of his time as their peer—he was nevertheless not happy. He had been so once, and occasionally in conversation the joyousness and joviality appeared which originally belonged to his temperament. But the disappointments which increased with his years told on him and may have largely helped to make him present the appearance of a broken down man long before his age warranted it. But in those London days he was full of enchanting charm and overflowing life; his head, surrounded by a thick forest of brown locks, resembled more that of the youthful

Apollo than that of Beethoven, of whom he reminded one in later life; his figure was slender and symmetrical; his bearing, without being exactly confidential, was without perceptible reserve, his countenance beamed with friendliness; no wrinkle was upon his broad brow, and in his great, gray eyes was mischief—a man to love, and not only for women. With the first pressure of the hand he won my heart, and it remained his even beyond the day when in a gay little circle in the "Kaiserhof" in Berlin we celebrated the twenty-fifth jubilee of our friendship.

I think it was in Margaret street, one of those little streets between Cavendish Square and Regent Circus, then as now one of the most elegant quarters of London. His room with low windows, thick carpets, a marble mantel, and dark mahogany furniture, was both very fine and very comfortable according to my notions. To live richly was about the only personal luxury which Rubinstein habitually allowed himself. While we talked he played with an ivory paper knife which he laid on the table when he went into an adjoining room to dress for going out. Upon the handle of the paper folder was his name in Hebrew letters—Anton Rubinstein. He never concealed his Jewish origin; his greatest delight was anecdotes of Polish Jews, seasoned with that salt sharper than Attic salt. Ten, twenty times he would tell the same story in order to laugh over it ten, twenty times—and O! how Rubinstein could laugh! Once, this was also in London, Hans von Bülow, seized by an anti-semitic prejudice, sent in his card which bore the whole list of his titles—Dr. Phil., Court Director of music to His Highness the Duke of Meiningen, etc. etc. When Rubinstein returned the visit he wrote under his name upon the otherwise blank card only the two words: "Schlavischer Semit" [Slavic Hebrew].

On that fragrant May day when we walked down Regent Street together, the world and life lay boundless before us —for me the essence of glory, of all dormant longing, of all glimmering hope. I felt inexpressively happy and proud by the side of this young man, in whose early fame I rejoiced, and who already shared with Joachim the musical

honors of the season. Joachim and Rubinstein! These two names are inseparably associated with the recollection of those London summers which were so full of bright and lovely dreams, never to be forgotten. There also I heard Rubinstein for the first time. I see yet before my eyes the fashionable St. James Hall at the end of Regent Street, under the softened afternoon light, the most beautiful women and girls of England in charming spring costumes, crowded in the boxes and fauteuils, their heads close together, displaying this fine, elegant, truly aristocratic type—he, surrounded by them, in the midst at the piano, playing Chopin, with such melancholy sweetness and such irresistible charm that the hard hearts of the fair islanders melted in their breasts; and among them sat the little Mr. Ella smiling with delight, with his shrewd face bent upon his silver-headed cane, for he was the projector of these concerts. Just as Rubinstein was then, in his twenty-eighth year, a portrait represents him which he gave to me at parting, under which he wrote in his heavy hand and in his terse but not exactly classic German the words: "As a remembrance that the individual represented here is to receive an opera text from you. London, June 30, 1858"

Although I first made Rubinstein's acquaintance in London, the relations between us had already been prepared. When he was still in Leipzig and I in Hanover, mutual friends had expressed to me his wish that I should prepare a poem from the Bible for him to set to music. At that time my favorite study was the Bible, especially the Old Testament. For my own edification I had already put almost all the Psalms into verse and was busy with the Song of Solomon, of which I had already completed a versified translation, when that message from Rubinstein reached me. Although he had not entirely perfected the plan of a sacred opera, which he later conceived and carried out, our ideas met halfway. I do not remember now exactly which of us was more the stimulator and which more the stimulated. I know only that I brought the outline with me to London and that he received it with the greatest interest. A quarter of a century elapsed before he went seriously to

work on the composition of the work, which should have been our first but in reality became our last.

As long as I knew Rubinstein he considered nothing worthy of greater honor than this sacred poem of the east, to whose innermost spirit his own was akin. I remember my amazement at finding him so versed in the scriptures and so familiar with the Biblical narratives. There was at the same time something touching in hearing him, the youthful, handsome and applauded man of the world, speak of these sacred things. To be sure they had for him a preponderatingly human and artistic value. Not for the church but for the stage did he wish to vivify them and present them with dramatic music.

What I offered him, however, was only a series of little songs and choruses which adhered closely to the Bible language, and which were not really, or only slightly, connected in action. While I write this, that first draft lies before me, which for many years was in Rubinstein's hands and shows upon every page the traces of his pencilling. For there was unusual stimulus in this intellectual association, in that Rubinstein always worked with his librettist, raised questions, expressed opinions—in short was never content until all stood out clearly before him. So over two years passed before I received the letter from him which will shortly be given to the reader.

At the outset I would remark that while I share with the public the letters addressed to me, I shall give them as he wrote them, with all the little faults against the German language, which it would be very easy to correct, but which become him so charmingly that it would be a shame to change them. Every one who knew Rubinstein will recognize him perfectly in these letters, for he wrote them as he spoke, with animation and feeling and with a certain impressiveness, but with an unstudied and natural manner, and always with the appropriate phrase. He shows his character himself in these better than another could do it. This may excuse me if I print them here although they were addressed to me. What I have been able or have attempted to give in general in these pages reveals only a small portion

of his exuberant and artistic industry. It was a time when my relation to Rubinstein appeared like a part of my own life, so that I could not separate the one from the other, yet I think that even with this limitation the reader will not be unwilling to see how he expressed himself.

At that time, then, he wrote thus:

St. Petersburg, Nov. 12, 1860.

Dear Mr. Rodenberg:

I turn to you with a weighty request, and hope, knowing well your great kindness, that you will not refuse me it —namely: I have begun to work on your poem "Sulamith and Solomon" several times and have always laid it aside again, because there was something in it which did not quite satisfy me.—This to be sure lies in the material itself, the traditional conception of which, though quite according to the text, is without logical necessity—the many contradictions in time, place and persons disturbed me and did not permit the inspiration of which I am capable if a subject quite meets my expectations.—After long digging and searching there at last fell into my hands a little while ago "Le Cantique des Cantiques" by Ernest Rénan, and this gave me the key to my hesitation and the persuasion that his comprehension of this mysterious theme would please me. My request is then—that you would read this work and arrange your poem accordingly to this conception. There would be three chief characters, Sulamith, a shepherd, and Solomon, besides voices of the people, choruses of men and of women, mixed choruses, etc., appearing in it. It might add to the dramatic interest to be able to retain entirely the existing cantata or oratorio form, or else not to use it at all.

Will you do this for me and as soon as possible?—

Answer me in a few lines whether you will do it and how soon I can have it, for I should like very much to set about this task with the least possible delay.

With great respect,

Yours with friendly devotion,

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

But even Renan did not finally help us much; the time

for the song of Solomon was not yet come. It was constantly put away and constantly taken out again. Meanwhile, however, a new idea appeared. Rubinstein wrote me on the sixteenth of February, 1861 from Petersburg.

My dear Rodenberg:

I rely upon your promise respecting the "Song of Solomon" and will gladly wait until May, at which time I will either get it (sc. the text) or will write you where you may send it—for I wish to finish this work this summer.

Where shall you be at the end of May? I should like to try to hunt you up with another request—an opera text! Write me a few lines. Till the end of April I must stay here, unfortunately—but then I shall be a free bird.

Entirely yours, Ant. Rubinstein.

This opera was "Feramors." In regard to this, too, I can not say exactly whether the thought originated with him or with me. Long before Rubinstein I had known and loved my Tom Moore, had translated the greater number of his Irish Melodies (though only a small part were published) and, further on the English sea coast of Deal his lovely "Lalla Rookh" had been my companion. This poem had furnished Spontini with the text of his opera "Nourmahal" and Robert Schumann with the text of his oratorio "Paradise and the Peri." We drew from this inexhaustible source of musical inspiration—Félicien David also at the same time had composed a Lalla Rookh—the setting, and made the young king a peddler, who upon the bridal journey, clad as a singer under the name of Feramors, wins the heart of Lalla Rookh who is destined for him. Rubinstein had an especial pleasure in the figure of the comical old man, the courtier Fanladeen, upon which he bestowed some of the finest humorous touches. At the bottom of his soul Rubinstein was full of humor (although he did not succeed in writing a purely comic opera). But this Fanladeen is drawn with a master hand throughout, and if the whole opera had been like the first act with its incomparable ballet music, the *Lichtertanz* and the original and effective closing quartet, it would surely have a permanent reputation.

But I will not anticipate my little narrative. On the first of June in the year 1861, in which our account still finds us, I received the following letter from Vienna:

Dear Mr. Rodenberg:

Today I am going from here to Switzerland in order to be able to work a little quietly, and I am expecting from you the material for work. But I beg you if you have not yet undertaken the "Song of Solomon" to lay it by and begin at once upon "Lalla Rookh," for I have a great leaning upon this subject and should like above everything to set to work on an opera again. I beg you to send first of all an outline of the opera in order not to lose too much time.

Probably I shall not go to Ostende this year, for I am promised a performance of opera [sc. "*Die Kinder der Haide*"] at this time, so we can not see each other before the middle of September in Berlin. Therefore I request you urgently to send me something as soon as possible and I remain with hearty greetings,

Your devoted

Anton Rubinstein.

But to his impatience the work did not push forward rapidly enough *par distance.* A few weeks after this letter Rubinstein came to Berlin, rented an apartment in the Französische Strasse diagonally opposite me, and O! the delightful period when I went to him daily at midday with the yet fresh manuscript and, after we had read and discussed the verses, we went gayly to dine in a little restaurant in the Jaeger Strasse where Robert Radeck, Louis Ehlert and Ferdinand Laub were our companions, and Rubinstein applied himself to beef and sour cucumbers! So "Feramors" progressed finely and with the finished book my composer, happy and satisfied, went to Petersburg in the autumn. But the spring sun of the next year had not been shining long when he appeared to me one morning at about six or seven o'clock, in furs, with the score under his arm. He had come directly from the station to me and his first word was: "It won't do, dear Rodenberg, it won't do! You must still do much on it." He then laid the score upon the table,

turned over its leaves, and, still in his fur coat, seated himself at my poor piano [which under his heavy touch whimpered piteously], began to play and sang "Rats, mice, rats, mice" for twenty or thirty pages, one after the other. I stood in amazement but he said: "I have only written that so underneath, because your words were lacking. You must make something out of it now." And indeed out of this came one of the most beautiful arias of the royal singer. But the rats and mice were not all, there remained much besides, partly to alter, partly to compose new; and Rubinstein, who just then at the invitation of her Royal Highness, the Baroness Frederick William of Hesse, Princess Anna of Prussia (to her the piano score of "Feramors" was afterwards dedicated) went to Copenhagen, invited me to follow him thither which I did in June. There we lived four never-to-be-forgotten weeks, filled with music and poetry, under one roof, in adjoining rooms in the comfortable apartments of the Konger of Dänemark. Opposite the hotel stood the castle, gray with age, in which the baronial family lived. The homelike red and white interested me deeply and with a strange sensation I looked over at my future landlord who lived here in exile, because he was refused a dwelling and court state in Cassel. Oh the sudden changes in affairs! How much, how much we experienced, and how good it is to go back in memory to those days when we were young and could still make ourselves innocently happy with beauty! Long drives—for Rubinstein was not fond of walks—along the wooded shore, past graceful villas adorned with Thorwaldsen's reliefs, through the lonely spots in the Thiergarten; or evening hours in Niels Gade's modest summerhouse, himself at the piano, playing northern rhythms; or music performances in Rubinstein's salon at which the venerable Hartmann did not fail to be present—add to this the easy life in the rich, artistic city, with whose friendly, cultivated residents a German could still associate without constraint!—Yet the morning hours until noon belonged to work, and however early I came—and I was no late riser—Rubinstein already sat at his writing table, having completed part of his day's work, breakfasted frugally, finished

his morning reading (the newpaper and a novel, at that time "Les Miserables" by Victor Hugo,) and smoked I know not how many cigarettes.

In the course of the month in which the roses bloomed we had closely united our princely pair of lovers in Schalimar, the Vale of Cashmere. At the beginning of the year 1863 I decided, before the composer, to be present in Dresden at the first performance of "Feramors." Meanwhile I became a bridegroom. Krebs directed the work and next to me in a little box sat Rietz of Leipzig, Rubinstein's teacher, who, listening intently, pressed my hand particularly in the second act, perceived the length with restlessness. The great march in the third act especially failed to please him. "He must change that" said Rietz time and again—"he must write a new one instead. He can do it—music fairly pours in upon him." And really the general manager placed this request before Rubinstein and he at first undertook it Then he gave it up, because he was not willing to agree to abridging it. As it was, so must it be, he could neither take from it nor add to it. Rubinstein could not change his ideas. Indefatigable in work, full of earnestness and enthusiasm as long as he was at work, he was unable to take up anything that he had once laid aside. He wanted something new, always something new.

Meanwhile I could still truthfully write him of the deep impression his work had made in Dresden, and not least upon me, as one will readily conceive, whose thoughts, at the charm of those melodies, drifted to the south, to the shore of the Adriatic—to the land of my belonging, which I was soon to tread no longer alone.

My Dear Rodenberg:

I can get away from here in the first part of June and shall be obliged to be mostly in Germany.—I should like to meet you somewhere, but where?—and at the end of August I must be back here again—and should like to have the "Song of Solomon"—if it be possible to compose it next winter! How shall we manage that? To follow you on your honeymoon—is that possible? Lovers are dead for the rest of mankind, and they ride fast—how shall we man-

age that? At any rate it is better for us to be together during the task. Therefore write me once more when and where you intend to be in Germany in the months of June, July and August, and I will seek you out.

From Hülsen I have received nothing, and it does not appear as if he wished to have "Feramors," otherwise he must have asked me for the score. [Note. As a matter of fact "Feramors" was not performed in the Berlin opera house until much later, in the year 1879].

The opera by David* has injured me more than I thought at the outset; the most of the German theaters will produce it—I am having vexatious times Pech with my operas—what is to be done—always something the matter, write something new—have you something? It would rejoice me. But now we must have no more lyric—it must be extremely dramatic—that will hardly do for you just now—but I will gladly wait [don't show these lines to your wife].

Perhaps upon looking it over changes which may be necessary can be made by correspondence—if not finish the "Song of Solomon" and send it to me.

My best greetings and wishes for a happy summer, etc.

Yours, Ant. Rubinstein.

We did not meet that summer, but I remember the day when I received the following letter on my way home over the Alps, still in the diligence over the Gothard, in Brunnen, on the Lake of the four cantons:

Dresden, July 23, 1863.

Dear Rodenberg:

Yesterday I heard "Feramors" here and rejoiced for us both—the music has faults, the text has length—but the work is no disgrace to us, and we can give it to the world with comfort, and it will do wrong to spurn it. The performance here was brilliant in many respects, the setting surpassed my expectations. Yesterday evening inspired me to write another opera, and that is, it seems to me, a good sign for the work.

Have you something of the kind—only not anything

(*Note.* It appeared almost simultaneously with Rubinstein's work and, if I am not mistaken, at the Karnthnerthor Theatre in Vienna first after Paris.)

more oriental,—for the present one work of this kind is enough—now something European—of general and exciting interest—the salvation of my soul for a good opera text!—

How is the "Song of Solomon?"—have you read Mendelstamm's work upon it? still a new conception, but interesting and not without truth—Get it for yourself. It has appeared in Berlin, it is called "The Bible" and this part is dedicated to Meyerbeer.—I am longing already to receive it [sc. the poem], for it is going to be a splendid work, I promise you.—I shall not see you this summer, for I am about to go to Odessa [Note. His mother lived there.] and from there in two weeks to Petersburg, and you are to stay the whole time in Switzerland—but send me this thing as soon as possible, for I have a real longing for it. If you could only come to Petersburg, it is now so easy—and how nice that would be for me!—

But goodbye, my best remembrance to your wife and with most friendly greetings to you and your muse,

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

During the four years immediately following, our intercourse both in person and by letters was less frequent, for Rubinstein had in 1862 established the Petersburg Conservatory, as director of which not so much leisure remained to him for travel and composition. Still he recurs once more to our old theme even now.

Leipzig, June 16, 1865.

Dear Mr. Rodenberg:

I stayed in Berlin so short a time that I was absolutely unable to hunt you up—therefore I must write you from here concerning my "Song of Solomon." It is certainly time that I applied myself to the task—and you too—have you thought of it? I must have it this summer, and beg you to send it to me in the care of Bartholf Senff in Leipzig —I am longing for it—I do not believe that we shall meet anywhere this summer—I really do not yet know myself where I shall be, but I will not go back to Russia this time without having the "Song of Solomon" in my trunk. Farewell and send it to me as soon as practicable—I have

already promised it for the next music festival in Königsberg—you see then I must get it *coüte que coüte* and you too!—?

My best greetings to your wife—

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

The reader will ask—and I ask myself—why I let my friend, to whom I was glad to do a favor, wait so long for the poem; why I at least did not make the effort to fulfil his urgent and often expressed wishes. The blue paper from the Hanover time with my yellowed verses and his pencil marks gives me only the one explanation; that the new idea of the text presented difficulties to which I did not then feel equal.

But now a new thought had come to a head between us, and this time we both set to work upon it with greater energy to carry it out. It was the "Tower of Babel."

The first letter which concerns this is dated at London on the twentieth of June, 1867:

Dear Mr. Rodenberg,

The plan and the poem will be very fine and I am unutterably happy over its composition—only I think the manner must be altered; it must not begin by night, but the first number must be the chorus of laborers—"Let us roll stone upon stone, it is soon finished, soon the building will stand in full glory, up, on, at work." etc. etc. Second number: Joy of Nimrod that the building will be done, that he shall at length see God, etc.

Third number: Invitation of Nimrod to Leila, a prayer to fire to judge—Prayer of women with Leila.

Fourth number: as the second in your plan begins, nothing more to alter to the end. The beginning seems too philosophical to me, and so I propose the alteration, as to the rest I am quite agreed.

I shall stay in London until July 3, and should be very glad if I could have it by that time. I am counting upon your promise and with best greetings, etc.

Entirely yours,

Ant Rubinstein.

London, July 4, 1867.

Dear Rodenberg:

Tomorrow I leave London for Paris, where I shall remain a week and then go to Baden-Baden—You will do best if you have anything to send me, to address it to the latter place, to the book and picture establishment of Marx. But thanks for what has been sent— I think the whole will be very good—if I only succeed in producing something good—!—

Auf wiedersehen in Berlin—until then, etc.

Yours,

Anton Rubinstein.

We saw each other that summer, worked much together on the "Tower of Babel" and met in the evenings in one of the garden restaurants Unter den Linden, and made excursions—one to Charlottenburg with Tausig and Ernest Dohm—both these two also now long among the dead!

On the third of October, 1867, Rubinstein wrote me from Leipzig:

Dear Rodenberg:

At last I have received your text and am delighted with it—if I can only find time to compose music to correspond! ——I shall ask you to have patience with me, I am no longer in Russian service.

When will you revise the "Song of Solomon" for me? I think more of that than ever.—I hope to come to Berlin next January for concerts, then I hope that we can talk together oftener and bring our affairs into order.

With best greetings etc.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

The words that he was "now no longer in the Russian service" refer to this, that Rubinstein in this year 1867 had resigned the direction of the Petersburg Conservatory and had begun anew those concert trips, which resembled triumphal tours through Europe and later through America. Now he came regularly to Berlin again, and each time for a longer stay. I have never seen, either before or since, such genuine, warm and demonstrative enthusiasm in the classic

atmosphere of the Berlin Sing Akademie as on those evenings when Rubinstein appeared—stilll with youthful elasticity, with the head which I had formerly admired in London surrounded by an abundance of brown locks, but already with furrows ploughed in his forehead, the sign of intense intellectual labor. After the concerts Rubinstein's friends would assemble for a jovial symposium around the table in the Hotel de Rome, among them always Rudolf Löwenstein, the charming composer of the "Kinderlieder" and with Ernest Dohm—editor of "Kladderadatsch," who years before, when Anton Rubinstein with his mother and his brother Nicholas were here in Berlin to study with Dehn, had given both boys instruction in German. Löwenstein spoke with great respect of the mother of his former pupil, whose eagerness to learn he could not sufficiently praise, while he, in white necktie and—after the excitement of the evening—wrapped in his furs, was full of unrestrained gayety. We, his guests, revelled in all good things of the season; he had enough with an apple, a glass of red wine and—his cigarette.

The year 1868 was devoted to the composition of the "Tower;" Rubinstein's letters begin again in the summer of the following year, when I was spending the summer with my little family in Thuringia.

Berlin, Aug. 4, 1869.

Dear Rodenberg,

As you see, I am already in Europe (!) Friday I shall go from here by the train which goes to Halle at 8 A. M. —and shall today find out at what hour I shall arrive at Arnstadt.—A thousand thanks for your friendly invitation to spend a few days with you—but I must decline it—I am the unendurable guest whom you can picture to yourself—and you shall not exact this from your wife—I beg you to engage me one or two rooms in an endurable hotel for next Friday and shall expect you at the station, if it is not too inconvenient for you. Hoping to see you very soon,

Wtth best greetings,

Yours, Ant. Rubinstein

How is the "Song of Solomon?

So Rubinstein arrived at the little country town, his entire luggage a hand trunk, in which were the score, a plaid and the Bible, in which he read during the journey.

In our little country house which was situated near the town, in a large garden, with a murmuring brook shadowed by old trees, we first heard the music to "The Tower of Babel"— and another person besides listened to those strange sounds with moist eyes, which are now closed, but which at that time in those August days shone with pride and joy—my mother. Unconstrained she approached the great tone poet, she from whom I inherited my love for music, and who to the end was the truest friend of Heinrich Marschner. Rubinstein long cherished a friendly recollection for her.

Meanwhile I had gone to Berlin and he to Petersburg, and from there I received the following letter, which is concerned with the fact that the Stern Singing society wished to perform the ballet music with the choruses from "Feramorz."

Sept. 20, 1869.

Dear Rodenberg:

Will you be so good as to say to Mr. Stern that I grant the permission with pleasure, but that, although the score is at Rock's in Berlin, three or four sheets are missing exactly in the dances, and consequently the only way for him to get them is to write to the court theatre at Dresden to send him a copy:—if you hear anything in regard to the "Tower," please write it to me at once—it is important on account of the copying of the score.—The work is quite finished and I can say that as yet it gives me great pleasure (probably until the first performance!?) Do not forget my "Don Quixote"—the "Song of Solomon"— and "Job!"—

Farewell etc.—auf wiedersehen in January.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

Together with the Song of Solomon, Job and Don Quixote [Rubinstein wrote later a musical character sketch of Don Quixote]. long remained his favorite subjects—Two themes more opposite could hardly be conceived of, one would think, and both still human plays in the highest sense.

Such things constantly occupied Rubinstein. Always in the mood for composition, he was at the same time a critic hard to please, one who read much and thought more. For this reason we find him on so many paths, which apparently run away from each other, while he in reality was only seeking mankind where nature was strongest—this intractable nature which rebels against God and wrestles with devils. This seems to be the central point in his compositions, the central thought which was brought to so clear an expression in no other work as the "Tower of Babel." He wished to take the drama back to its religious origin; before him always hovered the Mystery Play of the Middle Ages with its threefold stage—Heaven, Earth and Hell. To see his creation set thus would have been the goal of his wishes, and the work was planned for this. Only if this be known is the direction in the text intelligible, which is printed: "Heaven with God's throne opens," only then can the listener understand the three choruses of angels, men and evil spirits which close the work with a magnificent simultaneous fugue. Rubinstein lived in the firm belief that "The Tower of Babel" which is designated a "Sacred Opera in one act," with all its scenic apparatus would still win approval on the stage, but it has remained as yet confined to the concert hall and has even there offered the greatest technical difficulties in its performance. The work waited ten years for its performance in the Sing Academy in Berlin on January 6, 1880, under the unsurpassed direction of Max Bruch, at that time the conductor of the Stern Singing Society. The "Tower" had its first performance at Königsberg, the art-loving city to which Rubinstein was always attached. There at the end of 1869 they had prepared a festival week for him, in which "Feramorz" was also performed. Then followed the Vienna performance under the auspices of the association of music friends and its director John Herbeck, on February 20, 1870. The day of the performance a mutual friend wrote me from there:—

With great joy I can assure you of the exceptionally brilliant success of the oratorio. It was a spontaneous, genuine and evident triumph. The first chorus succeeded

well, the three small choruses raised a storm of applause and the chorus of Japhetites had to be repeated. The tenor aria and the closing chorus were furiously applauded. The war chorus also made an impression—in a word the success could not have been more evident. At the close Rubinstein was recalled with enthusiasm four times.

Of this year 1870 I have only one more letter of Rubinstein's:

Bad Liebenstein, Thuringia, June 8, 1870.

Dear Rodenberg:

It is very kind of you to think of me—a thousand thanks for the photograph and still more for the news that you will work for me. I can not begin the composition of the "Song of Solomon" for a year—but I should like to have it at hand as soon as possible—for you know how it is with composing—you sometimes have a mood and good thought for a work and write it down as a sketch and go at another work. So.I hope soon to receive "Cain" from Heigel, but shall not work on it yet.*

[Note. It is known that the composition of "Cain" was the last work that Rubinstein was engaged upon before his death and that he left it unfinished.]

This summer I have several things to finish which were outlined long ago, the winter I hope to spend in Italy, which ought to serve as text to a symphonic (?) work, and then I will go at my dearest work—the sacred opera—if Paris does not hinder me in it.—Finish it then for me, and make *yourself me* completely (*vom Halse*)—only that I urge you to remember that in all the dramatizing I want the characters of the chief actors as well as the atmosphere of the whole to be sacred—i. e. *per majorem Dei gloriam.*

I shall go to Oberammergau the first of August, until then I shall stay here.—If you would walk over here some time (it is not far) my wife and I would be very glad to greet you. I can never offer you a room in my house.

With best greetings to you and your wife from me and my wife.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

[Note. Rubinstein had been married some time in the

sixties, and we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with his wife at the performance of the "Maccabees" at Berlin 1875.]

But Rubinstein neither went to Oberammergau nor I to Liebenstein; in the following month the Franco-Prussian war broke out, which gave a set back to all artistic undertakings and put upon me especially other duties.

Upon the conclusion of peace I received again a short letter from Rubinstein:

Vienna, Nov. 4, 1871.

Dear Rodenberg:

I am very sorry that I can not now undertake [über oder unternehmen] anything and still sorrier that I must release you from your promise—if you will do it for me in the spring it will be very welcome to me—although according to all human reckoning I shall not be able to go at this favorite work of mine for two years—that is your fault. The chief thing is that I should not undertake the composition of a work treating of love when I am become an old man; for in that case only the will but not the power would succeed.

With best greetings etc.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

And now after the great disturbances of our country had reached a glorious end and all began to shine in a new sun, I at last began with fresh courage our Biblical poem and received in reference to it the following letter, without date, but apparently belonging to the early part of May, 1872, which was written from Vienna, whither Rubinstein had gone to hear the rendering of his "Feramors."

Dear Rodenberg:

The sketch of the "Song of Solomon" is very good—but—but—it is almost without exception the repetition of "Feramors"—with the single difference that Sulamith is a vintager and Lalla Rookh a princess—yes even the Hochzeitsnarr is no other than Fadladeen, and the scenic effects are also the same as for example the presenting of gifts.——what is to be done about it—yes, even the coloring is

Oriental, musically it is hard to make the Jewish different from the Persian or Arabian—I am quite unhappy over it —what is to be done about it? You must give advice— perhaps all this is a reason for choosing one of the many interpretations of the Song of Solomon which does not correspond with that of Mandelstamm! We must talk it over in Düsseldorf where I hope to arrive on the 12th of this month.—Perhaps you will already have found something by that time.—

My dear "Feramors" has had no success here and if the management has to have much "*vis artistica*" in order to keep the opera in its répertoire—I suppose I can take it for granted that it will be given no more.—

I must admit that I am mostly to blame for this, for in the first place I declined to direct the opera myself, which led to many mistakes in tempo and conception; and secondly I insisted upon a cast of parts which proved an entire failure —thus Fadladeen was quite ruined and Feramors inadequate, the Hafiz was seen from the beginning to be sacrificed, for there is no selection for this part here, and only an artist can play it, but this one is by nature stupid, awkward and clumsy—and although the setting was ravishing, the orchestra and choruses beyond criticism, Lalla Rookh and Chosru good, yet the whole was a failure—I am very sorry, for I love this opera dearly in spite of everything.—

There are still other weighty reasons in this case—the Wagner association set up a demonstrative opposition to the opera, then criticism, with which I am in general on bad terms everywhere, took the opportunity to make me feel the entire weight of its arm, and in addition the public is now so led away with all the brochures over Opera and Drama, over Principles, New Paths, the Future, and however all these phrases may be, that a harmless, purely lyrical, specifically musical composition, add to that a Russo-Jewish composer, must leave the people cold, or agrees to opposition from the start.—The time is an evil one—but I live in the conviction that it will pass sooner or later, and then my "Feramors" will gain his right—if it must be that people can no more enjoy a simple melody beautifully performed

—then surely woe to music, woe to the musician, woe most of all to me.——

Farewell, hoping to see you soon, etc.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

What Rubinstein remarks in regard to the relationship between the "Song of Solomon" and "Feramors" in this letter and in the next, dated May 7, 1872, also from Vienna, appears to me entirely aside from the question, for we had laid the difficulty upon the fact that the king had resigned and I ultimately succeeded in persuading Rubinstein of it, if not by means of the scenarium, later by means of the text. He wrote:

Dear Rodenberg:

I now vote decidedly for the plan of Umbreit [Song of Solomon, Heidelberg, 1828.] or Rénan—Especially the abduction of Sulamith, her longing for her beloved shepherd and the release by Solomon—more scenes of greater effectiveness are to be found, thus her nightly seeking for her beloved and the strokes? which she receives from the night watch. [Chap. 5, verse 7.] her longing —very musical character, etc. etc.

At all events I should be for the wedding poem, if the likeness to "Feramors" did not draw me away from it.

Hoping to see you soon,

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

Think also of Job, two acts with a prologue in Heaven.

The Lower Rhine music festival drew him out of this troubled mood in which he was. This, about Easter time of the year 1872, "happily joined" the choruses of the towns connected by art and kinship, and its climax was reached in the performance of the "Tower of Babel" under the personal direction of Rubinstein. It closed with a stormy ovation for the composer, who, upon the stage, almost buried in a sea of foliage and flowers, and surrounded by a crowd of young, enthusiastic Rhinelanders, sank upon a footstool and, pulling to pieces a great laurel wreath, gave a leaf of it to each one of the hundred outstretched hands.

Those were the loveliest May days, full of joyousness and friendliness, such as can be experienced only on the Rhine. Hastened by their influence our work proceeded faster and already on June 8, Rubinstein wrote me once more from Vienna.

Dear Rodenberg:

A thousand thanks for the beautiful poem—if I could only begin composing immediately! I think I shall make a great hit with it. Now don't forget my "Job." I will give you respite for a year, but no more—it will give you much less trouble than the "Song of Solomon" (in which one must first find the dramatic part, then compose it.)

Once more hearty thanks, etc.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

On the fourth of November, 1871, Rubinstein had written me that "according to all human reckoning" he could wait two years before beginning his "favorite work" i. e. the "Song of Solomon;" in reality they became eleven years, the years of the "Demon," the "Maccabees" and "Nero." During this time we saw each other often enough, the last time in June, 1881, in London, where the "Tower" was performed in the Crystal Palace of Sydenham—the same Crystal Palace in which I had dreamed such lovely dreams in my youthful years. We exchanged reminiscences of every kind, and I especially recollect one tableful, at which the famous painters Sir John Millais and Alma Tadema with their wives, Lady Effie and Mrs Laura, were present. Still the talk was not of King Solomon. Then suddenly, more than a year later, I received in the wooded solitude of Jugenheim, to which I had gone for a few weeks during the autumn, on October 23, 1882 the following telegram.

"Must talk with you about Song of Solomon without fail. Have opera at Leipzig, impossible to leave. Shall expect you at Leipzig between Oct 28 and Nov. 11.

Rubinstein.

It was the "Maccabees," for whose second performance in the Leipzig city theatre we, my wife and I, came at just

the right time. After the close, at a later hour, Rubinstein assembled at a formal supper, as he always did on such occasions, the numberless acquaintances whom he had everywhere, those who took part and the guests who came from a distance. All together numbered about sixty persons, among whom it was especially interesting to me to see Karl Reinecke, the composer and director of the Gewandhaus concerts. Wherever Rubinstein went he held court like a prince and one might almost say kept open house. In the rooms which he occupied there was a constant going and coming, and they were often so full that a person could find no chair to sit on. It was necessary to come in the earliest hours of the morning if one wished to see him alone. Then he would seat himself at the piano and play and sing what had been finished of the "Song of Solomon;" it was about half of the work and much remained for me to do still. Several scenes were to be enlarged, different passages to be altered; finally his "wunschzettel" was set free, and we could leave Leipzig together, separating in Vienna. The hours of the journey thither were the most restful and pleasant we had had during this period of intercourse. Besides us there were only Frl. Marianne Brandt, the gifted portrayer of Leah in the "Maccabees," and the orchestral director of the Leipzig orchestra in that intimate travelling party. They were going all three to Liszt, who was waiting for them at the station. In Weimar I had seen him for the first time in the year 1856; and here at the station I saw him again for the last time. He had indeed grown older in the many years which had passed since then, but he did not yet look like an aged man. The long white hair and the priest's garb clothed becomingly his seventy two years; he appeared stouter and less quick in his movements than when I had known him before, but perfectly vigorous. Liszt loved Rubinstein dearly; he embraced him at meeting and they kissed two or three times upon the cheek. Then we alone remained behind and the train went on, through the autumn landscape of Thuringia into that of Hesse.

A new spring and May had come and we found ourselves again in our dear Jugenheim, when suddenly one evening

Rubinstein stepped into our quiet country life—the last touch was to be put to our work. A week followed, during which we were sometimes with Rubinstein in Frankfort, sometimes he with us at Jugenheim—again much work, many friends, many social hours in the "Frankfurter Hof" and under the trees in our garden, the intervals filled with wonderful trips through the fir woods to mountain peaks, from which we could look away over the sunny landscape, outlined in the distance by the silver ribbon of the Rhine.

Tantae molis erat—and still the end was not reached. Hardly had Rubinstein gone home when he expressed the last of June the urgent wish that I should come to him at Perterhof, otherwise he could not finish the work; and as the long journey was impossible for me at that time, Rubinstein made a hasty resolution and we met in Berlin in the middle of July. Out of the Song of Solomon, as it hovered before me in my youth, something quite different had been gradually evolved, from the cantata form had grown an opera. Upon three very detailed outlines ("*exposés*") which filled seven closely written pages and bore the dates Leipzig, Nov. 5-7, 1882, Jugenheim-Frankfort, May 10-18, and Berlin, July 16, 1883, Rubinstein had indicated numerically his scruples and hesitations in the lapidary style peculiar to him. I will here quote some which are especially characteristic of his exactness and his fine perception.

Old Testament Shepherd play? Idyll? Drama?

A Shepherd play (Pastoral) appears to me not a good name for the piece, for it is played too much in palaces and towns—Opera I would rather not call it either—what then?

"Where my lover tarried"—would not "my friend" be more poetic.

"Like a rose among thorns.

So am I among the crowd of maidens"—

Sounds really self conscious—in the Bible it reads: "So is my love among daughters"—in the third person!—

In the first chorus it reads: "The king draws thee into his chamber for silent repose" is that not somewhat *lasciv*?

"I have put off my shoe. I am in the clothing of the night"—what sort of a thing is that for the stage and s-

pecially for the flight? She has had no time to dress herself!

A shout with the meaning of "Juchhe!" but in Old-Hebrew form is necessary for the first chorus.

Is the designation "harem" admissible for Hebrew life?

In regard to both of these last two inquiries I knew no better way than to turn to the best authority in Semitic languages and literatures, Prof. Theodore Nöldeke in Strassburg, who willingly gave us the following information:

"Considered from a purely prosaic standpoint the expression 'harem,' according to my opinion, is just as suitable in connection with Solomon as with his father (compare for example 2 Sam. 16, 21). The question is only whether the word in the particular place does not give an aesthetic shock, since it easily conveys an unintended impression to occidental listeners. In so far as I dare give a judgment without knowing the connection I should prefer a paraphrase. In an historical presentation I should speak of Solomon's harem without reflection and without connecting any accompanying sense of blame with it. That a prince should have a collection of wives was simply in accordance with his rank. Your objection to "Juchhe" I share, but I have searched the Old Testament in vain for another suitable exclamation. A "Heah" which appears in the Old Testament as a cry of joy and also of pain will not do. I find as a cry of joy at the wine-presses jâhâi in Syriac (according to another pronunciation jôhôi, both dissyllables): but this looks strange. Would not the word must suitable for the purpose be i—ô, i—ô? That is in Greek the favorite outcry in pleasure and in pain, and was adopted by the Romans also, and such a simple cry of nature suits every land."

We decided, however, upon "Jâhâi" (in the chorus of the people), and our learned advisor, who will pardon me for mentioning here his share in our labor, would have been delighted if he could have heard what wonderful music Rubinstein composed to it.

What we had begun in Margaret street, London, in June 1858, was finished in Margaret street, Berlin, in July, 1883.

Upon the completion of the work it received the title:

"Sulamith.
A Biblical drama in five pictures.
After the Song of Solomon."

On one of these late summer evenings a small circle of friends assembled with Mr. Hugo Bock, the young head of the old firm of Bote and Bock, between whom and Bartholf Senff in Leipzig, Rubinstein had faithfully divided his works. "Sulamith" fell to the former, who set up the piano score dedicated to the Queen of Roumania, as well as the libretto, with a truly affectionate generosity. Here, in the cosy rooms in which we had already passed so many happy hours together, Rubinstein first performed the completed work. While he played, lightly indicating song and action, Paul Meyerheim drew the characteristic group; Rubinstein at the piano, surrounded by the intently listening audience, his head bent over the score, his brow shadowed by his overhanging hair. He was not fifty-three years old; his face was furrowed, his walk and bearing suggested already the premature approach of age; but as soon as he touched the keys, he resembled Antaeus who derives the power of rejuvenation from contact with his mother earth, the fading light of the eye became bright again, iron strength and endurance showed in every motion, and from him went out that electric current, which, without substance, alone indicates the neighborhood of genius.

In those days Rubinstein made a flying trip to Bayreuth, to hear a performance of "Parsifal." After his return I found him as I had never seen him before, sitting idle for two hours at a stretch with his cigarette before him. "Why should I write any more?" he cried, nothing remains for me further than never to take a pen in my hand again." He gradually became calm, we spoke of "Sulamith" and the next morning he was himself again. In one week he had spent four nights in a railway carriage.

Finally the evening of Nov. 8 came, when we were to see actually before us in the Hamburg city theatre the work of so many years. Rubinstein conducted and was overwhelmed with enthusiastic applause and wreathes, as always when he was present in person. A melancholy feeling took posses-

sion of me, a sort of farewell mood, when I thought of the beginning, which lay about a quarter of a century behind us—some of the songs, however, were exactly as I had written them before I knew Rubinstein. For him as for me the better part of life had passed, since that time when in those London spring days we sought inspiration for the beautiful shepherd child of Lebanon; now it was autumn, November —and did the result correspond to so many hopes and so much love? We still thought so on that evening, and my happiest moment was when Rubinstein came to me, pressed my hand and said, "I thank you."

"Sulamith" was performed once more in the royal opera house in Berlin (May 1887), but as an oratorio and without scenery. But the color was lacking to the pictures, warmth to the dramatic inspiration; "Sulamith" was not written for the concert hall, and if it should ever be revived, it can be only upon the stage.

Two years after the completion of "Sulamith" we planned a last new work; and it was a strange coincidence that the suggestion of it should come from England, the land of our earliest common recollections. Rubinstein had promised a secular cantata for the great music festival at Leeds, and it was on the 20th of February, 1885, that he asked me for the text. His request came unexpectedly but he found me ready---it was as if I heard Huon's magic horn and the words with which "Oberon" begins: "Once more saddle me the hippogriff, ye muses, to ride into the old, romantic land."

Nothing seemed more appropriate than to look for the subject in the early time of Britain, in that dawn of history, full of secret murmurings of oak forests and hymns of Druids, whose late echo I myself once heard in the mountains of Wales and upon the legend-haunted Mona, the present island of Anglesea. The destruction of the national sanctuary gave the signal for the uprising of the British folk, who had been conquered by the Romans, at their head Boadicea (Boudicca) places herself, the queen of the Iceni. In fearful glory emerging from the bloodshed, she stands with both her daughters upon the war-chariot, "to con-

quer or to fall, that shall be the woman's decision---men and slaves might live''—Tacitus makes her say, when she leads the countless host, drunk with hate and passion, to the fight of despair. The Romans were unable to muster to the spot more than one legion and a few hastily equipped auxiliary forces. But the overbalancing weight of barbarians was shattered against their invincible discipline. The dragon standard of the island Celts sank in the dust forever before the Roman eagles, and Boadicea drank the cup of poison.

Rubinstein embraced my proposition with the warmth which was inspiring in itself, and I wrote without pause to the conclusion. For even more than his accustomed impatience when he was engaged upon some congenial theme, did the consideration urge me on that I had in view for the next month a journey to Italy. With the Annals of Tacitus before me and Mommsen's five volumes which had just appeared, filled with the thought of Rome which I was to greet for the first time in a few weeks, my task succeeded as never before, and in only six days, upon the 26th of February, I was able to read to Rubinstein the completed outline. This was the last time that we sat together early in the morning, as we used to do in Copenhagen, and I remember with sadness this hour which seemed to open before me a new, wide perspective, and to join the past and the future in the union of England and Rome. Upon the journey to Rome "Boadicea" was my companion; she went with me over the snow of the Alps, and in Trent I put the finishing touches upon the poem. Before me, pointing out the boundaries of the foreign land with its walls, gates and towers, lay the old Tridentum; in the valley was the budding springtime, the chestnuts and almond trees were blooming and the snow fields on the mountains gleamed like silver. Never more than in those March days at Trent did I have the blissful feeling of the traveller who comes from the gray of the northern winter into the lovely sun of Italy. In this mood I wrote the closing song of "Boadicea," from whom I parted forever at Bologna, almost in the sight of Rome. At the appointed time Rubinstein received the poem, read it, expressed to me his entire satisfaction with it and

never composed music to it. It will be found among his possessions just as I sent it to him from Italy. Rubinstein wrote no more letters, but he told me at our next meeting that it had been impossible for him to set to work on it. Meanwhile the political dissensions of the two great empires had begun, whose interests clashed in Eastern Asia, and Rubinstein was too genuine a Russian to be able to compose under the strained conditions a work which closed with a glorification of England. He turned again to the Bible, composed "Moses" and "Christus," and who knows but that he now, if he were still living, would in an apparently friendlier atmosphere have warmed again to the subject which lay so far from the circle of ideas of the sacred opera with which he occupied himself almost entirely to the very last.

Here end my personal recollections of Anton Rubinstein; what he was to me I have endeavored to present here in a modest frame; what he was to the world will be related in the history of the art to whose incontestably greatest figures he belonged for a half century. Whatever of his creations may live or perish, he himself will remain. The memory will remain of a creature of the rarest gifts of mind and heart; of an artist-nature, which, if it did not always reach the highest, still ever willed it. He who has made so mighty an impression upon his contemporaries as Anton Rubinstein, will never be entirely forgotten by coming generations.

JULIUS RODENBERG.

Translated from the Deutsches Rundschau by MARY E. REGAL.

THE ESSENCE OF MUSIC.

SO many and so great are the modifying factors belonging to music, that it becomes a little bit difficult, especially in our day, to recognize wherein consists its essential constituent, its bottom fact. So true is this that some of our most intelligent writers on music err in this respect. I quote here from Miss Helen A. Clarke and Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, in this magazine. Miss Clarke says —"The very bottom fact of music is the sensuous pleasure derived from sound and rhythm;" and Mr. Perry—"Form and color are the two main features of the pictorial art, as tone and time are of music;" the two statements expressing one and the same thing—a non-truth.

The essential basis of music is *Tune;* and when Helmholtz, in one of his Prefaces, says that that basis is *Melody*, he comes just near enough to the true science to mis-state it; that phase of Tune called melody, although so prominent and even apparently fundamental in music, is secondary in musical science—melody being a derivation from harmony. Although doubtless a great physicist and physiologist, time may show that Helmholtz, as a musical philosopher, is a very unreliable authority; and those who quote and approve of his errors, on account of his well earned distinction in other respects, cannot claim great notice.

If scientific men have ever been prone to fallibility in musical science, we surely cannot expect better of those who are artistic rather than scientific. As for myself, I really seem to have taken kindly, through many years, to the examination of the numerical laws of Tune; and I am very musical in ear and feeling; yet how artistic I am I dare not attempt to say, and the less said the safer; and I may even be odious when I state that I have not as much interest in musical art as now existing as I would if there existed in our age a recognized and tangible science of Tune, Tune being the *sine qua non* of music, both as a science and an art.

The musical *relationship* of tones—this is indeed the bottom fact, the essence of music. Music, however could not be very pleasing without other qualities besides this all-essential one, yet it would be music in embryo; but give me some musical instrument, say a good pianoforte, and I will so carefully and intelligently untune its beautiful tones (although keeping each tone itself as good in quality as if the piano were in tune) that the best possible artistic use of it could result in not one grain of *music* either good or bad. Neither could any one make me believe that human ears could ever be *educated* to delight in such a performance, in any such sense as we delight in music; and if any people should by means ever be led to profess pleasure in such terrible noise and call it music to them, I could not feel under obligation to admit that it is music to them, but only something which they have got used to and can at least hear without pain, or, in some cases, even enjoy from association. Such persons could not be normal judges of what music is.

I know there is a figurative use of the word *music*, as of thousand of others. According to this figure of speech music is anything which pleases the ear or gives sounds welcome to the heart. Thus we hear of the music of nature, the music of birds, "the sweet music of speech," or of the dinner bell and so on. But there is literally no music in any of these things, save in very rare instances. Few of us ever heard a bird really *sing*, they sing figuratively—however ridiculous this way of putting it may appear. Their shrill chirping, with their beautiful artless inflections and inarticulations, is wonderfully pleasing. I am sure that I love and enjoy the figurative music of these delightful figurative songsters; but I am just now so severely scientific that I will not call it music without a qualifying word—that is, not now, in these pages; for here we are serious and true, even though we be otherwise as soon as we get out of doors.

Tune, tone quality, rhythm, expression, *et cetera*, make music itself a great reality, however inadequate its terminology and undeveloped its science. Mr. Ellis finds the old

expression "quality of tone" on the whole least objectionable for designating that third property of tones which does not refer to either their pitch nor their force. We speak of a good or a poor tone, meaning of course quality of tone, without reference either to pitch or loudness. The three properties of tone may advantageously be distinguished more carefully than heretofore in studying the nature of music.

Although not a special student of the laws of tone quality, these being in the domain of acoustics, and I am not an acoustician, I am impressed with this property of music, I suppose, very much as other musical persons are. There is certainly a tremendous difference in favor of music which has some kind of a rich quality of tone as against that which, although possessing equally good intonation or tune, is poor in tone quality. There is also some difference in taste as to quality of tone, and there is in fact some difference in ourselves, in different moods, tenses, and circumstances, as to just what tone qualities are pleasing. These matters, however, are of a physical, physiological and psychical nature; and being no philosopher in any of these directions, I can of course be excused from taking up such subjects but should *not* be excused nor forgiven for writing essays on subjects in which I am ignorant.

I have often noticed how most persons, even among the musical, confound quality of tone with tune. The musical property with them *seems* to be tone. A piano was poor-toned before tuning, and now it is fine-toned, even though no change has been made in the tone quality. Of the relationship of tones, that is, intonation or tune, they have scarcely a conception. The two ideas are not probably very distinct in their minds. "In tune" and "out of tune" are indeed expressions often heard; but if an instrument be really of excellent *tone*, that is, tone quality, and be quite a little out of tune, it is usually called in good tune; while if it be actually in good tune, but of a poor tone quality, it is called "out of tune" by most people. The most meritorious piano-tuner, therefore is never sure of praise, even though he can often greatly *improve* the tone quality of a piano by skillful

work on the hammers, as well as tune it; while he is sometimes highly complimented by merely doing what is to him a rather simple thing, if he be a real master of tuning, namely, to tune the strings. In the majority of cases, however, it is neither simple nor easy to him; for in most pianos, and even in many good-toned ones, the strings will not adjust well in tuning.

A still greater piece of musical Philistinism which a tuner often meets with, is, when a piano rattles, jars, buzzes or rizzles, or else makes some other indescribable noise—on account of a pin or such a matter, or a larger article lost on the sound-board (of a square or grand), or something loose or cracked pertaining to the sound-board, ribs or bridge, or the loose contact of two wire ends somewhere, or a screw or a nut loose, or something pertaining to the case or fretwork, or something outside of the piano altogether, on the stove, or on the piles of toys or bric-a-brac, or a loose windowpane, or some one of ten thousand other things, and there is really no end to the list. Any number of people will pronounce a piano "out of tune" if someone of these infinitely varied causes make a *noise* in the piano where there ought to be silence—and "silence," being one of the greatest of "kickers" against this state of things. Being wholly a tuner and what there is left of me in that capacity being considerably given to the natural or numerical laws of tune, I find myself somewhat out of joint with a large part of the present musical world, but we may come together in a few hundred years.

But I have written to great length in this magazine on this phase of music, and am bound that this present contribution shall possess the merit of brevity. Yet there is much more that I wish to publish concerning these "merely numerical" laws, and in a near future I may present something to show that the present attitude and status of acoustics—*in relation to Tune*, in which phase of acoustics I am alone concerned—is a ridiculous if not a mischievous one.

JAMES PAUL WHITE.

A SONATA OF THE WOODS.

"MERCY on us! What on earth are you doing lying directly across the path in everybody's way?" As somebody stumbled over him, Mr. John R. Phelps arose from his recumbent position to see who was anathematizing him in such a fashion, just in time to receive into his lap what at first closely resembled a bundle of white muslin, but which worked itself out to be a most charming pretty girl.

"I humbly beg pardon and crave forgiveness for any awkwardness I may have caused," he commenced, helping her to a more comfortable seat, "I do hope you are not hurt, but if you don't want a fellow to lie down and dream in the woods, you shouldn't have such woods and such perfect afternoons, and such peace on earth, and such glorious singing as I heard a few minutes since, co-mingling with the distant twitter of the birds. Are you the singer? By all that's fine, whew! What a fine voice you have, and let me tell you, Miss," waiting for her to fill in the pause, "Miss."

"Continue, sir, wont you?"

And, baffled and a bit embarrassed by the girl's tact, Mr. Phelps stumbled round and finally said, "I was merely going to remark I've met Swinburne, the author of your song a couple of times.

> 'Ah there's nae lark loves the lilt, my dear,
> There's nae ship loves the sea,
> There's nae bee loves the heather bells,
> That loves as I love thee, my love,
> That loves as I love thee.'

Jove! isn't that pretty? Isn't it beautiful?"

Now the girl was interested. Her hopes and ambition lay in her voice and she was too poor to cultivate it; she was so hopeful, so ambitious, she plodded along by herself until she could get away to study, so looking up at this stranger as he certainly was, or she would at least have heard of him, and recognizing in him a gentleman, she said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, for being rude. I am Miss Helen Hinsdale. My father is the priest of this parish, and he and I—I have no mother—live at the Parsonage in Melville. I wish I might stay and have you tell me about Swinburne and all the people of his world, how I envy you, knowing them, but it is getting toward sun-down and I must get home for tea. Goodness! Look at my gown. Have you a pin?"

Mr. Phelps produced a small carryall of pins and needles and buttons which he always carried around with him in his wanderings, and while the girl pinned up her torn flounce, he introduced himself.

"Miss Hinsdale, as I am helping to repair what I most unintentionally have done, I want you to do me a favor. I am Mr. John R. Phelps, Jr."

She bowed, with her mouth full of pins.

"I started out to get rid of work and New York, where by the way I am junior partner of the law firm of Phelps, Dodge & Phelps. As I say, I started out to get rid of work, and I've been wandering around the country, doing nothing, sleeping at night wherever I could get a bed."

"And in the woods in the day time," she broke in.

"Exactly, and enjoying myself in my own quiet way. Now here I am, near Melville; its six o'clock, and no thought of a night's lodging."

They both laughed.

"So I'm going to ask you to help me out and tell me where I will be apt to find a room and a comfortable bed, and something most important, something to eat. I'm starved!"

"A question, certainly. Help me up, will you please?" then, gazing at her gown. "That doesn't show much, does it? Let me see—there's Mrs. Goodale has a room and a clean one at that, but unfortunately, it is taken by the man who came down from the fair at Frederick to sell pigs, so that will not do. Farmer Smith's wife has a boarder, an artist I've just met, so her room is taken. Well I declare, with the exception of the Melville Arms, our one and only inn, from which may the Lord preserve you, I cannot think of a single room in the village."

"There's a pleasant prospect; what am I going to do?"

"I can only suggest one more thing, and if that don't suit, I can't help you. I've got to go home. It's late. Supposing you come home with me and father can tell you better than any one where you will likely find a room. If things come to worst, and there are none, we can take you in for the night ourselves, but you'll have to submit to being cramped. Our home is not huge."

"I'm a lucky dog, certainly, who'd have thonght a mere stumble conld be so productive of good results?" muttered Phelps, sotto voce, as off they started, he, a tall, strong, intelligent looking man of from twenty-five to thirty, and she a dark-haired, blue-eyed, bright complextioned, tall, graceful girl of about twenty—both talking away as if friends of long standing.

After twenty minutes walk across well kept fields, climbing a fence or two, stumbling, laughing and talking, they come upon the parsonage with its little ivy covered church beside it. It was close on to seven o'clock. The sun was going down and the entire western heavens were one blaze of gold and copper. The rays of the sun striking upon the windows made them gold too; everything glowed; everywhere was content, and from the organ rolled the evening vesper.

"That's my father playing," whispered the young girl, and involuntarily her voice rang out with:

> "Peace, perfect peace, in this world of sin
> The voice of Jesus whispers, peace within."

suiting words to the accompaniment.

Alas! Cupid had his eyes on Mr. John R. Phelps, Jr. and John R. realized it. For, as the girl stood beside him, utterly oblivious, breathing true religion, he experienced one of those rare moments so seldom felt in life, but when felt, never to be forgotten. I will not exactly say Mr. Phelps knew himself to be in love, but he himself, was perfectly contented and wished the scene would not change, which seems next door neighbor to love, doesn't it?

However, the scene did change, the sun kept sinking further into the west shining forth a golden requiem. The

evening vesper had stopped, and now, long, low, rambling chords, beautiful, full of solemn grandeur rolled out, taking its place.

Aimlessly the man and the girl bad wandered toward the church.

"Just peep in and see papa," she said, "he plays beautifully. He plays sometimes for hours, learned as a mere child—his mother taught him—don't make a noise. I never disturb him when he's at the organ."

Phelps peeped and saw an elderly, scholarly looking gentleman sitting at the organ, playing without music, and with closed eyes. A moment, and then they noiselessly withdrew.

"Papa's had the blues lately, he wont be home till later, so we'd better be getting home and have some tea. Intruding was it, you suggested? If you only knew how delighted I am to have a real live city man to talk to, you'd think yourself an angel in disguise and have your head turned. So taisez on that subject and come on."

How that evening flew. They had tea together *en tete a tete*, and just as they were finishing Mr. Hinsdale joined them. Later, Phelps and Mr. Hinsdale arranged that Phelps should at any rate stop over night with them at the parsonage. Then Miss Helen sang, while the men smoked, running from one plaintive ballad to another, without pausing between the songs.

It was a scene of great quiet. The outside world seemed fast asleep, except for the chirping of the crickets, the croaking of the frogs, and once in a while the hoot of an owl as he winged his way in the darkness.

The clearness of the night atmosphere accentuated the steeliness of the stars, as one by one they budded out, the forget me nots of the angels. Inside the room sat the two men smoking and listening to the sweet girlish voice as on and on she sang, Scotch and English ballads, old Norwegian and Welsh melodies, and even a German love song, but all tending toward the quiet, restful, minor.

One of the men, the elder, drowsed, the other dreamed; and dreamed such dreams as only a combination of Cupid's

warnings, a good strong, thick stupefying tobacco smoke, and a state of blissful content can produce. Finally, the singing stopped, and then there came the inevitable pause, consequent upon the ceasing of exquisite music. Helen left the piano and tip-toed over to Phelps so as to avoid awakening her father's snooze, whispered, "I'm going to bed. I'm tired; you'll find your lamp outside the door when you want it, and remember your room is just at the top of the stairs. Gute Nacht," and laughing, she went off.

Phelps dreamed a while longer. Then ahemmed to wake Mr. Hinsdale, and having succeeded, they talked a while, locked up the house, took up their lamps, and not many minutes after, Morpheus and Somnus were the reigning spirits.

Phelps did not continue his wanderings the next day, nor the next, nor the next. In fact, he stayed on and on, until three weeks time had been consumed, in helping Helen at her duties in churning butter, driving home the cows at night and to the pasture in the morning for the farmers, making all the old men and women, young men and young women, boys, girls, the youngsters—everybody in the village like him, and lastly, in learning to admit to himself his love for Helen Hinsdale. There was the rub. She did like him; she told him that every day, but she couldn't, so she said, and wouldn't, acccording to him, love him. Indeed, she admitted her intense friendship, her preference to him over everyone else, and she realized how she would miss him when be went; as of course he would sooner or later, but she would say.

"You know, Mr. Phelps,—"

"Why don't you call me John? ' always an interruption.

"Against my principles; shall I continue, or are you going to interrupt again? Well, for the fiftieth time, I have told you I honor and really love you as well as I ever expect to love anybody, but I am not willing to marry and give up all my ambitions. I must, before I marry, see the world, learn how to sing. Only think, to be able to sing with your whole soul as all the fine singers do, and then after I've done that, picture your mother's consternation. Why, she'd throw up her hands in holy horror 'to think of my

son marrying a public singer!' "

"If you'll manage me, I'll manage her," he interrupted, only to be squelched by a most determined look.

"No, do as you suggested to papa, get me some sort of a position in your town, and let me have my fling as you have said. I don't want to get married. I want to enjoy myself my own way. Why don't you go to work? What are you? A good looking man, I'll admit, but a frightfully lazy, listless individual who does nothing while his father works at law. Make something of yourself. Be ambitious and make us honor you always, and I for one, won't, unless you do something and do it quick;" and so the position never changed, the conclusion was always the same.

At last Phelps realized her firmness, and the best of the bad bargain. At least, "better go to town, and get her a position and be near her, and have a sort of brotherly right to look after her; let her go ahead and work and succeed. She'll admit her independence not wholly satisfactory, some of these days. We all come to it, and then I'll get in my fling," reasoned the rosy-minded youth. "I'll do something if I die for it; won't I astonish my goodly parents? Well, we'll see how things turn out?"

He left, liked by all, and missed especially by Mr. Hinsdale, who, dear old man, could not understand Helen. John seemed to him to be all that a girl could wish for in a husband, and yet she didn't want him, and preferred her voice. It had taken Mr. Hinsdale a long time to become accustomed to his daughter's ambition. Indeed he had only acceded to it, thinking that she would never have a chance to cultivate it, and therefore his consternation was really pitiful, when, a few weeks later, Phelps wrote, saying he had succeeded in getting Helen a position as private secretary to a Mrs. Holden, the principal of a large private school, and a woman of considerable prominence, who agreed to permit Helen to take singing lessons, and to practice at any time Mrs. Holden did not need her. The salary though not large was sufficient, and Helen planned to get a church position as soon as possible.

There was great rejoicing for a time in the hearts of the

inmates of the parsonage at Melville. That is, Helen rejoiced and her father pretended to.

"It isn't papa, as if I were going away for good and all. In a year, or perhaps a little longer—that'll pass soon—don't you think it will, papa? Say in two years I'll be a fine singer," accent on the fine, "and then I'll make money and come back home" and her face would beam, "and then we'll be together again forever. You don't think you'll miss me dreadfully? I mean,—of course you'll miss me—but you can—you know—you can—"

"Sort of exist, I should say you mean," broke in Mr. Hinsdale with a smile. "Oh yes, my daughter, I shall miss your bonny face and your dear self, especially at nights; but it is right you should go, and well, I will manage to get along somehow I think, dear, until you come back," looking at her with that indescribably pathetic smile that told a tale of sorrow in itself, and which made people somehow love and honor Mr. Hinsdale, but which completely upset his daughter. Looking up into that dear face, her eyes would fill with tears, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, she would cry as if her heart would break. Ah, this ambitious young woman had a heart, too. Poor, dear, generous-hearted Phelps, how his ears must have tingled at such times. Helen would go around calling him names and wishing "he'd never come to Melville, and been such a bother," while he, poor chap, was busily marking off days till she would come, beaming on humanity in general and on his own personal friends in particular.

Gradually the month of preparing grew into a week, then five, four, three, two days, and now the good bye.

It was right sad to see the old man watching his daughter prepare to go out into the world —as we all must, sooner or later—to fight the battle of life alone. The world from which he dreaded so much. But she had inherited her mother's restless disposition and could not be held back and yet be satisfied; so he let her go.

The train which was carrying her into the vague smoke beyond was fast passing out of sight. He stood there, an aged man, his head uncovered, dejected, lonely, sorrowful.

As the last car of the train swung out of view, raising his voice, he prayed, "Oh my heavenly Father, protect and follow this, thy child in her path through this life which she has chosen. Guide and advise her in her hour of need, and bring her back to me with as beautiful and pure a nature, unspotted from the world as she now has. Lend her aid, that through Thy heavenly guidance she may blossom out into as lovely a flower of womanhood as is now the budding promise of her youth."

The quiet afternoon sun shone down its golden benediction. Mr. Hinsdale started for his comfort, the ivy covered church, the organ. Seating himself he played as though his fingers were following the dictates of his heart. Gradually the broken passionate chords toned down into a restful melody and when the rays of the sinking sun had turned the little stained glass windows into gold, and had sent various colored humpty-dumpty's around the interior of the church, Mr. Hinsdale played the evening vesper.

'Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away,
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.'

Then he closed the organ, locked the church and went home.

After what seemed to Helen an interminable journey, the train slowly puffed into a very pandemonium of sounds. Screams, bells, hurrying men, scolding and excited women, crying babies; officials here, there, everywhere, innumerable quantities of small boys in everybody's way, Bedlam let loose. She dared not move. In fact, she was completely upset, or how are we to account for the tearful hug with which she received Phelps, and which for a second or so bereft that young man of his senses. He succeeded in getting her into a carriage, took charge of her boxes and bundles, and then they started for Mrs. Holden's. They talked on the way naturally, she despondently, he encouragingly.

"It would do your heart good, Helen, to see me work. I verily believe that my goodly mother would object, only the head of the house assures her it wont last long, but," here a sudden, unexpected and successful assault made Helen retire into her corner of the carriage in hot haste, and say in her most dignified manner, meanwhile putting barriers

between them in the shape of bundles, bag and an umbrella, "None of that, John Phelps. Don't take advantage of my countrified, confused reception. We are only friends. Remember our bargain."

"I'm to work and you're to wait," he broke in.

"Of course," she answered, composedly. "But no nonsense between whiles."

Unfortunately for Helen's dignity, the rig at that moment stopped in front of Mrs. Holden's unpretending but dreadfully substantial residence school, and her assumed attitude instantly changed from the stabbing-with-icicle kind to one of most delicious dependence, (yours most truly, John R. Phelps).

Before he dared venture to ring the bell, he had to restore to her some of her old time independence.

Mrs. Holden was what one would call a versatile woman. A clever writer, a successful manager of a school, a good mother; and she had been a most devoted wife. Helen had pictured her pedantic, angular, parchment colored and eyeglassed. Therefore this bright complexioned, plump, jolly little woman, took her so completely by surprise she could find nothing to say for a minute or so, and she fell in love with her completely, as with a nod to Phelps, she came toward Helen, put her motherly little arms around her, gave her a kiss and said, "Excuse the kiss, honey, you are one of my girls, now, you know. Stand back and let me look at my young secretary. I'm from Virginia myself, my dear," still with her arms around her and with the most winning, encouraging smile on her kind face, she looked at the bright young girl; and then said: with a nod to Phelps

"I see you didn't exaggerate, John. Excuse me children, while I see after the room and the bundles. I'll soon be back," and off she trotted.

Helen found her tongue and asked quantities of questions. John explained, how Mrs. Holden had known him for years and what a lovely woman she was. Helen was delighted; John at least seemed satisfied with her thanks, so 'tis enough. He stayed until he saw she had recovered her self possession, then he left, telegraphed to Mr. Hinsdale of

Helen's safe arrival—always the same thoughtful fellow—and then went home and wrote sonnets to his lady love. "Who'd have thunk it of 'im?"

Time passed rapidly. Mrs. Holden's correspondence was in a dreadful muddle and Helen spent her first week in settling that, arranging her room, becoming used to the routine of the school life and learning to know the inmates of the house. Everything was dainty and refined and worked with no clashings. Helen had a class of youngsters in English grammar and one, more advanced, in English literature, so she had enough to do to keep her from homesickness, and soon her music would commence.

A week or so after her arrival, Mrs. Holden took Helen with her to a reception of the literati, I might say, and introduced her around as "My young secretary, charming girl, has a beautiful voice."

Here, as everywhere, Mrs. Holden was a great favorite, so Helen's introduction was timely; and then her own bonny face, as her father called it, her commanding height and fine figure, made her attractive and noticeable in herself.

It came to pass that during the evening the hostess asked her to sing. Encouraged by a bright smile and 'do your best,' telegraphed across the room by Mrs. Holden, she seated herself at the piano. Running her hands carelessly over the keys, she thought a moment and then commenced that dramatic passionate Time and Tide of Rodney's. Forgetting herself she sang out, and her glorious round voice, her musical appreciation, her extraordinary dramatic ability were heard and seen at their best.

The room became quiet. Here and there a quick, restive sigh would be heard. A few of the elder women wiped away furtive tears. The men's faces were thoughtful; then the instantaneous applause dramatic music demands, and it was over.

There happened that night to be in the room a celebrated musician, and Helen commenced for herself unconsciously a new era in her life. An odd, quaint, nervous little man was Pietro Gascagni, but a recognized genius. He had met Mrs. Holden in various places, so turning to her, said:

"That girl has genius. I would like to know her."

Mrs. Holden, active little manager, led him up to Helen, and then and there they arranged a meeting for the next day, per consequence for months of hard work.

Yes, the study of singing is hard work as Helen soon found out. Gascagni knew his art, and being as emotional as the rest of his nation he immediately fell in love with his talented pupil, so took extra interest in her progress. The exercises they went through were awful. Scale after scale, thirds, octaves, trills, staccata, and all the fancy work which goes to make a fine singer; but it seemed that in the oratorios she felt most at home, and them she loved the best. During her leisure hours, Gascagni would talk old music to her, explain motives, teach her harmony, and in that way she became familiar with our great masters. He introduced to her numerous musicians of the town for whom she sang, besides having become essential to Mrs. Holden, who always insisted upon Helen going with her to various teas, receptions, musicales, so that before long that "charming Miss Hinsdale" became very popular.

Thanks to Mrs. Holden her story was told. So she soon found herself in demand as a songstress, at private entertainments. But Gascagni was inexorable, and would not permit her to sing. Indeed he said:

"Zey will be tired off you befo you are a zinger. Vait till you know how to zing."

So she waited and worked, had her ups and downs, but still kept on. John Phelps' mother called on her soon after her arrival, and she had been entertained at their home, but it was always to Mrs. Holden she went for motherly advice, and generally when downhearted, after a hearty cry on that dear woman's lap, would feel happy and encouraged.

As for John,—indeed he was radically changed.—He worked away at law like a Trojan, studied law, tried suits, won cases, revolutionized himself in general, went to church, tried to study music, was seen at receptions, (things he detested) and no one could understand him, except himself.

Well, the time came when Gascagni would permit Helen to sing. Meantime she had been back to Melville for a

short visit and John had run down on the last Friday night unexpectedly, and together they persuaded Mr. Hinsdale to leave his church in charge of his deacon, to rub off the cobwebs of time a bit, and return with them to town. So on the night of her concert, her father was there to hear her.

The hall was crowded with the best people of the society world; the literati, musicians, artists, a cosmopolitan assemblage. To half the audience she was known either personally, or as Mrs. Holden's young southern secretary. But the other half knew neither her nor her history, nor cared to know. They had paid their money to hear music, and would criticise pro or con as things might develop. Therefore, it was a trying ordeal and would be a certain test of her ability.

At precisely at eight o'clock, as Gascagni came into the manager's box, Monsieur Hubert, the eminent leader, raised his baton, and the concert commenced with the overture of Wagner's Tannhauser; its great and solemn chords bringing the house, by the majestic splendor, from the noise and chatter a crowd make, to an almost ominous silence.

Mr. Hinsdale, Mrs. Holden and John Phelps sat together toward the middle of the parquette; all three excited, but the excitement of each venting itself in absolutely different ways. Mrs. Holden's eyes fairly sparkled; her color was brilliant, and she could not keep still. Mr. Hinsdale, calm enough outwardly, would now and then pass his hands over his forehead, as if to relieve an anxiety, and give sort of a quick sigh. Phelps sat rigidly straight, his lips firmly shut, breathing in long drawn breaths which shook him as he took them.

Well, that ever magnificent overture came to an end, and not one note had the trio heard. Now Helen's turn. She never looked more charming than she did as she stood there, facing the vast audience. Exquisite, refined, dressed in a simple gown of white mull with a ruffle of wide lace finishing the round neck of the waist, her wavy black hair coiled low at the back of her neck, and in her white gloved hands one American beauty.

So young, so girlish, so pure. The audience paid her

homage by a sudden quiet and then a generous applause. But it did not go well. Somehow she couldn't breathe. She forgot her intonation, her phrasing. Her one wish was to get through without breaking down; and when she finished without even a recognition of the audience, she hurried from the stage. Of course, Mrs. Holden's and Phelps' friends encored her out of courtesy to them, but it was a dismal failure without doubt and the verdict of the critical was "She cannot sing. Why will not a pretty girl be content with being just pretty? She has no voice."

And poor Phelps turned to Mrs. Holden with the most eloquent appeal in his grey eyes, and anxiously demanded:

"What is the matter? She never sang worse in her life;" while Mr. Hinsdale covered his face with his hands and kept still.

Next a Polish pianist played one of Chopin's polonaises magnificently; then a fair, fat and forty-five contralto insisted, "you're a daiszey" at the top of a dreadfully hard loud voice, meaning, the program said, "Euridice."

Then Helen's turn again. This time, "determination sat in her eye." Her walk as she came forward was positive. After waiting a few minutes for the prelude, she began, and then—clear, pure, round, sweet, flute-like rang out Marguerita's Spinning Song, from Faust. The house swayed with her as on and on she led. Great, solemn, glorious tones, full, dramatic, filling every nook and cranny of the vast auditorium, until the very air throbbed and pulsed with glorious harmonies of great music. Dreaming, sighing, crying, rejoicing, she led them until they must cry out, when—a change, and the Jewel Song with its wonderful, birdlike trills, runs, staccato movements, its great fortissimos and quiet pianissimos brought them from wondering at the voice to admiration for the master in his training.

This time the applause was deafening. Women clapped, men stamped their feet and clapped, the musicians cried aloud, "Bravo, bravo," but no response came, no encore. Still the audience insisted, and it was fully five minutes, and not until the orchestra had commenced Griegs Peer Gynt,

No. 1, that they would consent to quiet down and listen to Anitra's dance, that weird, northern witchlike dance Grieg so vividly portrays for us.

Mrs. Holden was worried. "Why on earth didn't Helen come out and respond? Could she have felt ill?"

No sooner were the words out of her mouth before Phelps, to whom such an idea had never occurred, leaned over, taking up his hat, coat and cane from the floor, whispered, "I'll go see. Don't wait. I'll take her home. Good night, great success, bless her heart, wasn't it?" and he had gone.

Now, I have hinted that Mrs. Holden was a warmhearted, motherly little woman. She had become very interested in this game in which hearts would assuredly turn up trumps, which Phelps and Helen were playing. So in a wise, tactful way which some women have, and which others so deplorably lack, she persuaded Mr. Hinsdale to go home with her and there await the young prima donna's return. Of course there was great handshakiug and congratulating on their way out, so they were some little time in arriving home. There Mrs. Holden arranged a spread, and before a blazing fire and over a cordial cup of tea, they talked over Helen and her great triumph.

Meanwhile, Phelps, worried more by Mrs. Holden's suggestion than he would admit, hurried behind the scenes. Helen as she had left the stage had become faint. As Phelps anxiously opened the door she looked up dazedly, saw him, and then, utterly oblivious to the facts that the fat contralto was holding Crown lavender salts to her nose, that the pianist had a glass of water almost to her mouth and that Gascagni was fanning her almost frigid, she got up, staggered toward him, and before them all, like a startled child, put her arms around his neck and her head on his shoulder, as with a sigh and a little of supplication and a good deal of fright, said, "Oh John, let me stay here. I want to stay a long while. Singing's all very well, but I don't want to sing any more."

A tell tale quiver crept into her quiet voice, making it tearful. The musicians quietly withdrew, Gascagni with them.

Poor little chap. To him, this was a total surprise. He felt so proud of her success and had so much reason to be proud, and now when success was assured, the old, old story came into evidence and turned the fruits of his hopes into the ashes of matrimony. He had reason to feel down in the mouth.

They were alone in the dimly lighted, dirty, dusky little greenroom. Neither spoke for a few minutes, and in that quiet few minutes, like music so complete without words, was settled that question he had so often asked and she so often refused to answer.

Their carriage drove up to the house in a great flurry. Mrs. Holden with Mr. Hinsdale behind her met them at the door and no sooner looked into Helen's face and John's eyes, than they read there the tale which made even Emerson say, "All the world loves a lover."

Helen, dear girl, worn out, left John to tell the story in his own quiet way, giving him a good night kiss before them all with as much nonchalance as if it were of daily occurrence; and to him the picture of the tall, graceful girl as she turned her bright animated face to wish them good night on her way up stairs was the sweetest daintiest subject an artist might wish for.

It did not take him long to win Mr. Hinsdale's consent to his marrying Helen, for John was eloquent and Mr. Hinsdale admired him. So before he left that night it was arranged that Helen should marry him in two months time in the little ivycovered church at Melville, with the people who had watched her grow from the baby to the school girl, from the school girl to the woman, and now to the wife.

The morning after the concert only helped to confirm Helen in the lately decided belief that, after all, singing was well enough, but for a women to be a wife was far nobler. She awoke with a nervous headache, anxious to see her criticisms, but a dainty bunch of violets "spending their sweetness on the air" recalled to her her lover, who begged his sweetheart, in a note, to let him know when he might see her, and also if she would take a walk, a ride, or go to the theatre with him in the evening, or all three.

She decided on the walk, notified him to that effect, had her breakfast and then hunted up the morning papers. All agreed that "Miss Hinsdale's voice was of wonderful power, range and sweetness; she would make in time one of the sweet singers who help to make our life beautiful, but through lack of experience her first number was a most decided failure. The second number, however, proved the singer's capability, and it is safe to say, Miss Hinsdale is to be congratulated on her superb rendition of Gounod's difficult music."

And Helen wavered; the glare, the excitement, the applause, the fame seemed again to conquer; but the bunch of purity, modestly demanding recognition by its sweet odor, led her thoughts back to the earnest, loving man, and John suffered none from the moments hesitation.

That afternoon, quiet John was demonstrative. Love plays queer capers with sweethearts, and Helen was completely surprised at her lover. They took a long walk, and in that walk she learned or rather began to realize what the man's character was. Original and beautiful thoughts commingling with a practical common sense, lent to his character an unexpected sentiment that ennobled; and the reverent, deep love he felt for her added a roundness which before he had lacked.

The month before the wedding taught them both many good things to be remembered. Both were so engaged with each other, time soon passed, and the wedding day dawned before either realized it. The village of Melville took on a gala day attire. The little church had received a much needed cleaning up. The parsonage windows came out strong in the glory of clean muslin curtains. Maria had waxed the floor, cleaned the brasses and polished the silver until they shone. The old furniture had been beaten and revarnished, the walls repapered, the painting retouched—everywhere everything bespoke the festal day.

Helen awoke with commingled feelings of happiness and regret. Nature turned out in her finest array to greet one of her lovliest daughters. The sun shone, flowers filled the air with sweet fragrance, the birds chirped and twittered,

and the morning dew added its sparkle to make a perfect scene.

As the pure, sweet girl walked up the aisle of the little church, the country folks' tears and "Bless the baby, don't she look like an angel?" which half of the old women said, bespoke the loving character she had.

And so they were married. In the little ivy covered church, with the sun shining down on them through one of the open windows, with the old friends around her whom she had always known, and the broken, tearful voice of Mr. Hinsdale as he raised his hand to bless them and pronounce them husband and wife, added a solemnity that lent great dignity to the service.

In her own home she made the music which was denied the world, and on her first anniversary, she learned how full her life was made by her husband's love, when he handed to her a book entitled, "A Bundle of Songs, by John R. Phelps, Jr. Dedicated to my wife, who has lived the music, to which I suit these words."

FRANCES CORA PERCE.

PRIVATE TEACHER VS. CONSERVATORY: A PEDAGOGICAL POLEMIC.

IN the previous issue of MUSIC Prof. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin conservatory, presented in an admirable manner the argument for the conservatory of music, as distinguished from the administration of a musical education by private teachers. Most that he says is well taken, but there are certain considerations upon the other side which the student will do well to note when he is in quest of really superior musical education. If you read the article in question between the lines the whole contention is conceded in the clause which admits that the most important service of the conservatory is that of imparting what might be called an average musical education, and particularly in educating college students to a proper estimation of music as an art—something which our American colleges formerly ignored entirely.

Theoretically, the conservatory is a more economical place for making musical studies than one can find with private teachers. Upon this point, however, a grain of salt has to be taken, inasmuch as the great bulk of teaching in conservatories everywhere in the world is done by a grade of teachers such as no ambitious student would think of employing except when obliged to do so through the accident of their being included among the faculty of a selected conservatory. This applies to the European conservatories quite the same as those in America. In many cases there are one or two really superior teachers connected with a conservatory faculty, in one capacity or another; but the work which these men do forms but a very small part of the complete work of the school, and the average student experiences even a smaller percentage of their influence than an average undergraduate of the immediate influence of the senior professor in his department.

And this, moreover, against quite another disadvantage

under which the conservatory is placed as compared with the university. When an undergraduate registers in a university college, he perhaps pays an annual fee for tuition amounting to $100 or $150. The instruction which he receives, however, taking the entire undergraduate body, costs the university at least five times this sum. It is true that the undergraduates in the lower stages do not receive benefit in this proportion to what they pay; for in the college as in the conservatory the tuition during the first three years is almost entirely performed by young teachers who have their reputation to make.

But in the conservatory, as it stands in most of our American cities, the student does not really get the benefit of all that he actually pays. In the great majority of schools where a pupil pays say $2.50 for a half hour, the teacher who administers the half hour receives only half the amount. And there are very few conservatory teachers indeed who receive compensation above two dollars per hour for their work. Yet the pupil is made to pay for lessons under them at least double this rate, and in some cases much more. This is an economical detail not without weight. In other cases, as at Cincinnati, the tuition fees are wholly applied in paying for instruction; the endowment funds furnishing the incidental running expenses. Something of this sort prevails at Oberlin, where at least a part of the running expenses are paid out of the endowment funds. But the great majority of conservatories in America have no endowment funds whatever. Every incidental advantage, in the way of theoretical teaching, history work, recital and the like, being so much pared off the tuition fees.

The argument for the conservatory, therefore, upon the score of economy is not valid in its full extent; but only so far as one decides certain other questions which come later.

* * *

Every eminent private teacher will agree with me that in music the personal element probably cuts a larger figure than in any other department of education. It is well known to all good educators that even in the literary branches the personal element is very important. By this

I mean, contact with a living teacher of incisive mental powers and educational tact. When it has happened that some superiorly educated man has devoted himself to the education of his own son, the results have been astonishing when measured against the time or the early age at which uncommon attainments have been made. This arises from two sources: The teacher is better prepared than the average teacher, and he is also more sagacious in divining the momentary state of the pupil, and is therefore able to administer instruction better, and make it more stimulative.

* * *

The great things in elementary training are two:—To awaken an appetite for knowledge, and to train the mind to intelligent application. In other words, to stimulate desire for learning, and to discipline the attention, to the end that serious acquirement may be made. In this the example of the teacher counts for a great deal, and his tact for divining the condition of the pupil and selecting things which will interest him, counts for a great deal more.

* * *

It is this element which sometimes enables a piano teacher who cannot play to compete successfully (judging by results) with others who can. When the pupil is once waked up mentally, and when the teacher is able to place before the pupil the proper material, and has enough of the art instinct and experience to start the interpretation in the direction of true expression (from within), the pupil will arrive at most of the desired qualities in the interpretation by his own exertions; the non-playing teacher then has it for his problem to finish the beginning thus made, either by his own criticism and explanations, or by the example of good players. In short, from this side, the pupil who is thoroughly waked up to an artistic idea of music is already educated, inasmuch as by application everything possible for his individual endowments will follow.

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It is astonishing to one who studies this question for the first time, how few really good teachers there are in conser-

vatories in any part of the world. A school (literary as well as musical) tends to conservatism and uniformity. *In mediis tutissimus ibis* ("mediocrity is safest, my son") might also stand as the motto over the gates of the campus, everywhere. Look over the annual prospectus of the once celebrated conservatory of Leipsic, and you will see indeed certain well known names, such as those of the venerable Dr. Carl Reinecke, Dr. Papperitz, Dr. Paul, etc; but of real teachers of the pianoforte not one single first-class representative. No doubt good elementary instruction is given there, and among the hundreds of pupils there should be a number of fine players. But if so it is a case of good talent, and not something which the school has created. The same is true of Berlin, although there is generally at least one celebrated name kept there for the looks. The student, however, will find that his own lessons, under one pretext or another, must be taken from some pupil of the celebrated teacher for six months or a year or more, until he is properly "prepared"—after which he must wait his turn for admission to the coveted classes.

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When he has once secured admission to the classes, he then finds that either he must pay a high price for private lessons or else receive so very little of the great man's attention as to derive little or no benefit therefrom.

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Education comes high no matter how we fix it. One of the best combinations that I have ever known was made by an acquaintance, or rather two acquaintances, of mine who for some years had about four lessons weekly; two from Dr. Mason in piano playing, and two from Mr. Dudley Buck in harmony and theory. The par value of this instruction was something like twenty-four dollars per week (four hours in all)—although by a fortunate dispensation of generosity on the part of the justly celebrated teachers there were mitigations, in this instance. But it is safe to say that it would have been impossible to have produced the kind and quality of musicianship combined with artistic feel-

ing, attained by these fortunate girls, in a much greater time if ever under less gifted teachers.

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One of the most important problems in musical education has yet to be solved. It is how to secure for young pupils the advantage of contact with and direction from the great teachers, upon a scale adequate for mental awaking, without insuperable expense.

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Theoretically every well trained young musician ought to be a competent teacher. Actually they are not. They do not make so many nor so serious errors as they once did, perhaps, but however well they may perform they generally lack entirely in what medical schools call *materia medica*, that is, a knowledge of the material of teaching—the studies and pieces with reference to their educational value, whether for mind or fingers, or both. For want of this kind of training or acquirement, young teachers make very serious blunders, of which one hardly knows which is worst, the unwise introduction of alleged "classical music" (music by writers following classical models without classical inspiration), the premature attack of mechanical difficulties, or the introduction of positive trash. In any case the instruction too often fails of doing the work it should do, and after several years of lessons the musical education remains so shallow that the pupil easily dismisses it to the limbo of the forgotten.

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A school situated like Oberlin, in a little town where the college is the principal and almost only excitement, is at a great advantage in certain difficult points of conservatory administration, as compared with a conservatory in a city. It is all very well to require every piano or singing pupil to take at least two or four hours per week in theory and in musical literature or analysis. But even when these are provided in the form of "free advantages" this fact does not release the pupil from the necessity of coming twice or four times additional to the college—trips which

often involve considerable distances and the loss of at least half a day for each trip. It is this, which might be called the mechanical difficulty, which limits studies in our city conservatories to what might be called the "bare necessities of life," i. e. the private lessons. This however, is another question quite one side of the central question of this thesis.

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On the whole, from whichever side we look at it, the musical student will have to make his election whether to get a good average education at a moderate cost, without any great distinguishing traits; or a superior but more specialized education under expensive private teachers. Nor is the decision simplified by the fact that the student will have to make it himself, and before he understands the real points involved. It is imaginable that a conservatory might be so managed that the directors could select all the difficult cases among the students (all the under-endowed, or the sluggish ones, who especially need stimulation) and place them for a time under the care of the directors themselves. But in practice this would not work; for the well-endowed ones are precisely those whom the director most desires (as likely to be more credit to his institution) and also the ones who are most determined to have the very best instruction that the institution affords. Nor, so long as the academic rank of the professors is measured by the size of the lesson fees, and the pupils are prepared to meet the demands of the fee list, will it be possible to avoid these difficulties.

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Another point which has astonished me for many years is the very small percentage of fine players which conservatory classes show. This is true all over the world. In thirty years of activity the once-celebrated Stuttgart conservatory has not allowed one single fine pianist to get out alive. With some five hundred pupils, at least above average abilities, they never make a good player. Nor have they ever made composers. They have done nothing but give instruction which did not instruct; and they have gained an international reputation for this.

Here in a leading musical college, for instance, with a registration of more than a thousand pupils yearly, they have had to offer free scholarships attainable by good players, for the credit of the school. The same is true of many other schools. Yet you have only to attend the musical recitals of almost any leading teacher to hear not one but a half a dozen good players, showing independence, originality, and real musical stuff. Of course our conservatory friends will tell us that this is due to the foolish preference for expensive private teachers, and that the same pupils would do much better in the conservatory. The answer to this is the fact already mentioned, that while the schools have for years had a splendid material, they have not been able to demonstrate this more excellent way of theirs. Moreover, the best players of most leading private teachers are those whom they have brought up from the foundation.

Unless there is something vital in this personal question I have mentioned, how can we account for so remarkable and so conspicuous a disparity in results, both in quality and in percentage, from a given volume of material? For, I reiterate, the private teachers get vastly better and more artistic playing, and from small classes of twenty pupils as many really superior players as large conservatories are able to evolve out of material twenty times over more abundant.

I conclude, therefore, that the tendency of the private teachers to come together under conservatory forms is more apparent than real, and that it is not yet a time when the day of the private teacher has passed, nor do I believe it will ever pass. More, I rather think it will come again to some extent in literary education. By which I do not mean that colleges will give way, but that original work, towards which scientific teaching is more and more tending, will continue to be done as it is now under the immediate supervision of a professor who is what we call in music an artist.

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Nor is it true, I am sorry to say, that the conservatory as at present administered, properly prepares the student for advanced work under a finishing private teacher. The

methods are not in line with artistic work. This is true so far as I have personal knowledge and observation. Speaking as a piano teacher of more than forty years experience, I would prefer one of my own pupils advanced from the lower grades to any conservatory pupil I have ever had, although I have had several who had already graduated with distinction and afterwards taught successfully in their *alma mater*.

The school is conservative, *per se*, and tends to average and impersonal results; music is special; it is something which belongs to the innermost life of the pupil; and individual relations and biases toward music and away from it are what the teacher has to over-rule (upon the principal of the Divinity making the "wrath of man to praise him," as the Calvanistic idea used to be), and the highest results now show themselves in the work of private teachers, and not in conservatories; and I believe that there are reasons why they will continue to do so. Some of these reasons I have mentioned above. For we live in an age of specialization. The special teacher will not be out of a job in our day at least.

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So far I have written entirely from the standpoint of the piano-teacher, both because it is this part of the work which I have studied more carefully, and also because the piano student's standpoint is that of about four fifths of all the music students. But I am not sure but the case will appear differently when studied from the standpoint of the student of string or wind instruments. The piano student in these times deals with the whole musical idea, according to the rank of the material he studies. I mean to say, whatever he studies, it is not simply to play his instrument but to present musical ideas upon it, *complete* musical ideas, in all their ramifications and relations of harmony, melody, rhythm and feeling. Moreover, there is a well established fashion now to perform the education largely by the use of material which not only represents the best musical minds, but also these minds in their best moments. The student, therefore, in training himself in the arts of playing and interpretation through the compositions of Bach, Beethoven,

Chopin, Schumann and Liszt (for these are the great authors of material as well as of literature for pianoforte) comes in contact with the greatest minds which have adorned the musical art, and he must be slow indeed if he escapes stimulation and uplifting from this contact.

Something of the sort may be claimed for the violinist, who at least has the leading ideas of whatever composition he may be studying. Nevertheless almost everything that he studies he takes in an imperfect form. He has the first violin part and nothing else; hence while much of the time he may have the leading idea of the composition, there are always harmonic relations, and often accessory ideas, which serve to give this leading idea a wholly different interpretation from that which the mere melody suggests. The exceptions to this lie mainly in those two great sheet-anchors of violinist education, the six violin sonatas of Bach and the Paganini caprices, which all having been written for violin alone contain, if not their own full ideas, at least enough to afford the imagination support in completing them logically according to the intention of the composer. When the violin student passes beyond these things (I mean passes one side of them—they never get beyond them), he has recourse to the solo part in violin concertos, where the work of the solo instrument is naturally developed to a point almost equal to that of the solo compositions already mentioned. Still it is easy to see that a student might master the solo parts of a dozen violin concertos without having a true musical idea of any of them, because all the elaboration, all the instrumental coloring, and all the concerted dialogue work between the solo voice and the support would be wanting. Still more, from having heard his own part and his own part alone for many repetitions, an interpretation unavoidably establishes itself in his mind, an interpretation or expectation always inadequate and generally false, which it will take much work later in life to correct.

Here I shall be met by the remark that no good student would be so foolish as to study a concerto without devoting the same attention to the complete score as to his own part, whereby he would obtain an idea of the work as a whole in

all its relations and poetical coloring. Perhaps not; but they do.

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If the part of the first violin appears thus, what shall we say of the status of the private student upon the inner instruments, like the viola, the 'cello, double bass, horns, trombones, clarinets, oboes, and the like? In all these ensemble work is one of the most important agencies in developing a musical art of playing, inasmuch as these instruments find their artistic application only in connection with others, the powers of which they mutually supplement and contrast.

For these reasons it has been remarked that all good orchestral violinists and musicians, and all really artistic solo artists upon orchestral instruments, have been formed in conservatories, and cannot be formed elsewhere; because nowhere else can the means of elementary practice in ensemble work be found. This position does not admit of dispute, and I cheerfully concede it; and add, further, that the production of orchestral players of musical intelligence is just now the most important work which American education can do. When we get a body of good players of American habit of mind and under American direction, we will eventually have an American orchestra of significant type, just as much so as in our first class American solo artists, like Mmes. Bloomfield-Zeissler, Carreno, and Rive-King, Sherwood, MacDowell, and the like.

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To what extent superior teaching can do conservatory work outside conservatory organization in these branches I would not consider it worth while to inquire, since the number of good teachers upon the instruments is so small that practically the conservatories take up the whole of them. And with the violin, at least, the conservatory is in a very different state from that of the piano, when it has such men as Jacobssohn, Schraedick, Loeffler and masters of this grade, who are among the great teachers of the world.

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With reference to the whole question, therefore, it is

plain that the case of the conservatory is by no means so easy as assumed, in the department of the pianoforte, and to a degree in that of the voice. In both these the private teachers are far ahead in percentage of results demonstrated from a given amount of material. But upon the side of orchestral instruments, the imperfections of the individual instruments are such as to necessitate collecting the students into bodies where different instruments can be brought together for ensemble practice. It is also a point worth noting that the ensemble class in a conservatory si almost always taught by the director himself, or the very best musician in the school. Another point bearing upon the question of personal influence in musical deve opment.

It may also be cheerfully admitted that piano and vocal students might derive considerable advantages from association in this work, by hearing good works performed for practice. This, however, will not be so great as would at first glance be expected, for the reason that the important orchestral works are so difficult to play that student's orchestras never attempt them; a circumstance which relegates the student's ensemble performances to the easier overtures and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart and occasionally Beethoven—which is a very different thing from the grade of material upon which advanced undergraduates in piano exercise themselves.

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The truth, therefore, lies rather one side the position presented by the able contributor already mentioned, and private teachers need not altogether lose heart for some time yet. Nor need the conservatory pause to plume its feathers until it has solved the problem of so conducting its own work as to secure for piano students and young singers the advantages properly belonging to the conservatory idea, without missing any of those here pointed out as thus far the exclusive property of the private teacher.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

PEOPLE'S MUSIC WORK.

A VERY interesting musical work was begun last year in connection with the University Social Settlement in the Stock Yards district. This neighborhood is made up largely of working men and their families who make possible one of the largest mercantile interests of Chicago. The Settlement idea as every one understands is a social centre where the best things which relate to the culture and educational interests of a community can be found. Music, good music, being considered one of the best things and one which everybody can participate in and enjoy, was given a large and welcome place in the general plan of work.

Early in October children's singing classes were opened, and as soon as it was known the place swarmed with applicants. The hall being small two classes were organized and over three hundred children took part in this work during the year. The classes met weekly, and as soon as the minor difficulties of discipline and behavior were overcome sweet music and real study became the order of the hour. This children's music work is a purely educational one, yet involving the highest ethical principals of art and musical training. The children were soon as proud of belonging to the "Settlement chorus" as to an ideal base-ball nine. Other classes, both in violin and piano, were carried during the year.

During Christmas week the children met in one of the public halls of the neighborhood, inviting parents and friends to an afternoon of Christmas music and pictures. They told the Christmas story in song accompanied by wonderful visions of madonnas, Christ childs and all the most beautiful pictures which it was possible to get on that subject. It was a most unique and happy experience and the first occasion of a general social gathering of the settlement.

Early in November a series of Sunday afternoon concerts was begun in which programs of the best music performed

by the best artists available were presented. These concerts were free to all, and were most generously co-operated with by the neighborhood as far as interest and enthusiasm were concerned. There was no desire that the program should be of a strictly religious nature; in fact what might be termed a classical program was most frequently given. In planning the work the committee had two things earnestly at heart, that while the program should give pleasure they should not be merely for entertainment. That, as far as was compatible with interest, they should contribute something to the more serious understanding of art. No difficulty was experienced in holding the attention and interest of the audiences providing the music was well rendered and the performer had something to say. A Beethoven program two hours long, the Grieg music and other programs which might be considered arranged to suit only the ears of musically cultivated people, seemed to be the most popular. Bach was a particular favorite and his lively periods were followed with great interest and often amusement. Also Brahms, the mystic of modern musicians, received his share of serious attention. Oratorio music, especially choral selections, found great response. A Messiah performance consisting of solo and choral selections, lead by Mr. Tomlins and sung by members of the Apollo Club, necessitated the opening of doors to extend the audience out into the middle of the streets. Every time choral music was presented the hall was found inadequate to accommodate the attendance.

Quite extended advances were made in the folk song and folk lore idea; the little talks which it was found effective to interject between the musical part of the program gave ample opportunity for bringing out the color and dramatic interest of the selections. Any dramatic interest which could be developed from the music itself, or by story or anecdote relative to the composition or life and history of the composer, greatly heightened the interest and appreciation of the work. This was at first begun as a matter of explanation and to help to the better understanding of the compositions, but finally proved itself suggestive as a central thought in the arrangement of programs.

A Scotch program, an Irish program, German songs, negro melodies, etc., characteristic music of all nations and as much material as was available in this line, was used with great effect and aroused great enthusiasm, the neighborhood being made up of all nationalities.

Later in the year an adult chorus was formed which rose to the number of one hundred members. They began their work in February and were able by the middle of June to present a very good program of easier part songs and patriotic music. This was the first attempt on the part of the chorus to furnish its own music, and was greeted with a large and expectant audience of friends and neighbors. This society, under the name of the Orpheus Choral Society, is now a self supporting club exacting a small membership fee, and is looking forward to serious choral work and an extended membership next year. The club has eagerly grasped the idea of people's music, and has entered heartily into the plan of having their work recognized as an active element in general music education.

On Easter Sunday the Orpheus chorus, with the assistance of a select choir, helped render the regular concert program consisting of "O, For the Wings of a Dove," a Beethoven selection, easier sacred numbers, and an Ave Maria by Mendelssohn. They were duly applauded and praised for their spirited renditions and it was considered one of the most successful concerts of the season. It is planned in the arrangement for next year that the choral work of this society shall become an integral part of the settlement work. The organization of a Polish chorus made up entirely of people of that nationality is under consideration for next year.

It was the unanimous verdict of the artists and friends who so kindly assisted in this work that they never played better or were more inspired by appreciative audiences than those of the University Settlement concerts. The difference between an audience in a human and sympathetic mood, compared with a hyper-critical one, was felt by all. Many thanks are due to members of the Thomas Orchestra, the Apollo Club, the University chorus, and the many artists

and music lovers, who contributed and assisted in this work. Their co-operation was an earnest and sincere one, and the response of the people was on a par with their sincere and earnest endeavors to bring to them something of the beauty and greatness of art. There was no doubt left in the minds of the most unbelieving or those who had *views* upon the subject that good music, presented with a thorough belief in its ethical worth, rendered with comprehension and interpretive power is a reconstructive and ennobling influence inclined to foster and encourage in "social sympathy" the brotherhood of man, as no other art.

WORKER

GEO. F. ROOT, MUS. DOC.

WHEN the venerable song-writer and teacher, Dr. Geo. F. Root, breathed his last, August 9th, 1895, at Bailey's Island, Maine, the musical world lost one of its most engaging and lovely personalities. Geo. F. Root was born at Sheffield, Mass. August 30, 1820, and was therefore just approaching his seventy-fifth birthday—for which an extensive celebration was preparing, by the family and friends.

The boyhood of Mr. Root was spent at North Reading, near Boston, until he had reached the age of eighteen. While music had been his passion from earliest years, he had not opportunity to develop his taste, and at this time he had merely played by ear upon such instruments as fell in his way. In his naive and interesting autobiography ("The Story of a Musical Life,"*) he tells us that when he was thirteen he could play a tune upon as many different instruments as he was years old. The eighteenth birthday of Mr. Root brings us to the year 1838, when the Boston Academy of Music had just been founded by Lowell Mason and Geo. James Webb, and Dr. Mason himself was at the height of his fame, or approaching it. There were also certain pupils of his who had begun to make a mark upon their own account, having a following and large chorus choirs but little less noted than those under the direction of Dr. Mason himself. Foremost in this second rank of teachers was Mr. A. N. Johnson, a young man but a few years older than Mr. Root, directing a large choir in the Odeon and teaching his well-known system of "thorough bass" (or the art of playing psalmody by means of the treble and bass, and filling in the chords). A singer from Mr. Johnson's choir happened to visit North Reading, and it needed nothing more than this contact with one who was in the veritable "swim" of Boston music to finish the boy's resolution. Accordingly a few days later found the young Root at the

*John Church Company.

studio of Mr. Johnson, seeking employment and the means of a musical education. Something in the young man's appearance or manner impressed the teacher and he made an arrangement at once, by the terms of which Mr. Root was to attend to the fires, sweep the studio, and be on hand to answer questions during the absences of Mr. Johnson, most of whose lessons were given at the residences of the pupils. Lessons were assigned upon the piano and Mr. Root was to practice during the absences of his principal. The remuneration consisted of board, lessons and three dollars per week.

This was a veritable bonanza. The fortune of the young man was made, and he entered upon his duties with such zeal that in spite of a phenomenally intractable hand a still less advanced pupil was assigned to him within six weeks from the time of his beginning. Another advance was made when he had reached the ability to play Hebron through several times in succession without missing chords. Another tune was assigned for a lesson, and he was ordered to prepare them to play at the prayer meeting two weeks later. And so he went on with always two tunes weekly to prepare for this prayer meeting. Within a few months he was ordered to play the organ in the same manner at church, taking services when Mr. Johnson could not be present. For in the same manner that Dr. Mason himself was doing the rushing business of directing three choirs at once, being present at the services alternately, (assistants carrying on the work in his absence,) Mr. Johnson also had two choirs. Still a further advance was made when an opening was found for Mr. Root in the choir of Dr. Mason himself—a personality already singularly venerated by all who came in contact with him or under his influence. Mr. Johnson was hearty in advising Mr. Root to take this chance, because the standard of performance was much better than in his own choir, and standard choruses were already used upon occasion in Dr. Mason's choir. Meanwhile the arrangement between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Root continued until the year was up, when a far more advantageous one was made, according to which they were partners for five years, the

senior drawing two thirds of the joint earnings and the junior one third, the former having also the privilege of one year in Germany, during which Mr. Root was to carry on his work.

This agreement, and the notable advances made as above recorded throw a favorable light upon the earnestness and trustworthiness of the young musician; they also bring out in very strong light the imperfect standard of teaching qualification at that time prevailing in Boston. Of course we are to understand that in one sense the position of our young musician was little above that of the accompanist of gospel songs in an evangelizing service, while there were other circles of music in Boston where a much higher standard of music prevailed. This is quite true; but the few organists representing this higher standard officiated for a few episcopal churches, and had little or no influence upon the current advance of musical taste and education, which had then been set in motion by Dr. Mason through the Handel and Haydn society and now by the Boston Academy. Moreover it was under Dr. Mason's direction that the best oratorio singing was done in Boston; and his associate, Mr. George James Webb, directed the orchestra for the symphony concerts, which were even then begun or were just in embryo.

Among the pupils who presented themselves for a hasty "snuck" of musical education at the counter of Messrs. Johnson and Root was a venerable gentleman from Farmington, Maine, the father of the celebrated Jacob, Lyman, John S. C. and one other Abbott—all of whom cut prominent figures in educational work later. Mr. Abbot had a parlor organ (pipe) in his house and desired to learn a few tunes to play upon it. His contact with Mr. Root made such an impression that when his sons had established their school for young ladies in New York he seems to have written them about Mr. Root. Accordingly Mr. Jacob Abbott came to Boston and desired to accompany Mr. Root to some of his lessons. Having done this he went back to New York, and a little later came a distinct call to the young teacher. Accordingly in 1844 Mr. Root went to

New York, where almost immediately besides teaching his classes in the Abbott school he also taught in the Institution for the Blind, the Spingler Institute and other prominent ladies' schools. He also played the organ and directed the choir in the Mercer street Presbyterian church. In this field he labored about sixteen years. In 1851, he went abroad for some months, travelling, and taking singing lessons in Paris of celebrated teachers.

At this time Mr. Root was reaching his highest successes in the direction of elementary teaching, and at the same time acquiring musical experience of a valuable kind. In the direction of high class music he was training his home quartette, consisting of his wife (who still survives him) his sister, brother and himself, in the Mendelssohn four-part songs, and in other high class music of this kind. His work in the seminary having been warmly complimented by Mr. Theodore Eisfeld, at that time the Theodore Thomas of New York, he took occasion to have Mr. Eisfeld listen to his quartette. The commendation surpassed his most ardent expectations, and the quartette sang at one or more of the Philharmonic concerts with great success. All of which of course was due to the taste and precision and musical spirit of their training.

He was also, but unconsciously, in training for a career as musical editor and composer. He had been in the habit of improvising lessons for his classes, and writing them upon the board at the moment. He thus became very ready in melody and harmony, and quick to invent new forms for illustrating a desired point. He had also been obliged to make large manuscript collections of choir pieces and music for female voices, for use in his classes. Presently then we have the first collection of music for female voices and the first choir book, "Root and Sweetzer's Collection, both published in the late fifties. Nor was it long before his activity broke out in still another direction, where success was not looked for. The melodies of the gifted Stephen C. Foster had begun to be current, and the chord of the American folks tone had been touched. Mr. Root, to whom his gradually improving standing with the higher musical

authorities was naturally one of his most precious possessions, wrote several songs of a popular character, and gave a number of them to Hall & Sons for publication, under the *nom de plume* of G. Friederich Wurzel. Among these were "Hazel Dell," "Rosalie the Prairie Flower," and others. The two mentioned had a great success, bringing the composer royalties amounting to some thousands of dollars within a year or two. Another of the early works which at once became popular was the charming cantata of "The Flower Queen," one of the most attractive of such works for girls schools. Then presently a new work for choirs, and so on.

Meanwhile in the later part of his New York experience he had been gaining currency in the country at large as conductor of musical conventions, three days festivals of singing. In this field he went at first as assistant to Dr. Mason; then as substitute, and later upon his own reputation pure and simple. The present writer well remembers the first time when he met Mr. Root at one of these gatherings. It was in Livingston county, New York, at Geneseo or Lima, perhaps in 1856. There was a very large chorus, some good music was sung (the society having meetings of its own under local conductors several times a year) and I remember that I looked upon Mr. Root, as next perhaps to Dr. Mason, the embodiment of more musical knowlege than any other man of my acquaintance. I met him personally and found him everything that was nice and creditable. He had no bad habits; his conversation was amusing and he had seen a great deal.

In 1858 a younger brother of Mr. Root, Mr. E. Towner Root, (tenor of the Root quartette, and very gifted musically), and C. M. Cady had established themselves in Chicago under the firm name of Root & Cady, having their store opposite the court house on Clark street. Mr. Geo. F. Root had a room there where he worked sometimes between convention engagements, which by this time were largely in the middle west—Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois. In 1861 Mr. Geo. F. Root put in some capital and became partner in the enterprise. Then with the open-

ing of the war, the folks tone resounded in the breast of the composer; and through all those stirring and trying incidents every new complication found its echo in some stirring song of his. He had great luck, so sensitive was his feeling for the public moment. The firm manufactured and sold the copies, so the author came in for a handsome reward.

The best of the war songs were impromptu. When President Lincoln made the second call for troops, Mr. Root thought out a song at home one afternoon, and the next morning wrote it out at the store. Its chorus was "The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah," and almost before the ink was dry the Lumbard brothers came in for something new to sing at a political meeting to be held in a few minutes upon the court house steps across the way. The new song was sung to them and they took it. When the stirring voices of these magnificent stump singers had reached the fourth verse the audience was joining in with might and main "Shouting the battle cry of freedom"—and thus this remarkable song entered upon its career. A copy was sent to a nephew of the composer, Mr. James T. Murray (editor of Church's *Musical Visitor*) then in camp around Richmond, and the army caught it, and so the composer was at one bound established as his country's singer.

Meanwhile the other work of Mr. Root went on, and for several years the firm did a splendid business. The great Chicago fire closed this chapter (mainly through injudicious management on the part of the late Mr. Chauncey Marvin Cady) and the composer found himself almost penniless inspite of all that he had done. Then he made the arrangement with the John Church company, which has continued ever since, through which he has enjoyed an independent and sufficient income for the comfort of his active old age.

Nothing is permanent in this world. But if any part of Dr. Root's work can be considered permanent, it will be his progress towards greater exactness in elementary musical terminology. In 1856 he began to hold summer schools for teachers in New York. Later several sessions were held at North Reading, Mass., where a building had been provided, and the class was prolonged to three months.

Dr. Lowell Mason and Mr. Webb were the prominent figures in this work, but the active management and the live man of the enterprize was Mr. Geo. F. Root. Almost every summer since he has carried on a work of this character—for the last few years at the Silver lake Assembly at Perry, New York. The present writer was a member of two of the faculties—that of 1869 at Janesville, Wis. and that of South Bend, Ind. 1870. At the latter the head teacher of piano was Dr. William Mason.

This work of systematizing elementary teaching and of clearing up ideas and the terminology, was carried on not alone in these classes, but still more in some scores of elementary books which followed each other at frequent intervals until the entire list of this kind and cantatas for classes, numbers more than sixty titles. One of the latest has lately been noted in these columns, called "Don't," being corrections of common faults in elementary speaking about music.

Considering his religious character, his simple and sincere habit of mind, and his unquestionable gifts of melody, it is rather remarkable that Dr. Root was not more popular as a writer for Sunday Schools. Probably the true reason is that the lessons of the Sunday schools and the comments upon them, under the international agreements prevalent for the last twenty years, were not altogether in sympathy with his religious views; for he had been for about thirty years before his death an active and earnest member of the New Church (Swedenborgian), whose cheerful optimistic habit of mind strongly appealed to him. Moreover the Sunday school field also became controlled almost entirely by the denominational supply houses and a sort of Sunday school book trust, which got itself together after Dr. Root had practically retired from this part of the field. That the Root melody was quite in line with Sunday school work is shown well enough by his perennially fresh "The shining shore," "Come to the Saviour," and some scores of other tunes to be found in the Gospel songs.

Personally Dr. Root was one of the most lovable of men. Sincere, straight forward in mind, educated to broad views of life and personal duty by years of contact with

minds of every character and calibre, he was one of the most attractive of men. Of good height, straight, alert in movement, and with clear-seeing eyes, looking straight into your own, Dr. Root was a personality that immediately attracted and retained attention.

Without ever having been intimate With Dr. Root, it was my privilege to number him among my friends for about thirty years. And now that "the silver chord is loosened, and the bowl broken at the fountain," I recall with rare sense of personal loss the innumerable kindnesses which I have experienced at his hands (some of the most important at a period when they were very needful); and I think of the noble character which, according to the terms of his own beautiful religious faith, is now in the heavenly world, where all is pure, sweet, and sunny; and "the Lord is the light thereof." And instead of the customary "May he rest in peace," I prefer to bid farewell in terms more in consonance with his own faith, and hope that his life is now brighter than eye hath seen or ear heard, and the growth in knowledge and love like that becoming "brighter and brighter until the perfect day."

W. S. B. Mathews.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

A VERY interesting experiment is about to be tried in Pittsburgh. Mr. Carnegie has presented the city with a fine building for art gallery, music hall, etc., and in it a magnificent concert organ. The city has called the eminent virtuoso, Mr. Frederic Archer as town organist. It will be his duty to play recitals twice a week, and probably to perform other musical duties. A symphony orchestra is in prospect, the director not selected at last accounts, and thus in several ways the wealthy city is about to enter upon a career of improvement in art.

The experiment of the organ recitals will be watched with interest. As an instrumentality for educating musical perceptions the organ is subject to grave disadvantages, not alone in it impassive and unemotional tone-form, but perhaps even more in the want of really emotional music written for it. The dignity of organ music resides in the serious tone-form peculiar to the instrument, and in the preponderance of contrapuntal interest, (intellectual,) in the music especially written for it. In many of the great fugues of Bach there is a distinct emotional quality, and in some of the pieces, such as the great G minor Fantasia, a distinctly modern and enharmonic spirit. But this grade of music is effective for unaccustomed hearers only after several times hearing, with perhaps quite a little help in the way of standpoint for the one or two times. Mr. Frederic Archer is one of the first organ virtuosos of the world, and his repertoire is very large. He is also a brilliant exponent of the English school in registration, for which reasons he will be as likely to make an impression in the new duties as any man who could be named. It is understood that the committee sounded Mr. Clarence Eddy, at one time; but naturally this great artist would hardly feel like settling down in a city short of the first class.

With reference to the proper selection of material for

popular organ concerts of the kind here proposed, my own opinion would lead me to a principle of selection different from that which will probably actuate Mr. Archer. He, to judge by his record, will lean towards the pleasing, the ear-tickling, and the bright. Arrangements of little songs, gavottes, and other trivial if clever pieces will be likely to cut quite a figure in his ministration. While selections of this kind may please for the moment, I do not believe that a taste for serious organ music or an appreciation of the place of the organ in musical art—will ever be formed by such means. One really strong and deep-reaching master-work, played several times within a short period, will go farther to educate the habitual hearers than a dozen or twenty of these little pieces, the reason being that the little pieces do not touch the deeper springs of feeling, and were not intended to do so. They please upon the surface, and awaken only the superficial gratification due to the well managed and piquant. The master work, on the other hand, was intended to reach the deeper springs, and having been written by a master in his best moments, *does* touch the feelings of all who have ears to hear. It is obvious that much aid might be given in serious attempts of this kind by properly prepared analytical programs. Anyway the Pittsburgh experiment is one of the most interesting which has been tried, and its outcome will be watched with interest.

* * *

Now and then one sees remarks in the trade papers which suggest the idea that the pianist has what is sometimes called a "snap" in his engagement to play the pianos of a great firm. But there are occurrences which look in a different direction. For example, here is the old and highly celebrated firm of Weber, which has within the past year turned out a new scale grand of singularly broad tone, and of such rare quality that its friends are divided in the opinion whether it is not something distinctly in advance of anything which has as yet been produced. But although it has been examined by experts with profound admiration, it has hardly yet been heard by the public. Because the simple

fact is that a pianoforte of this calibre is only to be truly tested when its artistic capacity is fully demanded, as it is only when an artist of the first class plays it. If that Brunhilde of the piano, Mme. Carreno, or that Paganini of the piano, Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, could be brought forward upon this instrument for a series of recitals, we would then be in position to recognize the unique powers of the instrument to the fullest extent.

Where would be the Mason & Hamlin, for instance, in so far as the complete illustration of its powers is concerned, but for the services of Mr. William H. Sherwood in playing it under all sorts of conditions and in all kinds of music? And where would have been the Steinway reputation but for the work of the great artists who have played their instruments?

Go to! The piano maker needs the pianist as fully as tne pianist needs the piano maker. And here is where comes in the value of a musical touch. For it is lack of musical touch which makes the great majority of good players valueless to the piano makers in this kind of work; because they do not know how to elicit musical tone and variety of color.

* * *

I have had it in mind for some time to write something about that curious instrument, the Auto-harp. The auto-harp is something like a zither, a sort of stringed instrument which one plays by means of a finger-board and a plectrum, like a mandolin, except that the zither has more strings. The auto-harp saves the player the trouble of stopping the strings himself, with the consequent liability to wrong notes, and by an ingenious arrangement gives the player the chord he wants and at the same time damps all the unemployed strings.

Have you never been so fortunate as to have an idle hour in a country hotel? In the parlor there is a sympathetic gentlemen at the piano. The care with which he takes his bearings and the narrow limitations within which his musical performances are carried on, at once show that he is by no means to the manner born. In his lower poten-

tialities he begins with a tonic chord. After some search, and not a few miscalculations, he at length alights upon a dominant. Perhaps by this time he may have lost the bearings of his tonic. Finally he drops again upon this. Secure in knowing his whereabouts, and very likely humming a bass, he alternates these two chords by the half hour together. Tonic, *one*, *two*, *three*, dominant, *four;* repose dominant, *one*, *two*, *three*, tonic *four*. Repose. After fifteen minutes of this he varies the preceedings:—Tonic *one*, dominant *two*, tonic *three*, dominant *four*. Or, tonic, *one*, *two*, dominant *three*, tonic *four*.

Or perhaps the player has a slightly augmented aptitude, and his ministrations include also the subdominant chord. To you, if you are musical, this is tiresome in the extreme, and you regret that the laws of the land to do not permit you to "shew" him out of the room—like a stray hen or a fly in a well regulated house. It would be unkind to kill him. But the piano makes a great deal of noise, which pervades the flimsily constructed building, so that even in your own room this eternal tonic and dominant go on their inconclusive dialogue.

But what comfort the deluded musician takes in his work! Note the unction in the bass which he hums, and note the absorption in the artistic delight. Is there anything higher in music which affords purer joys than this individual seems to get out of his great discovery of the alternation of tonic and dominant?

Now the auto-harp man has provided a still easier instrument for this grade of musical pleasure, and with thoughtful foresight has enlarged the dominion of this pleasing meditation. For not content with the tonic and dominant the simplest autoharps gives the neophyte three chords; and the best autoharps give six, whereby pretty much everything is available if one knows how to get it, until the music modulates out of the key, when of course the instrument fails. If men will modulate, why let them find their dreary way upon the unfenced keyboard of the pianoforte; or with still greater finesse discover it upon the trackless expanse of the finger-board of the violin. But for the simple, unadulter-

ated, simon-pure musical capacity, the Autoharp is the instrument. And best of all its tone is small and controllable, whereby it will not greatly disturb the neighborhood. I do not wonder that it sells by the hundred. I have never learned the art of its use. Now that the wheel begins to simplify, I have an idea of taking it up and of finding out what can be done upon it and what not. Meanwhile it is a curious evolution, a musical do-do square upon the touch of the modern electrical enharmonic, self-playing symphonium. Verily, extremes meet.

* * *

In another place there is an interesting but brief account of the musical work carried on at the College settlement under the auspices of the University of Chicago and others. Among the forrmost workers in this undertaking must be mentioned Miss Marie Hofer, formerly assistant to Mr. Tomlins; Miss Ethel Roe, a fine pianist and accomplished young lady; and Mr. George Schreiber, the artist. These earnest-hearted philanthropists, with Miss Amalie Hofer, one of the editors of Kindergarten Magazine, made their residence in the settlement, and have devoted no small patience and affection to it. They have been handsomely supported also by many prominent musicians, players in the Chicago orchestra, and singers, whereby they have been able to provide really interesting programs from Sunday to Sunday. The editor visited this work upon more than one occasion, and not having proper direction was obliged to ask his way in the vicinity. The information he received, and the tone of it, left no doubt in his mind as to the gratifying impression the work was making in the neighborhood. Of course many things have been impossible for lack of funds. But when once the merit of this undertaking is known, and the highly interesting nature of the experiment, funds surely will not be lacking. Chicago always supports a good thing, if the good thing lives long enough. May it be so in this case.

W. S. B. M.

ENGLISH MUSICAL NOTES.

WHAT may be called the literature of music increases with us abundantly, and several works of an interesting nature are promised for the near future. Sir George Grove, freed from his duties at the Royal College of Music, is now engaged on an exhaustive biography of his beloved Schubert; and he is also understood to have in contemplation a lengthy and complete analysis of Beethoven's Nine Symphonies. A full English biography of Schubert is much wanted, and nobody is better qualified to make it than Sir George. Then Mr. J. S. Shedlock, one of our leading musical critics, is to give us a book on the Sonata. It promises to be highly interesting, more especially as the author, writing more or less from the pedantic point of view, proves that Beethoven, instead of perfecting the sonata form, ruined it. There will be some little commotion when our dear old theorists have rubbed their eyes and taken in the meaning of that passage. Mr. Shedlock is also busily engaged translating Dr. Hugo Riemann's "Dictionary of Music" for Messrs. Augener, and has got as far as the letter M. That veteran organist, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, is now often to be seen burrowing about the British Museum, and the initiated know that this will mean by and by a new edition of the indispensable work on the organ which he first wrote many years ago in conjunction with Dr. Rimbault. "Hopkins and Rimbault" indeed sadly needs bringing up to date, for what with electric actions, tubular pneumatics, and one knows not what all, the English organ is speedily being transformed into a practically new instrument. What has become of the long promised Life and Letters of J. W. Davison, husband of Arabella Goddard, and erstwhile musical critic of the *Times*, no one seems to know. It was spoken of as nearly ready more than a year ago, and still we wait. Another work for which we have been looking is the Reminiscences of the veteran Henry Russell, who at one time made England melodious with "Cheer, boys, Cheer," "There's a good time coming," "A life on the ocean wave," and hundreds of other once popular ditties. Mr. Russell, who, by the way, is the father of Clark Russell, the novelist of the sea, is still hale and hearty in his eighty-second year. His Reminiscences must make a highly amusing volume, even if they deal only with the songs by which he used to stir his audiences. On one occasion he was invited to Hanley to give a benefit entertainment for the Staffordshire potters. After he had sung "There's a good time coming, boys," a man in the crowd got up excitedly and shouted, "Muster Russell, can ye fix the toime?" Another artisan in the reserve seats stood up and said quickly, "Shut oop, man; Muster Russell 'll write to you." In early days, when Russell was singing "Wooodman, spare that tree," an old gentleman cried, "Mr.

Russell, was the tree spared?" "It was, sir." "Thank God for that," he answered with a sigh of relief. The realistic character of Russell's songs and the impression of actuality which they gave to the minds of the people are shown in another anecdote. On the "Newfoundland Dog" being sung, a ditty which described how a dog had saved a child's life, a north-countryman exclamed, "Was the child saved, mon?" "It was, sir." With the anxious look of one asking a great favour, the man pleaded, "Could you get me a pup?" Yes. Henry Russell's Reminiscences ought to be amusing, and one hopes that the publication of the volume will not be much longer delayed.

* * *

That eminent musician, M. Widor, the organist of St. Sulpice in Paris, has certainly original views on the subject of his art. He has written a preface to a new French Work by M. Pirro on "The Organ of John Sebastian Bach," and some things in that preface are interesting enough to be worth quoting. To begin with, M. Widor declares against anything like a rapid *crescendo* on the Swell organ. He thinks the use of the Swell should be confined to an almost imperceptible increase or decrease of tone, or to a rapid change from *forte* to *piano*, or *vice versa*, accomplished by closing or opening the box during a pause. Then he condemns the common English habit of "fining down" the last chord by taking up the fingers and feet successively, instead of simultaneously, in the continental manner. Again, he has a curious suggestion to make on the best mode of acquiring pedal accuracy. Students find a difficulty in mentally fixing the pedal measurements: M. Widor says this can be got over to a great extent by keeping the knees touching. He regards the normal Pedalier as having been constructed in accordance with the natural measurements suggested by the legs and feet: the stretch of the legs together gives an octave, the heels united guide the toes to a fifth. But this is a delusive business altogether. Pedaliers differ in many respects; and if one organ student is only some five feet five in height and another is as tall as Mr. Frederick Archer, what becomes of your fixed calculations from the touching knees? Besides, who could play the pedals without constraint while keeping the knees touching! M. Pirro himself discusses the very interesting question of how organists should "register" the fugues of Bach. The composer as we all know, has but one term—"Organo pleno"—for indicating the expression, and that term is met with in only one or two instances. It is used indifferently with the form "Volles Werk" by Mendelssohn; and M. Pirro says it did not comprise manual reeds—and observation which applies also to the French form, "Plein jeu." In Bach's time it seems to have been an article of faith that a reed stop should not be combined with the flute on the claviers, though it might be added on the pedals. The one exception to the rule, according to an author quoted by M. Pirro as having written in 1758, occured in the last verse of the hymn, and was justified by the necessity of awaking the dormant priest and admonishing him to

resume the prayers! Now-a-days, of course, the reeds are freely used in playing Bach. Mr. W. T. Best indeed gives a registration which may almost be called orchestral; but there is no doubt that Mr. Best overdoes the thing, and on the whole the "roast beef" registration of Dr. Bridge's edition is to be preferred. Moreover, Best's Bach, as a rule, can only be played on a very large organ; and even then it requires an artist like Mr. Best himself to do justice to the varied and constantly changing registration.

* * *

On the fourteenth of May, Johann P. E. Hartmann, the most famous of living Danish Musicians, and the *doyen* of European composers, completed his ninetieth year. Probably there is no instance of any musician of equal eminence attaining the same age, and after a career of so much activity. Auber indeed came very near it, but Auber was scarcely known till he was forty; and while Franz Lachner makes another very close approach, Lachner was never the typical musician of his country that Hartmann has been for half a century. Nor did his activity extend over so long a period, for Lachner went into comparative retirement at the age of seventy, while Hartmann was still active both as an organist and composer, at eighty! Yet, notwithstanding his age, activity and great merits as a composer, Hartmann is less known than scores of musicians who are much his inferiors. He has not been a traveller, he has taken no pains to make himself known, and no good biographical account of him has ever been published. Grove's Dictionary disposes of him in twelve lines, Riemann gives him less than a column, and the "Norsk Conversations Lexikon," the latest authority, furnishes but an incomplete and not very satisfactory account. The London *Musical Record* now steps into the breach, and from the very full details there given we learn much that is fresh and interesting about this illustrious musician, who was born before Mendelssohn and Chopin and Schumann and Liszt and Hiller, and has outlived them all. The history of the Hartmann family would seem to be a tolerably complete history of music in Denmark for the last hundred years. It begins with the Johann Hartmann, a German musician from Silesia, who settled in Copenhagen between 1770 and 1780 and made himself famous as the composer of the Danish National Anthem. In 1852, Gade, who was his junior by twelve years, married the present Hartmann's eldest daughter, who unhappily died within three years. There can be little doubt that if Hartmann had taken the trouble to make his works known, Gade would have had to take a second place as representative of Scandinavian music in Europe; for, judging by such tests as we can apply, not only was Hartmann the first to introduce the spirit of the North into musical art, but his genius is far more original, masculine, and versatile than that of Gade—a luckier, but not a greater musician.

* * *

In the matter of hearing, an aesthetic optimist has prophesied for the music of the future an almost boundless scope, or at any

rate a very large increase of the faculty. The prediction has set a writer in one of our musical journals speculating as to the probable results when we have thus, as Tyndal remarks of the murmur of the shell, a "reinforcement of feeble sounds with which even the stillest air is pervaded." The ear is said to be capable of receiving a sound produced by 38,000 vibrations in the second: but the highest note ever employed—the high D of the piccolo—is the result of only 4,752 vibrations, so that we have between the actual and the possible a difference of some 33,000 unaccounted for vibrations. It is perfectly evident that there is an infinite possible music around us that beats around our ears in vain; but whether an acquired normal auditory power would make that music a source of pleasure to us may very well be doubted. If we are at present relatively deaf there must be some good reason for it; and the C *in alt* of the singer which we applaud probably makes life better worth living in the concert room than the Z in heaven knows where. But there is another consideration. An increase of acoustic power of this kind would very likely mean the loss of pleasure at the other end. An acute musician's ear can detect the 16 vibrations as distinct from their affiliated vibrations—in the C C C C of a thirty-two-feet metal open organ pipe; but if he were to receive the power to appreciate finer vibrations the notes of the organ pipe would resolve themselves into noises. Coleridge has some idea of this kind when he said that "the razors edge becomes a saw to the armed vision, and the delicious melodies of Purcell and Cimarosa might be disappointed stammerings to a hearer whose partition of time should be a thousand times subtler than ours." On the whole, we do well with what ear we have. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter—unheard!

* * *

The recently published "Letters of a Baritone" by your countryman, Mr. Francis Walker, have excited considerable interest here. Mr. Walker left New York some time in the eighties and went to Florence for a course of vocal study. In a style which is at once lively and picturesque he tells us everything of importance that happened to him, and gives much information of a practical kind which cannot fail to be helpful to the singer who means to study abroad. His first teacher charged him ten francs per lesson of an hour, which is the highest sum paid in Italy by students going in for the profession; amateurs pay more. A second teacher, Signor Cortesi, charged him 150 francs a month for daily lessons of an hour each. "That amount," says Mr. Walker, "would afford me in New York five lessons of equal duration, so, saying nothing of the difference in the cost of living, you see one reason why students should come here. We hired a piano for fifteen francs a month, and got tuning done for sixty cents." He paid twenty francs a month for rooms, got his breakfasts for fifteen francs a month; and for two good meals a day at a restaurant he paid fifteen francs a week, with a franc thrown in to the waiter. Mr. Walker found in talking to the Florentine teachers that they are specially anxious to have American students because these are almost certain to

have bright, fresh, vigorous voices. Of English students not much is known in Florence; most of them go to Milan. In any case they are mostly males: few English women go abroad to study. There is perhaps still too much caste feeling prevailing here to encourage young women of the best blood and education to enter upon professional work as singers, and when that is overcome it is not considered safe and right for an English girl to live in the isolation and independence which is permitted to her more "emancipated" American sister. Mr. Walker, however, admits that there are things to be said on both sides of this question, and he is even constrained to remark that the so called "independence" of American girls abroad is "often painful to see." He complains sadly of the time dissipated by the foreign student. Ladies go about the galleries, churches, and museums until they are so fagged out that they have no energy left for their lessons; young men turn Bohemian, get lazy, and then blame the climate for their lack of assiduity. Mr. Walker advises every one to learn Italian who means to be a singer. "If there is anything of special value in the Italian method of singing," he remarks, "it probably has much to do with the language;" and he adds that it is not so much the fact that it contains only the five vowel sounds represented by the a, e, i, o, u, but that there are no "compound vowels," to mislead the student and constantly disturb the throat. Mr. Walker's cure for a cold ought to be quoted. Here it is: inhalation of *catrame*—tar-water—atomized by a jet of steam from a little boiler set over a spirit lamp. This is a favorite remedy with Italian singers, and it is said to succeed admirably in reaching and healing the affected tissues.

* * *

By the time these lines are in print it is probable that we shall have got over the merriment caused by the foolish act of the London Philharmonic Society in presenting Patti with a gold medal for—what do you think?—for "distinguished services rendered to music." Assuredly that time is not yet. In England Patti is still a fetish with the public; but serious musicians have long been disgusted with the whole sordid business, and the Philharmonic circus exhibition has been received in critical quarters—when it has been taken any note of at all—with a smile of good humored contempt. It was indeed a ludicrous exhibition. Patti had just sung a poor song by Rossini, and after the inevitable encore, the voice of Mr. W. H. Cummings was heard breaking through the applause to tell us about those "distinguished services," begun, he remarked, when at an early age Patti sang in *La Sonnambula*. And then, handing over the medal, the speaker begged that Adelina, when looking upon it, would remember the old Philharmonic, "whose only *raison d'être* is to promote art by associating the noblest music with the most gifted executants." The noblest music—Rossini, and "Home, sweet home" (which, of course, Patti presently gave us), and *La Sonnambula!* Well, well. No wonder the half of the Philharmonic's patrons were on the broad grin. The subject is of more than ephemeral interest; for, as one of our critics has remarked, if Patti can go through life singing "Home, sweet home" and much worse stuff, and find her path—the path that leads to a castle in Wales—

strewn with roses, and towards the close of her career is flattered by a respectable old body like the Philharmonic—why then there is no need for singers taking art seriously or walking the flinty rode made cheerful only by the songs of Beethoven and Schubert and Wagner. Ninety-nine out of every hundred young vocalists, confronted on the one hand with the prospect of a hard life with noble music, and on the other with the prospect of an easy life with ignoble music, and seeing that the Philharmonic approves the choice of those who, like Patti, took the easy path, will be strongly tempted to do likewise, and probably succumb to the temptation. It may be urged that Patti was brought up in the dark ages of music. That certainly is an excuse for her, but it is none for the Philharmonic Society, which has not only made a fool of Patti but a fool of itself.

* * *

You remember how Haydn, being once asked according to what harmonic rule he had introduced a certain progression, replied that the rules were all his very obedient humble servants. You remember, too, that story of Beethoven, to whom a pair of consecutive fifths in his Quartet in C minor was pointed out by his pupil, Ferdinand Ries. "Well, what of them?" asked Beethoven. "Oh, but they are forbidden," replied Ries. "Who forbids them?" "Why, Fuchs, Marpurg, Albrechtsberger, all the authorities." This was too much for Beethoven. "Very well," he thundered, "*I allow them.*" And then there is the anecdote which tells how Handel served the hypercritical person who, after a very rigid examination of the chorus, "Envy, eldest born of hell," in *Saul*, showed the composer with a chuckle of triumphant conceit, two consecutive fifths between the tenor and the bass at the close. "Vell, sare," said Handel, "de fifths produce *my effect*; here is a pen, please to make it better." One recalls these stories in reading Professor Prout's inaugural address to his students at Dublin. The Professor, as you know, is the most eminent English theorist we have. But he is not a pedantic theorist. He recognizes that the great composers have always been in advance of the theory of their day; and now that he is himself in the way of making composers—so far as a University degree can achieve that result—he declares that inborn musical talent in a candidate is to be considered at least as much as musical technique. That is to say, Professor Prout would not "pluck" a candidate for a degree merely because of a few grammatical slips, if the examination of the candidate's work showed that he had the root of the matter in him. This is a more important concession than appears on the surface. There are still a few musical fossils in England who swear by Marpurg and Albrechtsberger, and other ancients who wrote when music was comparatively young; and talented musicians are often rejected at Oxford and Cambridge because, in the excitement of the examination, they have allowed one or two consecutive fifths to slip into their exercise. Professor Prout's wise policy at Dublin will no doubt lead to a large accession of graduates of the Irish University. The Professor by the way, is just about to complete his monumental series of theoretical works by a volume on "Applied Forms."

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

NOCTURNE.

The dim, mysterious moonlight scarce displays
  The outline of the gloom-enshrouded shore;
The sea beyond is hidden in the haze
  That bounds the realm of dreams and fairy-lore.

A thousand visions from the outer gloom
  Await the dreamer by the silent sea;
A thousand memories from beyond the tomb,
  A sad, sweet solace, drift across the lea;

And down the moonlight pathway from on high
  Tranquilly resting o'er the sleeping wave,
Throng the departed, who can never die,
  But wait our coming there beyond the grave.

* * *

Somehow that pathway of reflected light
  That shines so peacefully across the sea,
Telling the sun still glows beyond the night,
  A symbol of our soul-life seems to be.

So each particular soul that here we know,
  That sometimes thinks itself to be the whole,
Is but reflected, and must always show
  Eternal light beyond:—the Perfect Soul.

* * *

Thou art the moonlight of my soul, my love,
  And shining o'er its surface dark and drear,
Soft as that other moonlight from above,
  Causest as wondrous beauty to appear.

So I, discovering the beauty there
  Where thou illuminest, heed not the rest,
For in the Eternal there can be no best;
  Beauty in part means beauty everywhere.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

SUMMER SCHOOL IN THE NATURAL COURSE OF PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC.

A VERY intelligent body of teachers of music in public schools has been in attendance at 521 Wabash Avenue, at the summer school conducted by Messrs. Frederick H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper, the authors of the newly published Natural Course in Music. The time of the school has been mainly occupied in expounding the principles and methods of the new course, and making the class familiar with the excellent musical material that it contains. The School has brought together the best teachers and supervisors of music for leading cities of the South and West. The high character of the class made it unnecessary to occupy time with rudimental teaching, except in so far as directly connected with the new material here offered.

Mr. Frederick H. Ripley made a very fine impression upon all by his intelligence and simplicity. He has been for many years a prominent educator; and as such has had much to do with the best courses in school music. The present course is the combining in one system of the practical advantages of all the others, together with a better lot of musical material, both in the songs and in the exercises.

A very pleasant feature of the school was the lectures given from time to time by that splendid musician and interesting and clear-headed talker, Mr. Thomas Tapper. In this young man (for he is still in the vicinity of thirty) the class came in contact with a musician of a grade seldom seen in connection with school music.

Another interesting and attractive feature of this session was the singing of Miss Mary H. How, of Boston, a very fine contralto, formerly from Cincinnati. Miss How sang during the school a very large range of songs. Her voice is peculiarly rich and full, and her style matured by years of musical experience. Another pleasing addition to

the exercises was the singing of Mr. Harry J. Fellows of Erie, Penn. Mr. Fellows has a beautiful tenor voice of good range. He is a singer of promise.

During the course several addresses were made by musicians from outside, among them two by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews. The school abounded in many other attractive features.

The Charts of the Natural Course naturally attracted much attention, since it is by the aid of these that most or all of the new ideas are introduced. Mr. Ripley's idea is that by beginning with the staff the pupil at first gains only a general idea of the exact meaning of the notation; and the successive steps are directed towards making this conception more complete and exact. Meanwhile the eye is becoming more and more accustomed to all the signs that enter into the representation of musical ideas. Another valuable peculiarity in these charts was found in the synonymous representations of the same idea in different manners of notation, as they occur in different connections, signatures, etc., whereby, the eye is rendered more discriminating. Of course the central difficulty in employing a notation so complicated and so inexact upon the tonical side as the staff, in the early grades, is that of obtaining exact tonical concepts of the musical ideas. This, however, cannot depend upon the notation but upon the work of the teacher and upon his fertility in illustrating his ideas. The charts merely afford material.

This school and the summer term at Boston were under the management of Mr. C. C. Birchard, formerly with Ginn & Company, whose understanding of common school music and the requirements of a practical course of text-books in it, probably surpasses that of any other practical worker in the field. As Mr. Birchard has a very large personal acquaintance and influence, the advantage of his association with the Natural Course will at once occur to the reader; or if not to him, certainly to the opponents of the new system.

Another season an attempt will be made to organize the work more perfectly, and to conduct an elementary course —designed for aspirants who as yet have not had the advan-

tage of musical normal training. What is wanted is to unite in the training for this course refined and musical intelligence with advanced ideas in pedagogical methods generally. Judging from the present success an evolution of this kind is now underway.

The class—representatives from all the leading methods and Schools—has proved a unit regarding the superior merit of this course.

Testimony as to its general attractiveness and merit has already been received from eminent sources. The following given jointly by Herbert Griggs, Supervisor of music, Denver; C. H. Congdon, Supervisor of music, St. Paul; Caroline V. Smith, Winona (Minn.) State Normal School; P. C. Hayden, Supervisor, Quincy, Ill., is a fair example.

"The undersigned after giving the Natural Music Course a thorough review and examination from an unbiased standpoint submit the following recommendations:—

1. We heartily commend the method of developing the scale and tone-relationship as outlined in the Series of Charts.

2. The Chromatic development is excellent and based on pedagogical principles.

3. We recognize in the arrangement of the material in both books and charts a plan most progressive, leading through symmetrical development to a high degree of musicalp roficiency.

4. We heartily endorse the use of such a variety of themes taken from the best Classical compositions.

5. The songs used as to both music and poetry are especially well apapted to Child life.

6. The Footnotes, Suggestions and Dictation Exercises are especially valuable as an aid for the regular teacher.

7. The early introduction of part singing and the continuation of unison singing throughout the *entire* course is strictly in accordance with our belief.

On the whole we believe that the authors of the Natural Music Course have taken an advance step in the development of School Music."

Mrs. Emma A. Thomas, director of music in the public

schools in Detroit, expressed herself in an interview as follows:

"I attended the Natural Music School to investigate thoroughly the Natural course in music.

I have examined it carefully and critically. It has more points of superiority than any other course. I believe to a certain extent it is going to revolutionize music teaching in this country. There has been for a few years back marked dissatisfaction on the part of many teachers with the courses they have been teaching. This course so far as I am concerned is about right.

It is stronger than any other system in that it contains the most beautiful music of a classic order, the best poetry, and is, in my opinion the best graded and arranged. The treatment of chromatics is new and very effective in overcoming the difficulties usually found in dealing with modulations and passing chromatic tones. I regard this course the best yet published— the natural outgrowth of all which has preceded."

Miss Mae E. Schreiber, of the Wisconsin State Normal School spoke of the course as follows:

"I most heartily recommend the Natural Music Course.

This course presents a systematic development of the subject of music based upon true pedagogical principles. Its educational value is shown in the fact that it requires the child to think. It will make the child expert because it emphasizes drill, and it will cultivate its artistic nature because it is truly musical. I believe it is a practical working course that will make sight singers of our school children.

It impresses me as superior to other courses in that it selects tne essentials, gives drill exercises on them, and then embodies these essentials in exercises and songs. To the inexperienced teacher, or the grade teacher who often has to do this work, this is invaluable, for it requires a broad knowledge of music to know what is essential.

The arrangement in cycles is most admirable. When a subject is once commenced it is continued throughout the course, growing more difficult as the work advances. The attention is directed to one element, then to the other ele-

ments in their natural order, the first element reappearing at the time when the child is ready for it—when his experience in other elements has prepared him to undertake to greater advantage this advanced stage.

One thing at a time is taught,—an important item in all drill work.

Relations are shown by exercises which present that which is already familiar under new forms; thus the child knows and practices before the *why* comes.

The treatment of accidentals as accidentals, and of the chromatic scale, is one of the finest features of the course.

The literature is good and most of the exercises are selections from our best composers, thus putting the child at once into touch with that which is best in music.

The course is a decided advance in school music."

Miss Nannie C. Love, Director of Music at Muncie, Indiana, says:

"The adoption of the Natural Music Course in full into Muncie Public Schools on my recommendation is sufficient proof of my substantial recognition of its merit.

The development that must follow with grade teacher and pupil through its books and charts at once impresses the progressive teacher of music and educators generally.

I believe it is to be a course of study that will meet a great want *just now*, and after having listened to the analysis of the course from the eminent authors, Messrs. Ripley and Tapper, am more than ever convinced that *the one great musical truth* is carried clear through and presented with a scientific simplicity heretofore unattained."

Miss Mari Hofer, of Kindergarten Magazine, says:

"I was very sorry not to see you again before leaving the city to express to you my pleasure and satisfaction with your new books and charts. There seems to be nothing lacking in the logic of development to make it a valuable course to place in the hands of intelligent teachers."

From Mr. P. M. Bach, Supervisor of Music, Colorado Springs:

"As in the child brain the idea of color, form, and outline is devoloped from the primary concept, light, so the devel-

ment of music, in all its phases, should grow from one central thought or concept—melody—in order to be inductive.

When at the Denver convention of the N. E. A. in July, I first saw the series of music readers and charts of the "Natural Music Course" by Messrs. Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper of Boston, I received the new system with some degree of suspicion, but upon closer examination I discovered sufficient merit to warrant its use in the Colorado Summer School of Language, Science, and Philosophy, at Colorado Springs in July.

This occasion gave me ample opportunity to make a rigid test in the class room, with such results that I can confidently say that it proves to be a natural course, indeed, and up-to-date with the foremost thought on educational matters.

As soon as the child's power to hear and to render correctly simple melodies has been awakened by the use of well-selected rote songs, the course properly begins. The scale is presented as a melody, and as soon as its tones are perfectly familiar, the presentation is shown upon the chart. Thus the child is at once brought in contact with perfect representation of music in accordance with the accepted notation, so that from the very first he reads music from the staff.

Having gained the power to connect each tone of the scale with the note which represents it, and to follow the teacher's pointer freely as she moves it over the notes, he next learns that this representation is relative, that is, that the scale as a whole may be moved up or down upon the staff at the will of the writer, but that the tones sustain the same relation to each other, wherever expressed. Thus by practicing upon the scale, beginning on different staff degrees, he at once gains the power to sing in all keys with equal freedom, removing permanently the difficulties which arise from allowing children to sing too long in one key.

The power gained from this study of the scale is immediately applied in little melodic phrases of musical merit, written without meter. After sufficient practice upon the

simplest elements of melody, the second element, namely, meter, is introduced.

While this elementary work is in progress the child's sense of melody, rhythm, and a love for the beautiful in music is being carefully cultivated by the use of the choicest rote songs. Rote singing in this course occupies the same relation to music culture that memory gems and conversation lessons occupy in the cultivation of language. In presenting a subject to a child the technicalities underlying the presentation should be withheld, to prevent confusion in the young mind. This principal is adhered to throughout the entire course, covering all the technical difficulties to be overcome in the acquisition of the art of prima vista singing.

While the exercises, tunes, and songs, in their pedagogic sequence throughout the course, are gems of melody and counterpoint, the beautiful verses used in all the songs for the various festive and other occasions, form another important factor in favor of the Natural Music Course, for only the best is good enough for our school children.

I wish this course wide-spread circulaton."

* * *

Altogether this has been a very remarkable school. And the Natural Course seems to fill a long felt want. It goes straight to the heart of the subject. and proceeds logically and artistically, without any fuss or ceremony.

From appearances, and from the general nature of the work, it seems destined to have a revolutionary effect upon school music teaching throughout this country. Let the good work go on.

W. S. B. M.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

CREED OF THE WELL-TAUGHT PUPIL.

1. I believe that the composer knew what he wanted in the way of tones; therefore I will play exactly what he wrote, so nearly as I can.

2. I believe that the bar is intended to show the place of the strong pulse; therefore I try to place the accent upon the tone written next after the bar.

3. I believe good rhythm is at the very foundation of music; therefore I will endeavor to keep an even time, without hurrying or slackening. And if any differences in movement are to be made between the easy and difficult parts of a composition, I believe that as a rule the more difficult parts should go more rapidly than the others, inasmuch as they indicate greater intensity, and perhaps bravoura.

4. I believe that music is essentially a Message from the composer; or a picture painted in tones; in short that it represents the ideal in tonal forms; and therefore I will try to play it as if I knew what the message was, or as if I had the picture in mind. In other words, will play it with expression.

5. The foundation of playing with expression is to make a piece *sing*, and when I play I will try to *sing with fingers*, and help out their singing with discreet use of the pedal.

6. I believe that the pedal may be used at any place in a composition where the effect is improved by so using it. These places will be where there is a tone of melody to be held after the fingers are taken off it (in order to do something else), or where it is desired to improve the resonance of the pianoforte.

7. When I haven't any reason for using the pedal I will leave it alone, for few things are more objectionable than the absent-minded lingering upon the pedal which we often hear from badly taught students.

8. Inasmuch as music is a message, or a picture, from the imaginary world of the ideal, it follows that there must be great differences in the quality of pieces of music, according to the nobility and purity of mind in composers, and according to the especially noble mood of a great composer at the moment of writing some choicest work. And it shall be my endeavor to know as many as possible of these pieces of music best with knowing; and when I know them, to play them with all possible appreciation and in such a way as to induce my hearers to love them and enjoy them.

9. And since musical playing is the object of my study. I will esteem all kinds of technical exercises and studies according to

their value in making me more and more master of the resources of the instrument, to the end that I may fitly interpret music worth knowing.

RECENT MUSICAL WORKS.

A writer in *Le Guide Musicale* speaks of the new works performed at the Festival of the General German Musical Union, at Brunswick, in June last, in terms which are not altogether complementary. Of the festival as a whole he says so unsatisfactory was it that it is likely to be followed by the total dissolution of the society. Among the new compositions played there was absolutely nothing remarkable. I will except the overture to the opera "Donna Diana" of Von Reznicek which to me appeared interesting. As to the cantata of Eugene D'Albert for chorus and orchestra, "Man and his Life," confused, tormented by a polophony exaggerated, it tired me profoundly, and the public seemed to partake of my emotion. His sonata for piano and violin is very much more to be preferred; but on the whole D'Albert, who is one of the greatest of contemporaneous pianists. does wrong to pose as composer. As director of orchestra D'Albert also proved again at Brunswick that he has still very much to learn. In contrast M. Nicodé of Dresden showed himself a director of the first order, and, even while directing forces not yet disciplined together, was able to secure very good execution.

The performance of the Bach Cantata and the Requiem of Berlioz, directed by the official director, Riedel, was only mediocre. The choruses left much to be desired, the intonation often doubtful and the orchestra defective in rhythm and unity. I prefer not to speak of the "Tragic Symphony" of Draeseke, still another composer enormously protected by a certain coterie, nor of the prologue to the opera of "Ingwelde" of Schilling.

Two works had the effect of a beam of light amid all this dismal obscurity; the Quintette of Brahms, Op. 24, and the Quatuor of Dvorak, played to perfection by the admirable Frankfort quartette Messrs. Heermann, Bassermann, Konig and Becker, and by D'Albert as pianist. They also saved by their splendid playing a trio of the Scandinavian, Sindig, who does not arouse my enthusiasm.

Among the singers, a series of mediocrities, except the charming Holland trio, Messrs. Jong, Corner and Snyder, who made an immense success. It is stated, but I cannot confirm it, that the president of the General German Musical Union, the baron Von Bronsart von Schellendorf will resign, and that D'Albert will be named in his place, If this fact should be confirmed, it will be the beginning of the end.

G. H.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A NEW MAGAZINE OF MYSTIGISM.

URIEL, The Uriel Publishing Co., Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

UNDER the tittle "*Uriel*" Dr. Naphtali Herz Imber presents this month the initial number of a new magazine devoted to mystic science. Mr. Imber is well known to the readers of music through his articles on the relation of music to mysticism tnat have appeared from time to time in this magazine. By birth a Polish Jew, he has lived during his life among the Spaniolen, or Jews of Northern Africa and the Jews of Jemen, in Arabia. From his boyhood he has been familiar with the traditions of the Polish Jews, and in his wanderings he has become equally well versed in those of the Jews of other parts of the world. From his long residence among the extreme oriental peoples he has become imbued with the truth of the Cabbala, and has devoted his life to the study of it. To this study, too, he brings a most intimate knowledge of the Talmud and the Bible,—especially of the Old Testament, which he quotes readily in the Hebrew. After wandering from one to another of the American cities, Mr. Imber has finally found the time ripe for the establishment of the new magazine in Boston.

The articles in the present number are devoted to the discussion of different topics from the Cabbala, mysticism and theosophy. In view of the constantly recurring claims of "hypnotism," "mind-reading" "thought transference," and kindred sciences, the new magazine will probably prove of great interest to the public at large. It may even be that we shall have Trilby explained on a scientific basis in the near future.

Remembering the time when its own first number was put forth in fear and trembling, MUSIC wishes the new-comer the best of success.

ANECDOTES OF GREAT MUSICIANS. Three hundred anecdotes and biographical sketches of famous composers and performers, by W. Francis Gates. Theodore Presser, Philadelphia.

Books of this character appeal to a very large public and have their use in affording glimpses of eminent composers. Of course the great majority of the three hundred anecdotes herein contained have been written at one time or another by energetic reporters, for which reason the percentage of truth is somewhat below a fair historical level. Nevertheless, upon the principle that where there

is much smoke there must be some fire, it is impossible to suppose that three hundred anecdotes can be brought together from reputable sources, especially as the author states that he has performed a sifting operation in the material, without containing more or less which are true—or if not true ought to have been true. With this modicum of encouragement to the reader, and above all with the caution not to build any opinion concerning any composer upon any anecdote herein contained, but to take it merely as amusement and interesting reading—with this trifling reservation, the book is one to be heartily commended. It is a peculiarity of literature of this class to accumulate prodigiously many years after the composers are dead to whom the anecdotes relate. Instances which the contemporaries of the composers never heard of emerge after thirty or forty or fifty years and, being well written up, afford interesting reading.

The book is a substantial 12mo, handsomely bound in light cloth. Price $1.50

MUSIC

OCTOBER, 1895.

MEMOIRS OF AN ARTIST.

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF CHARLES GOUNOD.

IN the *Revue de Paris* for June 1st, July 1st, and August 1st, are contained the memoirs of Charles Gounod. In spite of the fact that they are broken off at the very beginning of Gounod's career as composer of dramatic music, such memoirs cannot but be of great value, not alone to the student of the life of the artist but to every musician as well; for through them such glimpses of the artist life and thought of Gounod are obtained as must have a very decided effect in the interpretation and understanding of his compositions. And more than that, they are also interesting as presenting the views upon art of a great artist. The sidelight they throw upon the life of the time, and on the personalities of his successive masters and associates, is also interesting and valuable.

Charles Gounod was born June 17, 1818, and was the son of Francois Louis Gounod, one of the most noted artists of his day. The maternal grandmother of Ch. Gounod was also an artist, and was, as the composer says, gifted with an extraordinary intellect and wonderful gifts as poet and musician. From them both and from his mother, a quite gifted pianist and pupil of Hullmandel, he inherited his predilection for art. His father died when the young Gounod was not yet five years old, though he had already shown such aptitude for drawing that had his father lived he "would without the slightest doubt have become a painter

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instead of a musician." But by the death of the father the mother was thrown upon the necessity of supporting the children, Ch. Gounod and his elder brother, by giving music lessons, at which she was very successful. With her was begun the musical education which was to shape one of the greatest lives of the nineteenth century. From his earliest childhood he was gifted with a marvelously correct ear. His mother could not resist the temptation to display this before some of the musicians of the time, so she sent for one Jadin, certain of whose romances were the vogue at that time. Of the meeting Gounod says:

"Jadin seated himself at the piano and began improvising a series of chords and modulations, demanding of me at each new modulation, 'In what key is that?' I did not fail a single time. Jadin was thunderstruck. My mother was triumphant.

Poor, dear mother, she did not suspect then that she was developing in her son the germs of a determination which was, a few years later, to cause her grave disturbance on the subject of my future, upon which, probably, great effect had already been made by the hearing of "Robin des Bois" at the Odeon, where she had taken me when I was six years old.".

At that time the Gounod family was living in the house at Versailles appointed to them by Louis XVIII, when the elder Gounod was professor of design at the "Pages." They continued to reside there after his death, through the reign of Charles X, until the time of Louis-Phillipe. From there the young Gounod was taken, each morning, to a neighboring school, where among other things he studied solfeggio under Duprez, himself scarcely fifteen years old at the time. This was the same Duprez who was in later years so noted as a great tenor, at the Opera. From this school he was sent to the Lyceum Saint-Louis, at the age of twelve. There he was under the musical instruction of Hippolyte Monpou, to whose indiscretion in making the boy sing while his voice was changing, Gounod owes the loss of a voice which was in his youth very sweet and true. The Revolution of 1830 made a change in the management of the Ly-

ceum, and there was finally appointed to the principalship one M. Poirson "under whose control," says Gounod, "commenced the events that have decided the direction of my life."

Among the school festivals was a holiday given to those who had received one first grade or two second grades in composition since their entrance into the school. The holiday was preceded by a banquet and on the second day of the celebration the fortunate pupils were permitted to go home to see their parents. Having had the good fortune to be one of this number, Gounod was taken by his mother, as a reward, to hear Rossini's "Otello" at the Italian theatre. Malibran was cast for Desdemona, Rubini for Otello, and Lablache for the father. They were compelled to stand in line over two hours for their tickets, which cost them very nearly a dollar a piece. He says: "At length we entered. Never will I forget the impression made upon me by the sight of that hall; it seemed to me as if I found myself in a temple, where everything divine was to be revealed. The solemn moment arrived. The customary three raps were heard, and the overture commenced! My heart beat against my breast. It was a dream, a delirium, that representation. Malibran, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini (who sung Iago), those voices, that orchestra, the whole thing drove me literally mad."

From that moment he dreamed only of becoming a musician, and spent many hours when he should have been studying, trying to compose an "Otello" of his own, — though without any startling success.

"I had, for a moment, hesitated between painting and music; but finally, perceiving a greater propensity to present my ideas in music, I made that my lasting choice.

My poor mother was overwhelmed. She had seen before what the life of an artist was, and probably foresaw for me something like a second edition of the unfortunate life she had shared with my father. So in great grief she hastened to consult the principal, M. Poirson.

He reassured her:

'Fear nothing; your son will never be a musician. He

is a good student; he works well; his professors are satisfied with him; I will undertake to send him to the Normal School. I will make it my affair; rest easy, Madame Gounod, your son will never be a musician!'

My mother went away satisfied. The principal called me to his private office. 'Well,' said he, 'what is this, my child? You wish to be a musician?'

'Yes, sir.'

'But come, you must not wish that; there is no glory in that.'

'What, Sir! Is there no glory in being called Mozart? Rossini?'

And in replying to him I felt my fourteen-year-old head thrown far back. On the instant the face of my questioner changed.

'Ah!' said he, 'that is what you mean? That is well; we will see if you have the making of a musician in you. I have had my box at the Italians for ten years, and I am a good judge.' He wrote some verses on a leaf from his note book and gave them to me, saying: 'Take that and set it to music.'

I was jubilant. I left him and returned to the study; having closed the door I read with feverish anxiety the verses he had given me. It was the story of Joseph, 'A peine au sortir de l'enfance. . .'

I knew neither Joseph nor Mehul. I was neither inspired nor intimidated by any remembrance. One can easily imagine the little ardor I felt for the Latin theme in that moment of musical fervor. At the following recess my romance was done. I hastened to the principal.

'Well, my child?'

'Sir, my romance is done.'

'What, already?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then sing it for me.'

'But, sir, I need a piano, to accompany myself.'

(M. Poirson had a daughter who took lessons on the piano, and I knew there was one in the next room.)

'No, no. It is useless. I need no piano.'

'But I need it, sir, for my harmonies!'

'How? Harmonies? Where are the harmonies, then?'

'Here, sir,' said I, tapping my head.

'Oh, well. It is all the same. Sing. I can understand the harmonies.' I saw I must yield, and sang.

I was not very confidant in the first strophe, but gaining firmness from the look of my judge, I continued. I perceived victory pass to my side as I sang. When I had finished the principal said: 'Come, now to the piano.' And so I triumphed. I recommenced my little composition, and at the end the poor M. Poirson, conquered, with tears in his eyes, took my head between his hands, and embracing me, said:

'Keep on, my child. Make music.' ''

* * *

Of course Gounod's mother, whose resistance, he says "was a duty dictated by solicitude," yielded, and secured permission for him to spend a certain time each week in study under Antoine Reicha, then professor of composition at the Conservatory, where Cherubini was director.

So Gounod commenced the study of harmony, counterpoint, fugue and all the preliminaries of the art of composition. Soon after this he went with Reicha to hear "Don Juan" at the Italians. The effect produced in him by this master was wholly different from that produced by "Otello." "It seems to me that there must be between these two sorts of impressions something analogous to the effect upon a painter who passes all at once from contact with the Venetian masters to Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michel Angelo." The same year he heard for the first time Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, and symphony with chorus.

But the time for his military service was approaching, and his mother was far too poor to pay for a military substitute. So when she mentioned it to him he replied.

"Very well, mother. Don't say anything more about it. I will make it my own affair. I will take the Grand Prize of Rome."

Gounod passed his examinations for the degree of B. L. when eighteen, and immediately began work towards the

"Prix de Rome." "There was not a day to lose," he says. "It was a question of life or death for my future."

An experience of his at this time will find many sympathisers among music students of today. Reicha had just died, and it was necessary to find another master. His mother took him to Cherubini, to demand entrance to the Conservatory. Upon hearing that he was a pupil of Reicha, the director exclaimed:

"Very well! he will have to commence all over again, in another manner. I do not like the method of Reicha. He was a German. The boy must follow the Italian school. I will put him in the class of counterpoint and fugue under my pupil Halévy." But far from being discouraged Gounod was delighted with the chance to study the school of Palestrina, as he had before that of Sebastian Bach. For the study of lyric composition, he was put under Berton, the author of "Montano et Stephanie," and a number of other things that were much played in his day. Berton was a man of fine spirit, amiable, delicate, and a great admirer of Mozart, of whom he recommended assiduous study. "'Study Mozart,' he always repeated; 'study the "Marriage of Figaro!"' He was right; that should be the breviary of musicians. Mozart is to Palestrina and Bach what the New Testament is to the Old in one and the same Bible." At the Conservatory he also studied composition under Paër and Le Sueur.

All this while Gounod was studying for the Grand Prize. The first year in which he could compete for it (he was then nineteen), he obtained second prize. The second year he failed. He was twenty, and the time for conscription had come. But the second prize he had gained gave him a years respite, and after a short vacation in Switzerland he returned to his work, and won the Prize with a cantata, "Fernand." It was after that time, and before he went to Rome that his first Mass was produced.

"The Chapel-master of Saint-Eustache, Dietsch, who was leader of the chorus at the Opera, said to me one day, 'Write me a Mass before you go to Rome; I will have you direct it at Saint-Eustache.'

A Mass! from me! in Saint-Eustache! I thought I was dreaming. I had five months before me; I put myself resolutely to work, and on the appointed day I was ready, thanks to the assistance of my mother in copying the orchestra parts, for we had no means to pay a copyist. A Mass for grand orchestra, if you please! I had dedicated it to the memory of my dear and regretted master Le Sueur, and I directed the production at Saint-Eustache myself.

My Mass was certainly not a remarkable work. It showed the inexperience a novice in the management of the rich colors of the orchestra, skill in which demands long practice; as to the value of the musical ideas considered in themselves they were sufficiently true to the sense of the sacred text. But in the firmness of design there was left much to be desired."

* * *

"It was on the 27th of January, 1840," writes Gounod, "that we entered that Rome which was to shelter us, educate us, and initiate us into the grand and severe beauty of nature and of art."

The Director of the Academy at that time was M. Ingres, who had been a very intimate friend of the elder Gounod, and who was very determined that the student should follow his father's steps and become a painter instead of musician. Gounod was very fond of sketching in the city and the surrounding country, and on his rambles always carried his album with him. On one occasion, returning from a walk, he met M. Ingres at the door of the Academy.

"'What have you there?' he demanded.

'Why. . . M. Ingres, . . it is, that is to say, it is. . a sketch-book.'

'A sketch-book? What for? do you draw?'

'Oh!. . Monsieur Ingres! . . .no. . that is to say. . . yes,. . . a little. . . so very little.' I stammered.

'Indeed! Let us look at it.'

And opening my album he chanced upon a little figure of Sainte Catherine that I had just copied that day from a fresco attributed to Masaccio, in the old basilica of Saint Clement not far from the Coliseum.

'Did you do that?' demanded M. Ingres.

'Yes, sir.'

'All alone?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why! But, my boy, don't you know that you draw as well as your father!'

'Oh! Monsieur Ingres!"'

The next day, having looked over more of Gounod's work, the master said to him:

"If you will, I wish you to return to Rome with the Grand Prize in painting."

"Oh! Monsieur Ingres," replied Gounod, "To change my career at the very outset? And leave my mother again for a long time? No! I could not do it."

* * *

"However, as I was in Rome after all to study music and not painting, it behooved me to look around a little more seriously for opportunities for hearing music. These occasions were not exactly frequent, but on the whole unadvoidably profitable and salutary.

In the first place, in the matter of church music, there was hardly more than a single place that one could visit with profit, and that was the Sistine chapel in the Vatican. What passed for music at the other churches was something to make one shudder! Outside of the Sistine chapel, and that called "des Chanoins" at St. Peter's, the music was worse than nothing,—it was execrable. One can hardly imagine such an assemblage of inconveniences (in like case) as were there brought together in the honor of Heaven. All the finery of profane music was displayed in the performance of this religious masquerade. So I did not revisit these places after the first experiences.

I went ordinarily, on Sunday, to hear the musical service at the Sistine chapel, most often in company with my comrade and friend, Herbert. But the Sistine! To describe it fittingly would be beyond the power of any man, save, perhaps, the authors of what one sees and hears there, or rather heard there then; for, alas! though one can still see there the sublime work, but destructible and al

ready very much altered, of the immortal Michel Angelo, yet the hymns of the divine Palestrina no longer resound under those vaults which the political captivity of the sovereign pontiff has rendered mute, and the silence of which mourns eloquently the absence of their sacred host.

I went, then, as often as possible to the Sistine Chapel. The music there, severe, ascetic, calm and even as the horizon line of the ocean, monotonous in its serenity, anti-sensual, and yet with an intensity of contemplation which reached sometimes to ecstasy, produced in me at first a strange, almost disagreeable effect. Whether it was the style of composition, entirely new to me, or the particular sonority of those particular voices which my ear heard for the first time, or indeed the attack, strong almost to rudeness, that sharp beating that gives such a relief to the execution by laying stress upon the diverse entries of voices in those combinations of voices so full and so compact,—I can not say. Yet that impression, strange as it was, did not discourage me. I returned again and again to the same place, until I could no longer stay away.

There are some works which one must see or hear in the place for which they were produced. The Sistine chapel is one of those exceptional places. It is a monument unique in the world. The colossal genius that decorated its vaults and the sides of the alter with those incomparable conceptions of the Genesis and the Last Judgement, that painter of the prophets, who seems to treat with them as equal with equal, without doubt never had his like, any more than had Homer or Phidias. Men of that character and greatness are never seen twice; they are syntheses; they embrace a world—they create it, they end it, and what they have said no man can ever say after them. Palestrinian music seems to be a translation in song of the vast poem of Michel Angelo, and I can almost believe that the two masters shone with the light of a mutual intelligence; the painting calls up the music, and the music the painting, reciprocally, so well that after a time one is led to ask if the Sistine Chapel, music and painting, is not the result of one inspiration. Music and painting blend in so perfect and so complete a

unity that it seems as if the whole must be the double exposition of one and the same thought, the double voice of the same seer; one might say that what one hears is the echo of what one sees.

There are, indeed, between the work of Michel Angelo and that of Palestrina, such analogies, such a similarity of impressions, that it is difficult not to assume that the same ensemble of qualities, I almost said virtues, belonged to those two privileged intelligences. On both sides, the same simplicity, the same humility in the use of resources, the same absence of preoccupation of the effect. One perceives that no account was taken of the material proceding, the hand, and that the soul alone, its gaze immutably fixed towards a higher world, strove but to reproduce in a form submissive and subjugated all the sublimity of its contemplations. There is nothing, even to the general and uniform atmosphere in which that painting and music are enveloped, that does not seem to consist of a sort of voluntary renouncement of all atmosphere; the art of those two men is, so to speak, a sacrament, wherein the sensible sign is no more than a veil thrown upon the living and divine reality. Neither the one nor the other of these two great masters has succeeded in pleasing at first sight. In all other things it is the exterior that attracts us; here nothing of the kind; here it is necessary to penetrate to the soul of the work from the visible and sensible.

Hearing a work of Palestrina creates something analogous to the effect produced by reading one of the grand pages of Bossuet; there is nothing difficult on the way, but at the end of the road one finds himself carried to prodigious heights; docile and faithful servant of the thought, the word has neither turned nor interrupted him, and he has come to the summit without diversion, without turning aside, conducted by a mysterious guide who has hidden from him his path and laid bare his secrets. It is this absence of visible procedure, of mundane artifice, of vain coquetry, which makes these superior works absolutely inimitable. To accomplish them requires nothing less than the spirit which conceived, and the sublime power which dictated them.

As to the immense, the gigantic work of Michel Angelo, what can I say? What Michel Angelo, inspired by a genius not alone of painter, but of poet, has conceived and depicted on the walls of this place unique in the world, is prodigious. What a powerful assemblage of facts and personages, that symbolize the capital and essential history of our race! What a conception of that double line of prophets and Sibyls, of seers whose intuition pierces the veil of the future and brings across the ages the Spirit before whom all is present! What a story in that vault decorated with the origins of humanity, and joined, by the colossal figure of Jonah escaped from the belly of the whale, to the triumph of that other Jonah, the conquerer of death, freed by his own power from the shadows of the tomb. What an exultant and sublime hosanna springs from that legion of angels in the transport of their enthusiasm as they sweep across the luminous space to the heights of celestial glory, while in the lowest depths of the painting the assemblage of the lost, sad and despairing, gazes upon the last livid rays of a day that seems to say adieu forever! And upon the same vault, what an eloquent and pathetic depicting of the first hours of our parents! What a revelation is that painting of the creative act, where the Father has just breathed into the inanimate body of the first man that "living soul" which is about to put him in conscious relation with the principle of his being! What immaterial power arises from that wide space, so free, and of such deep significance, that the painter has left between the Creator and the creature, as if he had wished to say that the divine will knows neither distance nor obstacle, and that for God, to will and to do are but one and the same thing! What grace in the submissive attitude of the first woman, when, drawn forth from the sleeping Adam, she finds herself in the presence of her Father and Creator! How marvellous is that expression of filial devotion and gratitude with which she bows beneath the hand that blesses her with a tenderness so calm and so sovereign!

But to describe it one must stop at every step. One might say of this great assemblage of paintings of the Bible that it is the bible of painting. Ah! if the younger genera-

tion knew what an education and what a delineation of the future was in the sanctuary of the Sistine Chapel, they would pass there their entire days, and neither the solicitations of interest nor the hope of fame would have power over characters fashioned after a school of such lofty fervor and inspiration.

Beside this great service of sacred music maintained by the pontifical chapel, I had, as pensioner, to devote a part of my time to the study of dramatic music. The repertory of the theatre at that time was almost entirely composed of operas of Bellini, Donizetti and Mercadante, all works which in spite of their own qualities, and the occasional personal inspiration of their authors, were, in their whole style, by their conventionality, or by certain forms that had degenerated into formulæ, no more than vines growing about the robust Rossinian trunk, of which they had neither the beauty nor the majesty, but which seemed to disappear under the momentary glory of their ephemeral foliage. There was no musical profit to be gained by hearing these,—very inferior as regards execution, to those offered at the Italian Theatre at Paris, where the same works were interpreted by the best contemporaneous artists. The staging itself was often grotesque. I recall having assisted at the Apollo Theatre at Rome, in a production of Norma, in which the Roman warriors bore breast-plate and helmet of lead, and nankeen pantaloons with red sashes; it was absolutely comical.

On this account I went rarely to the theatre, and found more advantage for studying at my own house the parts of my favorite masters,— the Alceste of Lulli, the Iphegenie of Gluck, the Don Juan of Mozart, and the William Tell of Rossini."

* * *

During the stay at Rome Gounod wrote many melodies, many of which he afterwards adapted in one way or another. Among these were several that were incorporated into "Sappho," notably two in the assembly scene in the first act. Of the personal life at the Academy he writes:

"Our Sunday evenings were habitually passed in the grand salon of the director, the freedom of whose house

was given to the pensioners on that day. Much music was heard there. M. Ingres had formed an especial friendship for me. He was very fond ot music; he loved passionately Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and especially Gluck, who, through the nobility and pathetic accent of his style, seemed to him a Greek, a descendant of Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. M. Ingres played the violin: he was by no means a virtuoso, but he had, in his youth, played the violin in the orchestra at the theatre of his native town, Montauban, where he had taken part in the execution of Gluck's operas. As for "Don Juan," I knew it by heart, and while I was not a pianist, I played well enough to please M. Ingres with that work, which he adored. I knew also by heart the symphonies of Beethoven, for which he had a passionate admiration; we frequently passed part of the night together in the company of the great masters, and I soon became well established in his graces.

Who has not known M. Ingres intimately has an inexact and false idea of him. I saw him familiarly, often, and for a long time, and I can affirm that his was a nature simple, straightforward, open, full of grace and candor, and of an enthusiasm that often amounted to eloquence. He had the tenderness of a child, and a remarkable naivety, touching sensibility and freshness of emotion. Sincerely humble before the masters, he was sufficiently worthy and proud in the presence of self-sufficiency and arrogance; he was like a father to the pensioners, whom he regarded as his children, and whose rank he guarded with a jealous affection in the midst of visitors, who were often admitted into his salons. Such was the great and noble master from whom I was to have the happiness of receiving precious counsel. I loved him well, and will never forget that he let fall before me some of those luminous words which brighten the life of an artist when he has the fortune to understand them. Everyone knows the celebrated saying of M. Ingres, "There can be no grace without force." It is true that grace and force are complementaries, in the total of beauty, force preserving grace from becoming mincing, and grace preventing force from becoming brutality. It is the perfect harmony of

these two elements which marks the summit of art, and which constitutes genuis. ''

So in the close friendship of his beloved master, and in the midst of a band of fellow art-students, Gounod passed in Italy a typical artist-life. Wandering from one to another of the Italian cities in company with his associates, more often to Naples than to any other, he was constantly imbibing more and more of the spirit of the beautiful.

* * *

''It was in the winter of 1840-41 that I had, for the first time, opportunity to see and hear Pauline Garcia, sister of Malibran, and who had at that time just married Louis Viardot, then director at the Italian Theatre at Paris. She was then not eighteen years old, and her debut at the Italians had been a great event. She was on a wedding journey with her husband, and I had the honor and pleasure of accompanying her in the salon of the Academy, in the celebrated and immortal air of ''Robin des Bois.'' I was astounded at a talent already so majestic, in that child who promised to become some day a most illustrious woman. I was not destined to see her again until ten years later. There was in this connection a curious coincidence. At twelve years of age I had heard Malibran in Rossini's ''Otello,'' and had borne from that hearing the dream of consecrating myself to the art of music; at twenty-two I made the acquaintance of her sister Madame Viardot, for whom I was destined, at thirty-two years, to write the rôle of Sappho, which she created, in 1851, upon the stage of the Opera.

The same winter I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Fanny Hensel, the sister of Mendelssohn. She passed the winter at Rome with her husband, painter to the king of Prussia, and her son who was then an infant. Madame Hensel was a musician far above the ordinary, a remarkable pianist, a woman of superior spirit, little, but with an energy which showed in her deep eyes and her sharp glance. She was endowed with rare faculties as composer, and it is to her that are due many of the Songs without Words published in the pianoforte works of her brother and

under his name. M. and Mme Hensel came often on Sunday afternoons to the Academy; Madame Hensel took her place at the piano with the sweet grace of those who make music because they love it, and, thanks to her great talent and prodigious memory, I was introduced to a large number of master-pieces of German music which were to me, at that time, absolutely unknown: among others many pieces of Sebastian Bach, sonatas, fugues, preludes and concertos, and a number of compositions by Mendelssohn which were to me revelations of an unknown world. M. and Mme Hensel left Rome to return to Berlin, where I was destined to see them again, two years later.

Before leaving the Academy M. Ingres was pleased to leave me a souvenir which is doubly precious to me as a token of his affection and as a relic of his talent. It was my portrait in crayon, and represented me seated at the piano and having before me the "Don Juan" of Mozart.

I realized deeply the void which his departure would leave for me, and how much there would remain for me of the salutary influence of a master whose faith was so living, whose ardor so communicative, and whose doctrine so sure and so lofty. There is in the arts something other than the knowledge of technic, special ability, knowlege and possession, even perfect, of methods; all that is good, and even absolutely necessary; but all that constitutes nothing more than the materials of the artist, the envelope and the body of a particular and determined art. In all the arts there is something which does not belong exclusively to each, but is common to all, back of all, and without which they would be no more than simple methods; that something which one can not see, but which is the soul and life, is Art.

Art is one of the three great transformations which realities undergo in contact with the human spirit whenever it contemplates them in the ideal and sovereign light of one of the three great aspects,—the Good, the True, or the Beautiful. Art is no more pure dream than it is pure copy; it is neither the Ideal alone nor the real alone; it is as man himself, the meeting and union of the two. It is the unity in the duality. The Ideal alone is above us; the real is be-

low. Morals is the humanization, the incarnation of the Good; Science is that of the True; Art, of the Beautiful.

To this apostolacy of the Beautiful belonged M. Ingres; that was his life; one perceived it in his conversation as well as in his work; and more yet, perhaps, than in his work, as men of faith are more than men of desires, and as the effort of aspiration raises them above the travelled way. From that height he reflected more light upon a musician than upon a painter, and revealed to all the common ground of superior truth. In teaching me that this was Art he had done more for my own art than any number of purely technical masters could have done.

What little I had received from this precious contact, had sufficed to leave in me an imprint which was never to be effaced, and a memory which was ever to remain to me in lieu of the real presence.

In the month of April, 1841, M. Ingres was replaced by M. Schnetz, the noted painter, who owed his success and his popularity principally to his qualities of sentiment and expression. M. Schnetz was an amiable, affectionate man, full of natural spirit, very cordial with the pensioners, very gay, and with a face very sweet and benevolent in spite of his heavy eyebrows and hair that almost entirely covered his forhead. M. Schnetz was, above all, the type of what one calls "a jolly good fellow."

I passed under his direction the second and last year of my sojourn at Rome. M. Schnetz had for Rome a predilection that circumstances had particularly favored. Three times he had been director of the Academy of France, where he had left the best of remembrances.

My time of residence in Rome was to expire with the year 1841, but I could not bring myself to leave, and prolonged my stay, with the consent of the Director; I remained at the Academy nearly five months after the expiration of my alloted time, and did not leave till the last extremity, having no more than the funds strictly necessary to take me to Vienna, where I could draw half of my third year's pension.

I will not attempt to describe my grief when it was necessary to say adieu to the Academy, to my dear com-

rades, to Rome. My comrades escorted me to the Pons Milvius and after embracing them I mounted the voiture which was to tear me away from those two years of Promised Land. If I had been going to find my poor mother and excellent brother, the departure would have affected me less; but I was going to find myself alone in a country where I knew no one, of whose language I was ignorant, and the prospect made me very gloomy and sad. While the road would permit I kept my weeping eyes fixed on the dome of St. Peter's, that summit of Rome and center of the world. Then the hills cut it off from me all at once. I fell into a deep reverie and wept like a child."

* * *

From Rome Gounod journeyed through the cities of northern Italy, staying a short time at Venice, and finally reached Vienna, where he was next to study. There the first thing he heard was Mozart's "Magic Flute." He says of it:

"I had taken the cheapest seat in the top of the house, but modest as was my seat I would not have traded it for an empire. It was the first time I had heard that adorable work. I was enchanted. Otto Nicolai was director of the orchestra. The role of Queen was well supported by a cantatrice of great talent, Madame Hasselt-Barth; Sarastro was sung by an artist of great reputation, gifted with an admirable voice which he used with a grand method and style: it was Staudigl. The other roles were all taken by a very fine company, and I recall yet the charming voices of the three boys who took the parts of the three genies."

Gounod went behind the scenes to find the conductor and introduce himself, and was then introduced to the whole company, none of whom spoke French; and he spoke no German. By good fortune the first corneter spoke French,—one Levy, father of Richard Levy.

It was Levy that introduced Gounod to influential patrons of music in Vienna, and secured for him the production of his second Mass, which he had written and produced for the church of Saint Louis of France, at Rome. Its success was great, and he was called upon to write a requiem

mass, chorus, soli, and orchestra, for the church of St. Charles. It was produced with great success "thanks to generality of musical education which I have found only in Germany; even the boys in the schools read music as if it were their native language." One more mass he composed at Vienna, for the same church. His life there was more one of hard work than it had been at Rome. From Vienna through the cities of Germany he journeyed, to Berlin, where he again met Mme Hensel, and from her to Leipsic with a letter to her brother, Mendelssohn.

"Mendelssohn received me admirably. I use the word from necessity, to describe, or qualify, the condescension with which a man of his worth must meet a child who can in his eyes be no more than a student. During the four days I was in Leipsic he was occupied with nothing but myself. He questioned me upon my studies and my works with the sincerest interest; he wished to hear upon the piano my last compositions, and I received from him most precious words of approbation and encouragement. I can only mention a single instance. I had just played for him the "Dies Irae" of my Vienna Mass. Putting his finger upon a part for five voices without accompaniment, he said:

'My friend, that part there might be signed Cherubini.'

Words like these from a master like Mendelssohn are the true decorations of an artist; one wears them with far more pride than the most celebrated ribbons."

Translated by JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

"IL BEL CANTO."

WHEN Svengali in Du Maurier's beautiful story speaks of Trilby as "il bel canto, come again after a hundred years" and "il bel canto that was lost to the world, but I found her again in a dream, I, Svengali," he is referring with all an artist's love and regret to that lost golden age of music, that indescribable outburst of melody which was Italy's contribution to the eighteenth century. Strange as it may seem in that time of storm and stress, elsewhere so worldly-wise, so skeptical, so wearily, feverishly, desperately prosaic, here in Italy there dawned a genuine golden age, "impossible, priceless,"—a little visit of the Muses among their chosen people, a green oasis in the shifting sand of Philosophy, a happy, happy, but too brief day when "il bel canto" lived and sang and the world grew young again at the song. "Truly the gods work in strange ways!" The memory of this time is ever dear to the artist. From what has been he infers what may be and so gains hope for the future.

Italy had just awakened from a long sleep. The night of the previous century with its horror of war and oppression was over. The Italian mind always ready to throw off disagreeable impressions, turned with fresh vigor to revel in the new day just dawning. But merely to revel was not enough. The joy of deliverance, of the fullness of life after the bitterness of death must find expression. Italy had endured, had despaired and, being delivered, poured out her soul in music. So in Venice and Naples and Rome, the three centres of Italian life, all was music. The day was set to it. There were concerts in the morning at the famous schools of Porpora, of Leo or Jourmelli, open-air concerts at sunset, when the squares were tinged with rosy light. Barges full of musicians floated up the canals, there were mandolins playing in the coffee-houses, songs sounded from the windows of palaces and solemn chants from the doors of

churches. In the evening the theatres flung open their doors to waiting crowds, and the opera with such accompaniments of melody and voice as the world may wait forever to hear again, filled the night hours. Venice, Naples and Rome—how they throve under it! They opened their houses wide to the benignant influence. Each domestic hearth became a shrine for the worship of the common divinity, each composer became a priest of art, each singer a god.

Books and memoirs are full of the indescribable fascination of this period. After a lapse of more than a hundred years they call up before us shadowy images of composer and singer, more unreal, more intangible than the visions of a dream, vague, mysterious personalities, touched with a sublime radiance, crowned with undying laurel. We of this ultra utilitarian, fin de siècle period to whom there sometimes comes a vision of different things are fain to cherish even these dim faded images of a glorified past. We are conscious of a wistful sense of envy for what it has not been our lot to enjoy. We feel a sort of despair that, pore as we may over music book and memoir, reconstruct as we may these figures of long-forgotten singers until they fairly haunt us with the persistency of ghosts, we never can regain the faintest tone, the least rich, trembling note of all that wealth of genius lavished upon happy Italy in her golden age. Alas, we were born a century too late. For us "il bel canto" lives in name only.

But who was "il bel canto," the beautiful singer whom Svengali found again in a dream? Art, divine goddess when she will bestow her gifts at all, is never niggardly but lavishes them with restless generosity. The beautiful singer was not one but many, men and women both, with voices each perhaps not more beautiful but differing in beauty from the others. There was Farinelli, the genial, simple-hearted man with whose praises all Europe rang, the idol of his own Italy, who paid the price of his genius for the favor of the half-mad king of Spain. There was the Gabrielli, haughty and beautiful, Aguzari, who coined her golden notes into golden money, Guadagni, the Faustina,

the Cuzzoni and others as famous. One might linger indefinitely among such names as these. Not until the distant dawn of another golden age will the world again see such a group.

Among them all one name stands out pre-eminent, stamped greatest in an age of great artists, Pachiarotti, "the divine." He it is who joined to a voice of indescribable beauty such ideal qualities of heart and soul as made him something more than human. Most mysterious and most perfect, he of them all was in truth "il bel canto;" he swayed the European world alike with his personality and his voice. Though but a tall, gaunt fellow and plain of feature, there was about him a wonderful charm. It lingers in every record of his sayings and doings, it breathes in every mention of his name and one finds it hiding between the covers of memoir or music score like a pressed flower. He was always an honored guest wherever he appeared and would have been overwhelmed with eager attentions had he allowed it. But he was shy and silent, loving to stand apart and watch the world from the outside, in it but not of it. If he spoke at all it was to pour forth in moments of excitement a strange sort of prose-poetry, beautiful but grotesque. His countrymen loved to talk of him and we catch glimpses of him in his own Italy through Beckford and Stendhal. Even more interesting is his sojourn in London. Madame D'Arblay, whose devotion to him was like that of a novice to a master, pictures him frequently and lovingly in her journal, where he appears a strange and unexpected companion of Garrick or Burke, of Dr. Johnson or Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was a frequent guest in Dr. Burney's parlors or at Thos. Thrale's afternoons and while few of the gay London world really understood him, all reverenced and some loved him.

So Pachiarotti the man awakened universal interest, Pachiarotti the singer was more than man, he was divine. His voice while wonderfully clear and full possessed a subtly pathetic quality, so strange and sweet that it carried those who heard it beyond all limitations of time or space. Then the real soul of the singer was laid bare, his passionate love

of all things beautiful, his yearning for perfection, his profound knowledge of the joy and sorrow of the world and of men. While he sang everything grew dim and faded into the back ground except that spiritual world where his own imagination had its home, of which he was the interpreter. Then the shy, dreamy youth, so sensitive that he trembled like a leaf before the wild enthusiasm of an Italian populace, was transformed and became a god. The faces of those who listened grew pale with his at the infinite pathos of his song. Perhaps it would happen as once in Rome at the Teatro Aliberti, that dreaded Rubicon of the eighteenth century artist, when Pachiarotti had shaken the very souls of his audience with the sorrows of Arbaces. Suddenly he failed to hear the usual orchestral interlude and turning to the orchestra—exclaimed impatiently. "What are you about, there?" and the composer from his harpsichord answered simply. "We are crying."

Perhaps nothing can explain the character of the man better than this remark of his own making. "Alas, our glorious art! it is too long for a life time. When we are young we have the voice but do not know how to sing. When we are old we begin to know how to sing but we no longer have the voice." Ardent, patient genuis, holding perfection even before his eyes, a Heaven-born artist with a soul to match his song, il bel canto, alas, when will he ever come again?

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN.

ROBERT BROWNING AS A MUSICIAN.

THE sisterhood of the Muses in Grecian mythology was but a simple symbolification of a fundamental truth. No art exists that has not principles and purposes, possibilities and limitations in common with some other art. The resemblances thus shared by any two may be more or less numerous according to the nature of the respective arts and again according to the stage of development to which each may have attained at the time of comparison. An exact grading of affinities is hence a very difficult, indeed impossible task, even Lessing and his school having found themselves unable to assign definitive positions to poetry, painting and sculpture with reference to their inter-relations.

The most intimate and universally-admitted affinity, however, seems to be that which exists between Music and Poetry. By the ancient Greeks, the most exquisitely artistic people of the world both by instinct and education, the recognition of that affinity was almost unanimous, and this consensus of criticism from such a source must be of great weight to modern Aestheticians.

Moreover, if we consider the origin of the two arts, we find that, as nearly as we can discern through the indistinctness and haze which envelopes that ancient unlocated home of the Aryan race, Music and Poetry were twin-born. Simultaneous appear to have been the inceptions of their existence in the solemn altar-hymns of our distant forefathers; and hand-in-hand the two came down the ages, joining to commemorate the prowess of mythical heroes and the beauty of wondrous women in the famous chant-intoned Rhapsodies, combining to perfect the pomp of state celebrations, assisting in the worship of the Gods, and finally forming the foremost factors in the most perfect art whole of all time—the Greek Drama of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. To be sure they were then by no means coördinate in point of development and were soon parted en-

tirely by the inevitable divergence of their respective paths from the implicit to the explicit; but the fact of their close and essential affinity remains indisputable.

The first thing then that strikes the observant student of Art is the present anomalous position of music in the sisterhood of the Muses and of her devotees in the artist-world. She has been made to a great extent a Cinderella whom her sisters have, if not ridiculed and railed at, at least patronized and failed to understand. Nor have they apparently sought to do so. That is the most surprising anomaly in the whole matter. While a great artist is always expected to possess some acquaintance with the arts outside his own especial province, music seems to have been generally considered as superfluous and inconsequent. Take our great poets, for instance, from the Elizabethan era down, or the greatest poets of other languages. When they speak of painting—sculpture—architecture they speak as connoisseurs, *Fachkenner*, and are thus able to interest, instruct and ennoble us by side-light glimpses at some beautiful truth seen the more translucently through the medium of artistic allusion or metaphor. What a painful contrast is presented in the treatment of music at the hands of these same men! Every influence, every allusion bears the fatal stamp of a gross ignorance of their subject at least as concerns any degree of special knowledge at all commensurate with that displayed in the other arts. "But" it may be objected "have not most beautiful things been written about music in profusion?" To be sure! But these are almost without exception generalities or subjectivities. We find charming examples of this kind scattered throughout the pages of most of the great poets—at whose head, in this as in all else, stands the divine Shakespeare. But even he, great enough to recognize his lack of specific musical knowledge, confined himself exclusively, I believe, to allusions of a general or subjective nature. Others have been less wise and the result has often proved disastrous in the extreme. I might adduce numerous illustrative examples from a dozen great poets—even from Milton, the son of a musician, who, it seems to me, is at his weakest when he begins to enthuse

over music. But such catalogue would be comparativly purposeless since my object is not to discuss the failures of the many but rather the grand success of one.

For there *is* one poet who speaks of music "as one having authority and not as the Scribes" whose words are afire with the passion of an artist yet tempered by the discrimination of the connoisseur and fraught with the solid wisdom of the erudite musician. That poet is Robert Browning who, in this respect at least stands solitary and unapproachable among men of letters. He is the first who has comprehended or fitly expressed the higher, subtler, diviner significance of music and the first who has been able to employ the technical parlance of that art as freely and safely as when treating of printing or architecture.

Four short poems in particular attest this pre-eminence in Browning because they are on subjects specifically musical; though all through his works are scattered beautiful allusions to the "Divine Art" which are always forcible and always pertinent. These poems are "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha," "Abt Vogler," and "Charles Avison," upon the first three of which only shall I attempt animadversion in the present article.

"A Toccata of Galuppi's" is a phsycological meditation occasioned apparently by the hearing or perusal of some old Italian composition for the clavichord. In the Venetian music typified by his poem's title, Browning sees mirrored the superficial, unspiritual genius of the Venice of that day, discerns the emptiness, vanity and fleshliness hidden beneath a polished and courtly exterior, the utter absence of aims beyond today, of aspirations for the eternal and divine. The thought makes him shiver.

> "Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned:
> The soul doubtless is immortal where a soul can be discerned."

If I may be pardoned for a slight digression at this point I would like to call attention to what seems to me a mark of the finest discrimination on Browning's part—viz.,

that while conforming in these poems to his almost invariable style of dramatic monologue, and giving his poetic concepts "a local habitation and a name," he has in each instance chosen a personality of comparatively little importance *per se*. This has often been misunderstood. I have in mind a well known musician in Berlin who is as well a highly educated man and master of the English language to an exceptional degree, and whose view will serve to illustrate the misconception just referred to. I called his attention to Browning with whom he was entirely unacquainted and later desired his opinion of "Abt Vogler." "Ja" said he "die Gedichte ist wunderschön aber ich finde sie inconsequent. Abt Vogler war doch kein so grosser Geist" ("Well" said he "the poem is most beautiful but it seems to me inconsistent. Abt Vogler was no such great genius.")

He had failed like many others to appreciate Browning's fine poetic insight in purposely choosing a personality which should stand in no danger of overshadowing the aesthetical import of the poem.

Accordingly it is no one of the renowned composers whom he apostrophizes in the poem now referred to but Venice herself in the person of one remembered rather as a member of the Venetian school than as an independent and significant composer. And how finely he repaints in words the picture in Galuppi's music:—

"Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight burning ever to mid-day
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?
Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red—
On her neck the small face buoyant like a bell flower on its bed
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?
Well, and it was graceful of them—they'd break talk off and afford
—She to bite her mask's black velvet—he, to finger on his sword
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord.
What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished sigh on sigh

Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions
'must we die'?
Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can
but try!'
'Were you happy?' 'Yes'—'And are you still as happy?'
'Yes, and you?'
—'Then more kisses!'—Did *I* stop them when a million
seemed so few?
Hark the dominants persistance till it must be answered too.
So an octave struck the answer.—"

And so Browning brings home to us in still another way the same life-lesson which forms the grand text of all his sermons—for such his poems are every one. If soul reach out no father than body can grasp then death is death indeed.

"And for Venice and her people merely born to bloom and
drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly
were the crop;
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to
stop?"

"Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha," is a powerful and subtle discussion of the question whether an art-form may not become so highly developed and complicated that it ceases to be a medium for the expression of mood or emotion—Art's true province. The old organist remaining alone in his loft after the service is over, apostrophizes the author of the fugue he has just played as postlude. He has been trained in the strictest classical school, has studied and mastered religiously the severest polyphonic compositions. But now as the last pedal-tone dies away a long-fomenting doubt wells up in his soul and flows over.

"Hist! but a word fair and soft
Forth and be judged Master Hugues!
Answer the question I've put you so oft
What do you *mean* by your mountainous fugues?
See, we're alone in the loft."

Then follows an original and witty description of a fugue which even in prose would do honor to a professional contrapuntist. It is in fact so unique and unparalleled in all literature that it deserves reproduction in its entirety. I would like to call particular attention in a purely literary way to the fifth stanza of those here quoted which contains

such an example of alliterative onomatopœia as can hardly be found outside of Homer and other works of Browning himself.

"First you deliver your phrase,
Nothing propound that I see
Fit in itself for much blame or much praise.
Answered no less where no answer needs be;
Off start the Two on their ways.

Straight must a Third interpose,
Volunteer needlessly help.
In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,
So the cry's open, the kennel's a-yelp,
Argument's hot to the close.

One dissertates, he is candid,
Two must discept—has distinguished,
Three helps the couple if ever yet man did;
Four protests; Five makes a dart at the thing wished;
Back to One, goes the case bandied.

One says his say with a difference;
More of expounding, explaining!
All now is wrangle, abuse and vociferance
Now there's a truce, all's subdued, self-restraining:
Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.

One is incisive, corrosive;
Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant;
Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive;
Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant
Five— — —O Danaides, O Sieve!

Now, they ply axes and crowbars;
Now, they prick pins at a tissue
Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's
Worked on the bone of a lie. To what issue?
Where is our gain at the Two-bars?

Est fuga, volvitur rota.
On we drift; where looms the dim port?
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota,
Something is gained if one caught but the import—
Show it us, Hugues of Saxe Gotha!"

Then in his perplexity of mind, searching for something tangible with which to compare the impression it all makes upon him, he looks up at the great vaulted cathedral roof and finds his simile.

There! See our roof, its gilt moulding and groining
Under those spider webs lying!
So your fugue broadens and thickens,

Greatens and deepens and lengthens
Till we exclaim—'But where music, the dickens!
Blot ye the gold while your spider-web strengthens,
Blocked to the stoutest of tickens?' "

He wonders if it is the composer's moral of life—that athwart the golden dome above us, the replendant canopy of Truth and Nature, we weave a besmutching web of petty passions, sordid hopes, labyrinthine cross-purposes. Or is it that we dare not break free from the trammels of traditional law, that we fear to set ourselves in contravention to the old masters?

"So many men with such various intentions
Down the past ages must know more than we know
Leave we the web its dimensions!

Yet even this feeling of reverential modesty is powerless to satisfy his mind, now fully aroused. Conviction is alive within him, a veritable Banquo's ghost. Finally the heresy breaks forth.

"Friend your fugue taxes the finger.
Learning it once who would lose it?
Yet all the while a misgiving will linger,
Truth's golden o'er us although we refuse it—
Nature, though cobwebs we string her.

Hugues! I advise *meâ poenâ*
(Counterpoint glares like a Gargon)
Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five clear the arena,
Say the word, straight I unstop the full organ,
Blare out the mode Palestrina."

I wonder if there are not many musicians who have felt these same misgivings. If, as generally accepted, the highest Art be Art's most perfect concealment, then the poet's objection to the fugue are essentially valid. For in all music-literature—with the possible exception of some of Bach's masterpieces—the fugue-*form* is itself the ultimate aim of the composition rather than being a medium for the expression of anything; its greatest claim to distinction lies in the development of contrapuntal niceties which are totally lost on even a musically-trained auditor except to be himself acquainted with the piece rendered and even in that case he is unable to appreciate those subtleties as keenly and fully from an audible performance as from a reading of the

notes in his study-chair. For these reasons it certainly seems that, unless we modify or extend the now universally accepted definition of Art, the fugue belongs outside Art's true province. At any rate Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha has been so far unable to answer his astute interrogator. Perhaps some one else may do so. The attempt would at least be interesting.

If the musician, however, after enjoying the logicianly contemplativeness of the two poems just discussed, is ready for a subtler more aetherial theme, if he would exchange ratiocination for rhapsody and be thrilled by a veritable apotheosis of his art, let him read Abt Vogler. Not only is this by far the sublimest tribute to music which words have ever formed but—I hesitate nowise to say—one of the grandest poems of its length in the English language, rivalled only by such masterpieces as Milton's "Il Penseroso," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," or Browning's own incomparable etching "Prospice."

For "Abt Vogler" deals with things never before essayed in words. It is a daring attempt to speak the unspeakable, to express the inexpressible. Faust sank overwhelmed before the face of the material Erd-Geist he had conjured up, but Browning has been face to face with the creative spirit of the human soul and not only lived but essayed its portraiture. "Abt Vogler" is in fact an attempt to shadow forth in words the "divine frenzy" of the creative mood, the labor throes of the artist soul in giving birth to an art-creation. That such an inspired mood exists we cannot doubt. What must have been the rhapsodical emotion of that ancient unknown sculptor as his soul's ideal breathed itself into the deathless marble and the Venus of Milo was complete; what the spiritual exaltation of Raphael as that look of wondering joy softened through his Madonna's eyes; what the soul-tragedy of Beethoven when "Fate knocked at the door" of his quivering heart till he responded with the fifth Symphony! It is this subtle ecstasy of creative joy saddened by human pain, which seems to have begotten the greatest creations of musical art, that finds such wonderful expression in "Abt Vogler."

The Abbé has been improvising on his organ, pouring forth his inmost soul in a wealth of tones and as the noble strains die away the wish wells forth from his heart that it might remain—this palace of music he had reared. He likens it to the temple which Solomon builded calling to his aid the spirits of earth, air, fire, water,—even Heaven and Hell as read the resistless talisman and named the ineffable Name. So had the spirits of tone obeyed his summons, the angels of the treble and the depths.

"And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to Hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march like the excellent minion he was.
Aye, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest."

On and on they build till the last spire is tipped and the "pinnacled glory" is in sight. And then comes the creator's joy over his work, an emotion so rapturous and complex that it can find expression, if at all, only in the most fanciful and figurative language. As Earth's ascent to Heaven on Easter-day was matched by Heavens descent to Earth on Christmas Eve, so now Heaven responds to Earth's sublime endeavor and sight and sound are merged into a subtler, finer sense-perception, Past and Present dissolved into an all embracing Now, distance and proximity lost in Omnipresence.

"In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky;
Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found, but fixed its wandering star;

Meteor-moons, balls of blaze; and they did not pale nor pine.
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far."

Music, he reflects, is the only art which can thus penetrate to the very Holy of Holies of the Ideal. Its effects are not traceable to definite and deducible causes as in the other arts but spring *unmittelbar* from its divine origin as creation *was* at the fiat of Jehovah. In poetry and painting we understand the processes, the operation of their laws, the progress from discernible cause to calculable effect. We "know why the forms are fair"—"hear how the tale is told."

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can.
Existent behind all laws; that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!"

The passionate longing to retain the wonderful music which has died away—in spite of the fact that he knew, that he "scarcely gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go"—naturally gives birth to the hope that he may sometime hear it again. The promise of something as good—"nay, better, perchance"—cannot satisfy his heart. He clings wildly to the same—"same self, same love, same God," and his faith bravely asseverates "Aye what was, shall be." In his eagerness of soul he turns to God for a corroboration of that faith with a prayer of marvellous richness and beauty. In fact the whole remainder of the poem is on such an exalted plane that one of our foremost critics, in general by no means a Browningite, calls it "one of the most glorious passages in any language." While its content is rather metaphysical than musical in nature yet nowhere else appears so plainly Browning's true musicianship as in his striking applications of musical laws to the experiences of a human soul.

"Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?

The outlining in words of a musical progression as clearly as is done in the last stanza is also a feat worthy of a professional musician. And yet the most admirable feature of it all is the fine appreciation of the *spirit* of music which Browning so plainly evinces,—a trait in which he is rivalled among literary men only by Schopenhauer. This it is, even more than his technical acquaintance with the art, which must endear him to every soul of lofty artistic emotions and aspirations, and as crowning proof of which I cannot forbear quoting *in toto* the four concluding stanzas whose beauty and worth must ever remain a precious legacy to lovers of a high and pure Ideal.

"Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of our days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear and doubt is slow to clear,

Each sufferer has his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones till I sink to the minor, yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying a while the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting place is found.
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

OLIVER WILLARD PIERCE.

POET AND MUSICIAN.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE AMERICAN COMPOSER.

AT the beginning of this paper I wish to make a quotation from Roget's Thesaurus, in the introduction of which the author says—"The use of language is not confined to its being the medium through which we communicate our ideas to one another; it fills a no less important function as an *instrument of thought;* not being merely its vehicle, but giving it wings for flight. Metaphysicians are agreed that scarcely any of our intellectual operations could be carried on to any considerable extent, without the agency of words."

If this be true, must it not be evident that the man who makes a musical setting of any poem or text must consider first the elocutionary rendering of the words if he would hope to have intelligent understanding of his work by those who listen? For the perfect expression of a thought the writer must have just the right word in the right place; no *circumlocution*, for that obscures. Therefore, the composer, if in his musical setting of the text he means to add emphasis to the poet's thought—and if this be not his purpose, let him confine himself to instrumental music, where he can do as he pleases without wrong to any man—must have the elocutionary idea set forth without musical circumlocution. That this has not been the attitude of the composer up to the present time one can easily prove by going first to the Italian opera, where he will hear six straight scales and seven crooked cadenzas used to impress upon some one the startling information, "My lord, the carriage waits." The main object seems to have been to afford opportunity for some singer to exhibit his or her "tones" and the audience, after years of long training, accepts this and lies in wait for the "top notes" greeting them with thunderous applause, as they do at the play those well known phrases which are commonly quoted. For instance, the

mere utterance of the line, "The pen is mightier than the sword," will produce more enthusiasm than the finest bit of subtle art.

This is not art, and yet it is music, and music is one of the greatest factors of that art which embraces painting, sculpture and music equally.

If a man should cover a canvas indiscriminately with colors, no matter how beautiful in themselves, would that make a picture? Let a man chisel an indifferent statue—can he make the whole pass for true art by finishing it with a "Trilby" foot? And why should we consider music less exacting than her sisters in art? Her possibilities are as great or greater, but she must first be lifted from that level of a mere plaything which she too often is compelled to occupy. To continue your search, go to the hymns of the church. What do you find? Sensible utterance of prayer? No! a thousand times No! In many instances, indeed, broad comedy results from ignoring the elocutionary element of the hymn. You do not need to search far for thousands of such instances as that in which the whole congregation was at last greatly relieved, after many times hearing the several singers announce, "I will wash," to have the soprano come to the rescue with, "I will wash my hands in innocency."

False accents and inane repetitions for the purpose of allowing the composer to develope some musical idea at the expense of the spirit of the text are ever present. Go next to the songs. Is it any better in this field? But little, if any. And herein lies the opportunity of the American composer. You can reach the heart of a people through their songs. More than anything else these enter into close communion with the innermost life. You can reach them, move them, teach them, and in doing so elevate your art, and it will in turn elevate them and you. The man who on the field of battle learns best obedience and self abnegation becomes in time the best commander. So let the coming American composer of songs learn faithfully to interpret his poet, and in sinking all inclination to musical development at the expense of the text become a master of the art

of song writing. We have the necessary material; men eminent in technical knowledge, which must be one of the means to the end, but never the end; men with the heaven-born gift of melody as surely as ever one had it; and best of all, we have the whole field open before us and practically untouched.

Sink yourself in your work. When a song is heard, the impression upon the audience should be but the glorified poem, the vivid thought, not the way it is said. You never see the mere individual when the true orator is swaying you from your feet; when an actor who holds you plays his part. The masterpiece is the canvas that shows you the subject it depicts, not merely the wonderful skill of the painter. And you should no more assert the mere technic of your art than would the painter hang by the side of his canvas the brushes and palette with which he accomplished his work. Again, a statue may be ruined in effect by a pedestal that is not in harmony with the statue itself. In the same way, your accompaniment is the pedestal of your statue and will make or mar your work. It must, as the purpose of pedestals is, hold your statue at the proper height but never assert itself. As to the melody itself, in this matter you are as the master costumer at the theatre—you would not dress a man who was to play the part of a peasant in robes of silk and lace, nor your serious character in cap and bells. The general character of your melody must show forth the spirit of the text, just as much as the accent given in each instance must conform to the accentuation the poem would receive were it read instead of being sung.

To refer again to the quotation made at the beginning of this paper, "Scarcely any of our intellectual operations could be carried on without the agency of words." If you by false emphasis obscure the words you might as well be without them; better, for then you would not be making any pretense of expressing a given thought, and your audience would be at liberty to put whatever construction they pleased upon your effort; which would be better for you, more pleasure for them, and happy exemption for the poet. And this leads us back to the first proposition—the compo-

ser, if in his musical setting of the text he means to add emphasis and beauty to the poet's thought, must have the elocutionary idea set forth without musical circumlocution, and if this be not his purpose, let him take to the field of instrumental music where he can do as he pleases without injury to anyone. The field is large enough, he can indulge all his fancies; the demand for that work is good, and he can further art in two ways—by the instrumental music he writes and by the vocal music he refrains from writing.

This is the beginning of the art age of the country, and if we look for the signs we shall see that the people are coming to feel dissatisfied with Italian opera without realizing why. They feel a want in music without knowing what. Let us seize the opportunity. Begin at the bottom with the songs of the people. Try to make them natural. Tell the story as we would read it to them. Make melody and text one complete poem. So, reaching the peoples hearts, and not being content momentarily to please their ears, we may lead them and in turn be lead by them to lay the foundation for an American school of song. Founded in the hearts of the people, such a school cannot fail to be a nursery of true art, for art is ever found at home in living nature.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

TRAINING THE VOICE. II.

GENERALLY speaking any learned explanation of the vocal mechanism is not only useless but thoroughly confusing to the student. While a surgeon may know absolutely the name, place, and function of each cartilage and muscle that forms part of the "voice" that does not help him one particle to sing well. That must be reached through entirely different channels. But some enquiring minds have fallen into the error of imagining that, since the actual construction of the throat is the same in each person, there must be a scientific manner by which all these muscles could be brought under perfect control and make voice teaching just as simple as brick laying. In fact one man has gone to the questionable extreme of singing Yankee Doodle with the throat of a corpse. Vannini among many others was caught by this enticing theory and when a young man he slashed away at "subjects" along with medical students. He has since said that although it made him deathly sick he was very glad he went through it all, as he now knew by personal experience the absolute uselessness of all that sort of study so far as teaching people how to sing was concerned. The reason for this is that the separate componant parts of our vocal mechanism are not under the control of our will. For instance when we desire to vocalize a tone, "the arytenoid cartilages raise themselves in the folds of the mucous membrance which covers them, and approach one another with surprizing mobility." But if we attempt to make these cartilages move in this manner without any intention on our part of singing, we find that we are absolutely powerless to affect them in any way. The producing of a tone is originally an instinctive act uncontrolled by will just as our breathing is in sleep. I quote again, "The various muscular actions which are concerned in the production of vocal tones are commonly regarded as being under the influence of the will. It is, however, easy

to show that this is not the case. We cannot by simply *willing* to do so raise or depress the larynx or move one cartilage of it to or from another, or extend or relax the vocal ligaments; although we can readily do any or all of these things by an act of the will exerted for a specific purpose. We conceive of a tone *to be* produced and we *will* to produce it, a certain combination of the muscular actions of the larynx then takes place, in most exact accordance with one another, and the predetermined tone is the result."

So much for a knotty subject and rather more long drawn out than I had intended. But we are learning so much in these days of "wonderful discoveries whereby it is conclusively proved that nobody who has ever lived knew how either to sing or teach, but now with absolute certainty the entire science of voice production can be learned in twenty lessons" etc;—that is it well to know something of what the facts really are. There are a few things about the construction of our vocal organs that students should know and which can be simply told. First that the column of air which is to become a tone is set in vibration by passing between the vocal cords which are contained within the larynx, that hard cartilaginous substance at the front of the throat commonly called the "Adam's Apple." But tone as it comes through the vocal cords bears but small comparison to the tone that is emitted from the mouth. The strength and quality depend to a very great extent on what use is made of the "resonating cavity." The arched, hard, "roof of the mouth" is the sounding board for the voice. Here is where the voice receives four fifths of its brilliancy and color. It bears the same relation to the tone produced by the vocal cords, that the sounding board of the piano does to the tone made by the strings. Take the same pieces of wire that give such beautiful tones in a Steinway and stretch them between two ordinary blocks of wood and they lose quality, strength, in short everything that goes to make up a beautiful tone; without the sounding board they are nothing. So it is with the voice. What can be done with the vocal cords themselves is cemparatively little. They are as nature made them, and as they are so the voice will be,

soprano, tenor or what not. How to send the column of air through them to get its full power without forcing and without waste of breath, and then to focus it in the right place to get the best advantage from the sounding board, those are the objects a teacher has in view. The first thing to work for is a "free, open and relaxed throat." Now just here there is an unfortunate confusion of terms. The word *throat* is used indifferently for the whole apparatus from mouth to lungs. Now I want to confine it to that portion between the larynx and the mouth, that part through which the column of air passes, after being set in vibration by the vocal cords, until it reaches the resonating cavity. Then the term "open, free and relaxed throat" means something. But if "throat" includes also the larynx the words do not apply since in order to set the air in vibration the vocal cords must come very close together and be in a very light state of tension, as far from being "relaxed" as can be. But in order that the vocal cords may have the proper amount of tension to set the air in vibration it is necessary for the "throat" to be perfectly relaxed. If there be any stiffness, if the roots of the tongue are tense, that interferes with the proper action of the larynx and you have a throaty tone.

Here is a simple experiment providing you procure the tone with anything like naturalness. Put your finger on your Adam's apple while your throat is in entire repose. Now keep your finger lightly touching the same and vocalize a tone. Your larynx drops from a third to a half an inch (if it dosen't, take heed). Now take a hand glass, open your mouth being careful not to move a muscle inside, and what do you see? Probably only teeth, tongue and the roof of the mouth. Now vocalize a tone. The back of the tongue becomes depressed, the fleshy part of the back of the mouth, the soft palate with the uvåla, jumps out of the way, the side walls pull apart, and you have disclosed an open passage leading straight from the vocal cords to the roof of the mouth. That is the part of the throat that is to be free and relaxed. If there is any stiffness any where then the action of the whole appartus is hindered. If there

is anything gripping about the roots of the tongue, the larynx will not go down, the uvala will not go up, the passage will remain half closed, and the voice will have that sound which we describe by saying that a man sings as though he had a hot potato in his mouth.

One of the most fruitful sources of throaty voices lies in consciously or unconsciously "forcing" the tone, that is trying to send more breath between the vocal cords than they can set in vibration. If during this forcing the upper part of the throat still remains fairly relaxed the breath simply comes through unvocalized and without doing a great amount of harm; it simply makes the tone dull, muffled and "breathy." But generally when too much breath is used more force is used to push it and the volume of air crowds the larynx up out of place, just as soon as the larynx goes up the side walls close in, the soft palate drops, the tongue rises, and for a greater volume of air there is a much smaller passage. That chokes the voice and manifests itself in many ways. The tone is hard and disagreeable, and being produced by main strength the voice soon tires, grows hoarse, and there is an unpleasant redness about the face of the performer highly distressing to all who are within sight. The first remedy is to hold back the unneeded amount of breath, to sing quietly and "let the voice come of itself," not push it. This of course is easier said than done, but it can be learned. To offset this tendency especially among young singers to "force," the old Italians use to speak of "drinking in the tone." Now we know well that we can not actually get at the vocal apparatus with our hands and hold it just the position it should take, but must teach through sensation and through metaphors that shall appeal to the mind. Then as to "drinking in a tone," it is a mighty good metaphor. When one of you has a perfect tone where the throat is relaxed the breath is so carefully expended that every particle of it is set in vibration and the column of air so strikes the resonating cavity that it receives the full added amount of strength; then there is a solidity and a firmness in that tone that makes it seem almost tangible, it seems as though you could bite it, and as you open

it out to its full volume it seems not as though you were singing it out, but as though it were coming toward you, as though you were *drinking it in*. That is the never to be forgotten sensation. When the young student gets his first feeble grasp of it he knows that there is what he has longed for and dreamed of; and when he has it at his command then he knows he can sing. But that sensation will not come so long as he uses too much breath and forces his tone. The two are absolutely incompatible. More, that always gives the impression of unlimited reserve force, even when a man is singing just about to the limit. While the forcing of tones makes them always seem labored even when comparatively speaking the singer is taking things very easily.

There are two ways of singing, one where the singer seems always to be sending his tone out, to be singing it himself; the other where it seems like a stream that flows of its own accord and the singer is only the channel through which it passes. The one may cover up his defect very well in declamatory or dramatic music, but let him essay a *legato* passage, and he is hopelessly stranded. In one direction he can make apparently very rapid progress at once, but the limit of real advance is very soon reached and beyond that the only development is in the ability to shout, while the voice grows hard and stiff;—that is not singing. I remember a wise remark that I heard an old Italian make to a young German who had just begun to study. With rather boisterous enthusiasm he had rushed into a piece of declamatory music, when the old maestro stopped him. "We wont do than now. We will first learn how to *sing*, one can learn to *shout* at any time. But if you learn first how to *shout* you will never learn how to *sing*." Why was Lehmann so supremely great as *Brunnhilde?* Because she had learned how to *sing* the Italian *legato*. Why is Jean de Reszke so truly ideal as *Lohengrin?* Because he can *sing Romeo*.

I know of no better illustration than the case of a young American girl who was studying in Florence. Nature had blessed her with one of the most beautifully poised, limpid,

soprano leggiero voices that can be imagined. She studied with a conscientious man who thoroughly understood her voice, what it could do and what it could not. So he carefully trained her along the line of her true power. But she had ambitions. She wanted to sing dramatic music and overpower by force rather than charm by the beauty of her singing. Soon teacher and pupil had a falling out and she went where her ability should be better appreciated. She found another who readily saw what she wanted and had no scruples against satisfying her desires. So she set to work on the heaviest, not waiting for her voice to grow to it, but compelling it to do the work at any cost. It was about a year before any of us heard her, then she came out in a concert. She had not finished her first phrase before we all looked at each other aghast. There was fire and dramatic force, but what had happened to the voice. It was hard and piercing as steel. All the richness of timbre was gone; there was only noise, and no more singing, nothing but a series of spasmodic shouts. And that is not the end of the story either. She kept willfully on her way for another year, but one morning somehow the voice would not respond. She put on more steam but still it would not answer. She thought it was merely a cold. But the next day and the next it was no better yet she did not have a cold. Then she became alarmed and hastened to a physician. He examined her throat carefully, and said:—"my poor girl you are suffering from a sort of paralysis of the vocal cords, and I fear you will never sing again." That is one case from very, very many of what forcing can do for a voice.

Now the throat being open and relaxed, and only so much breath being used as the vocal cords can handle, the whole question becomes that of directing the column of air to the proper place that is "focusing the tone." The quality and the carrying power of a tone depend almost entirely on the focus. We often notice with wonder what a very insignificant oil lamp it is that makes the blazing headlight of a locomotive. It is the reflector that gathers together all those many hundreds of rays and focuses them until as a

a body they have tremendous power. So it is with the voice. You need care very little how small your voice may be, if it is "focused" it will be large enough. And no matter how big your voice may be if it be not focused it will scatter and be absolutely lost in a large place. Listen to a flute played in the room where you sit, the tone is soft, mellow and sweet. Listen to a flute in the great Auditorium with the orchestra. It is just the same. When it has a solo part it sings out over the orchestra just as clearly as though it were in a small room. The flute has been mechanically perfected until evey particle of air that is blown into it is set in perfect vibration. You can do the same thing with your voice. Of course each voice has its own individuality and should never be asked to do anything for which it is not fitted, any more than the flutes would be expected to take the theme away from the trombones in the finale of the overture to Tannhäuser. But what a voice is adapted to it can do and do well anywhere, if only it is focused so that its full power may be used. Take Mme Blauvelt, for instance. Her voice is not large, in fact as voices go it is far from that, but it is so poised, so focused, that she can sing so taxing a *scena* as the mad scene from *Hamlet*, and in the Auditorium with the orchestra make effects that are simply thrilling; her voice sailing out over that great body of tone as the bird sails over the tree tops. Or she can sing songs in a room with exquisite refinement of tone and color.

There are as many different ways of trying to get at this truth as there are teachers. In order to fill the resonating cavity full, one very celebrated Italian used to tell his pupils to try and sing through the tops of their heads. Now that is not as foolish as it may sound. Just place your hand on the top of your head and sing a good full tone. Feel the head vibrate. Another said, "sing to your eyes." Think a moment and throw a tone right there and see if you can not almost feel it strike them. Then again others told their pupils to make the tone strike right against the upper teeth. These were among the various manners of "getting the tone up out of the throat." Of course this

statement won't stand analysing. The tone is made in the throat and it is an impossibility to talk of getting it up out of the throat. Still it does express a truth. Which is the tendency to let the voice strike the soft palate instead of going right to the hard palate, and that gives a thick throaty tone.

Singing is so very strongly affected by the mind that one of the best ways of accomplishing any desired end is to think just what sort of a tone you wish to give and where you wish to "place" it, and when you really know in your mind just what you want to do you have taken a long step toward doing it. Singing is very largely imitative. First imitating the sounds it hears about it, then as it becomes more cultivated imitating or trying to reproduce the sounds it hears in its own mind. If we all could sing as beautifully as we can *imagine*, then the world would be peopled with artists. So it is by stimulating the imagination and appealing to the mind that the best teaching can be done. This is not only the experience of voice teachers strange as it may seem, but it is scientific fact as well. "In the production of vocal sounds the delicate adjustment of the muscles of the larynx is directed by the sense of hearing, being originally learned under the guidance of sounds actually produced, but being subsequently affected voluntarily *in accordance with the mental conception of the tone to be uttered*, which conception can not be formed unless the sense of hearing has previously brought similar tones to mind." That is the reason that people born *deaf* are also *dumb*. In most cases they have all the organs of speech but speech is the effect of which hearing is the cause. So never having heard a tone they have no desire nor understanding how to produce a tone. They are not *deaf* and *dumb*, as the saying is, but dumb only because they are deaf. And modern science is teaching them how to articulate speech mechanically though they can not hear a word.

So while many of the explanations and metaphors used in the studio would make but a sorry spectacle in a logic crucible, still if they appeal to the imagination and justify themselves by making clearer to the student the desired

tone—then they have served a worthy purpose. After all proof of the pudding is in the eating and I dare say that we all might feel queer if we could see how some of our dishes are cooked. But if it tastes well we enjoy it and ask no awkward questions. Then if a man sings well it makes no difference how he does it, even if, as in the case of one fellow, he says the whole secret lies in breathing at the small of the back. He could prove his theory for himself at least, by singing mighty well,—and that is all that is required.

KARLETON HACKETT.

THE SWAN SONG.

STENIO MARACKZY, a celebrated Hungarian violinist, played before the English Court. A young girl Maud Millivàn, in raptures over the genius of the player, demanded an introduction. He was attracted by her grace and beauty. Maud's father, the Marquis de Millivàn-Grevy who was first secretary of the Admiralty, gave a grand reception to the celebrated Hungarian. The young people were thrown together and fell madly in love, with each other. He demanded her in marriage, but was scornfully refused. The same day Maud disappeared. She followed him to the next town and they were married the next day. The Marquis was furious and swore never to forgive his daughter. She accompanied her husband through Europe—and shared in his triumphs. They had one child who died in a few months. The young woman thought this was a judgement upon her and fell ill. At the moment our story begins the couple are at Dieppe. By chance the Marquis is there also with his other daughter, Daisy. A meeting takes place. The father consents to embrace and forgive his daughter only because they assure him she is dying.

At the earnest prayer of the invalid Stenio who has not touched his violin for months consents to play for the benefit of some little orphans.

In the concert room of the Bains Chauds all the curious ones and dilettantes of Dieppe were assembled. It was frightfully hot, and the women in light gowns with flower decked hair moved their fans constantly, and looked in the brilliant light like a lot of butterflies moving their wings. In the first row the little duchess who had arranged the concert took on the airs of a president and issued orders to servants and ushers. For two days Maud had been carried into her sister's apartments in the Bains Chauds. It was almost a miracle. In the expectation of Stenio's success she seemed to live. The doctors even spoke as if she

might recover. She had even walked a few steps in her room. Now behind the stage in the dressing room she lay stretched on a couch sustaining her husband by her invisible presence, and realizing her dream of assisting at his triumph. For it was an unparalleled triumph that the great artist achieved. Since the moment that pale and gloomy he had appeared before the public, and the strings of his marvellous violin had given forth their first notes, the admiration of his audience had increased, murmurs of delight rippled through the crowd, and each strain was greeted with little cries of delight.

Never had Stenio shown such fiery passion, such feverish ardor. A superhuman strength led him on; he seemed possessed; forgetting every body, everything, he followed the demon of music that led him into a giddy whirlwind. His face was at once superb and terrible. Sublime madness filled his eyes. He saw nothing—heard nothing, but played on and on, smiling as he produced some merry song, and weeping real tears, when he depicted sorrow, despair.

His auditors, their gaze riveted upon him in a kind of supernatural attraction, followed with admiration mingled with anguish the terrific crescendo of his inspiration. As he laid his soul bare before them they saw his sadness, divined his bitterness, and understood that the gentle or heart rending tones that fell upon their ears were only the echoes of past joys, the fear of unhappiness to come. And as they felt the powerful artist's nature they palpitated with all his emotions and experienced feelings till then unknown.

In the private dressing room alone with her sister Maud listened. The sound of the first notes almost suffocated her. Her nerves were tense—her breathing was so painful that Daisy was afraid. But little by little this sad state of her soul and body quieted, and an exquisite calm enveloped the young woman; and bathed in the wonderful melody, she seemed rested, refreshed. She rejoiced in the fact that this magnificent talent that held a thousand spectators in ecstasy was only employed for her sake; as in a mirage the past three years unfolded themselves before her eyes.

She saw herself once more in the salon where she had first met Stenio. Then the old garden of the house in Grosvenor Square appeared to her, where in the sweet summer night she and Stenio had walked together. It was there he had dared for the first time to avow his love. She thought she breathed even now the odor of the flowering lilac whose branches bent over them. Daisy had come running in and she had not answered him.

Now the old Irish manor appeared to her excited mind. Stenio came—and she must follow him. What sad sweet years full of love, remorse, pride. What illustrious princes and sovereigns had received him with flattering words. And amid the light, the flowers—the noise of applause—the magic violin rang on to the listening multitude. Then alas! the scene changed. All grew dark. In a cradle lay a pale baby that died in spite of tears, in spite of prayers. She leaned over him trying to bring back the fleeting breath. In vain! In her tender caressing hands the poor little one grew paler, colder, and all was over! She awoke from her dreams, saw her sister near her and clutched her as a drowning person might.

"Maud! Heavens!" said the young girl, "how pale you are!—you suffer!"

"No, but I feel that I must leave you. Just now I saw my baby, he beckoned me to come. My hour has come! Stenio himself divines. Listen how he plays." It was the "Swan Song" he played with its funereal sweetness —its tramp of marching feet to a funeral march. And in the midst of her anguish, Maud, still sustained by the genius she worshipped, listened eagerly to the terrible notes that foretold her death. And love and admiration held death at bay. "Shall I call him?" asked Daisy tearfully. "No let him be. I must hear again."

Her eyes filled with divine rapture as she murmured "Oh if I could die as I listen." "Maud! My darling!" The dying woman held her sister's arm, and pale, with fixed gaze and changed voice, she whispered. "Oh what despair to leave him. I love him so—and he will suffer—!" Daisy stepped toward the door but Maud's weak hand arrested

her. A burst of applause sounded from the concert room—cries of bravos—clappings of the hands—and above all the rest, repeated a thousand times, a name sounded brilliant and sovereign, "Marackzy." Maud's eyes glittered A proud smile illumined her face. She rose with superhuman energy and held out her arms as Stenio entered laden with flowers and wreaths. He dropped them all on the young woman's couch which was completely covered with the fragrant burden, and kneeling beside her seemed to offer at her shrine all his glory, all his fame.

She still had strength enough to lay her hand upon the shining form that bent before her. She leaned and kissed him there. Stenio heard one murmured word. "Happy." He felt a light breath on his cheek. He cried out and the sound mingled with the continued applause in the other room.

In the intoxication of his triumph, in her adoration of the great artist, Maud's pure spirit had returned to the God who gave it.

Translated from the French by

NORA TELLER.

THE VIOLIN AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

ORIGIN OF THE VIOLIN.

THE Renaissance, present in painting, present in letters, present in all the arts, was also present in violin making, but in this latter its developments came later. When the revival of Italian art was at its height, that in violin making had its birth, and long after the art impulse had become normal again, that in violin making reached its climax and became what it is today. This rebirth was in violin making, as in letters, a going back to first principles. Instruments of the *viola d'amour* and the *viola da Bracchia* types were complicated and encumbered with many strings. The earliest makers saw the fault in this and, taking hints from specimens of the German *crowd* and *geige*, they made the box lighter and more symmetrical, thus increasing the resonance and necessitating lighter stringing.

The development in form was from an instrument the shape of a half pear, or of the modern mandolin type. In this deep box the tone was lost. Gradually, in order to throw the tone out and to give more power, this pear shape changed, and the back of the instrument took the same shape as the belly. Then came an increase in the complicacy of music for which the old short neck was but ill adapted; it was therefore lengthened; to facilitate the use of the bow, the sides were made concave; the number of strings was reduced to four, and thus the modern perfect violin obtained.

There is a great deal of controversy about the early source of the violin, some thinking it came from the east, that is from India through Persia, into Arabia and so to Turkey, thus entering Europe. A branch of this eastern stream broke off and followed the north shore of Africa until it crossed over with the Moors into Spain. The instruments introduced into Europe by these two branches, although modified somewhat by their wanderings, were of the same kind. Opposing those who claim an eastern origin

come a host of others, who say that the violin is Gothic and the proofs though less numerous, are more varied.

According to the eastern view, the *Ravanastron*, (an instrument named from Ravanon, an ancient king of Ceylon) is the patent of the violin. This primitive fiddle is a hollow cylinder of sycamore wood, fitted with a long neck and having two strings. The same instrument is used by the Hindoos and Chinese today as those who visited the Midway will remember, but there is no evidence of any connection between the Ravanastron of India and that of Ceylon, while the Chinese received theirs from India with the introduction of Buddhism.

Another link in this chain is found in Sanscrit writings, which date back over two thousand years, and which give us the word which is translated into Englise as *bow*, but as these testimonials are not supported by carvings of any kind it cannot be said with certainty whether this *bow* was used for striking the strings or as a modern bow.

The Arabs use to this day an instrument called the *Rebab*, and say that they obtained it from Persia, where a similar instrument is now in use. The Rebab is of several shapes, but consists generally of a pear shaped, resonant box, strung with two strings, which a rude bow causes to vibrate. One type played by the Basque peasants, has a four sided box with a long neck and a floor peg and is played as a cello. The pear shaped Rebab found its way through Spain into Italy and France, giving rise respectively to the *Ribeca* and *Rebec*.

"The history of the violin is the history of the bow," some say and seek to find traces of the bow among the Greek and Roman remains. On an old Etruscan vase there is a drawing, representing a stringed instrument with a rod placed across the strings. This rod is placed in such close proximity to the strings, that hair could not have been present. On this ground some hold that it was simply a plectrum and was used to strike the strings as in the mandolin. But the supporters of the bow theory, retaliate with the story of Paganini—how once in a competition with a presumptious youth, he played most ravishingly on his

violin with a simple rush in place of his bow, and, they say, this not only overcame the youth and reduced him to his proper proportions, but also proves the needlessness of hair, or any like medium. But alrs for these latter! most of the pieces of sculpture, in which anything like a bow is present, has been proved to be either a restoration or the work of a modern sculpture.

That the Troubadours, the minstrels of southern France, did not use the bow, but twanged the strings with their fingers, until they met the Trouvires and Jongleurs of northern France and southern Germany, who were often accompanied by the Gigeours, or fiddle players of Germany on their geigen, is a strong proof for the northern origin of the fiddle bow and therefore for the violin. And then there are many facts in the illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, on sculptured stone, on engraved brasses, in the lay of the minstrel, in the song of the poet, and in the work of the painter, that add weight to the northern side in the question of the origin of the king of instruments.

Mr. North, in his memoirs of music early in the eighteenth century, says: "There is no hint where the viol kind first came in use." "But as to the invention which is so perfectly novel as not to have been heard of before Augustulus, the last of the Roman emperors, I cannot but esteem it perfectly gothic." "I suppose that at first it was like its native country, rude and gross, and at this early importation, it was of the lesser kind they called *viola da Bracchia*, and since the violin."

From the evidence, it seems probable that the violin came from the north, but with many modifications made from a knowledge of the instruments of an eastern origin. The violin is thus a union of different sources, which union, brought to the perfection of simplicity and grace under Stradivari, is the instrument which has no rival. Since his time there has been no improvement in violin-making, for the simple reason that it is perfect. Small, light, simple, with lines as graceful as any found in art, with a tone powerful, sweet, and sympathetic, what improvement can there be?

THE BRESCIAN SCHOOL.

In the north central part of Italy in the little town of Brescia, the violin as we know it to-day had its birth. The Brescian school (1520-1620) of violin makers includes Gaspar Duiffopruggar, Gasparo da Salo, Maggini, Mariani, and many others, but the interest of violin admirers rests on Gasparo da Salo and Maggini. The few instruments that are supposed to have been made by Duiffopruggar, although they have a pleasing tone, are too crude to give him the name of the inventor of the violin.

Next in time to Duiffopruggar, comes Gasparo da Salo (1550-1610), who was born in the village of Salo, on the lake of Garda, not far from Brescia. He was essentially a maker of viols, a number of which are in existence, together with some fine double basses. He is called the father of the violin and he undoubtedly laid the foundation of the Italian style of violin making. His was the invention of the modern *f* shaped sound holes, which before his time were formed like a crescent; his was the shaping of the back, which formerly was simply a flat surface. His sound holes at first sight appear crude, but on better acquaintance it becomes evident that they are in perfect harmony with the primitive outline of the instrument. In his violins he did not show the certainty that he did in the manufacture of his viols and basses; he was experimenting, feeling his way. They are generally thick, or of what is called the high model; the varnish used was light brown amber, very rich and deep, which in many cases has turned nearly black. The grain of the wood, as a rule, is straight and even, but sometimes a little wide, while his scroll shows some crudity. His instruments are what would now be called three-quarter size. This fact seems to me of extreme interest, as it is just about the size of the three stringed *rebec* of France and probably this resemblance in size is one of the connecting steps between the violin and the rebec.

The tone of Da Salo's violins is good and will be remembered by all who heard the great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, whose instrument, outside of its qualities as a violin, is valuable as a work of art, from Benevenuto Cellini having

carved the human head which takes the place of the customary scroll.

We now come to Paolo Maggini (1590-1640), who took up the work where Da Salo left it, and in some respects deserves more praise than any maker before or since his time. Whereas Da Salo's instruments have to be enlarged and pieced out before the difficulties of modern music can be rendered on them, those of Maggini are of the full dimensions of violins of today, and many even larger. Then Da Salo used no corner blocks, those great strengtheners of violin sides, whose employment allowed of sharp corners, which Da Salo could not use. Then Maggini is known as the inventor of that instrument, most important in all ensemble playing, the modern viola.

Maggini's earlier violins have broad flat lines, with a full and telling tone. He reduced the height of the sides in proportion to the other dimensions, while his long, pointed sound holes are admirably placed. His boldly cut scroll is primitive, but is an advance on that of Da Salo. Both his deep rich brown and his yellow varnish have good-quality. In many examples there is a double row of inlaying around the border, and sometimes a mass of scroll work ornaments the backs. Today when a player sees a violin so decorated, he immediately says, *Maggini*. No maker is more slandered by base copies than Maggini.

Maggini's instruments possess a grand melancholy tone, but his earlier ones are of such a large type that they are not played much today. His later violins, from about 1625 and on, are more brilliant in tone, though they still have a sympathetic, mournful, singing quality. The great Belgian violinist De Bèriot was the first to bring Maggini violins into prominence. As the wonderful tones of his magnificent instrument, played by his master's hand, melted over the heads, and sank into the souls of the audiences of Europe, the author of its being, Maggini, took his just place at the head of instrument makers. At Ems, Wieniawski met De Bériot and tried to buy his Maggini. The price was put at 20,000 francs, but the sale never came off.

At Stuttgart is a little golden gem, owned by concert-

meister Singer. It is small, but the sheen of its sunny varnish is like the blaze of countless jewels, while from its narrow bounds come tones that cause one to dream of Paradise and the play of Fairies. The advancement, made by the Brescian school, was to be expected. Here were Da Salo and Maggini supported by wealthy patrons, contemporaries, and perhaps friends, of men like Titian and Benevenuto Cellini. Is it wonderful that their art instinct was developed? Today in the chase for the needful penny, an instrument maker has to choose his wood not alone for its acoustic qualities but also because it is whole. Maggini would not do this. A piece of wood of good acoustic properties, no matter whether it had half a dozen holes in it or not, would be carefully hoarded and, with the greatest expense of skill and patience, patched, with the result that today his instruments are still sending their message of melody over the world.

THE CREMONESE SCHOOL. (1550-1760)

How few there are who have not heard the word Cremona, but with what a different connotation does it come to the ears of violinists and to the world at large. To the former it stands for all that is possible in the shape of a perfect violin. His aim is to become the owner of a violin made in this little Italian town and if he has the good fortune to get a *Strad* or a *del Gesu*, he feels as if he must guard it night and day. On the other hand the world in general considers any old violin a Cremona; while some use Cremona as a synonym for Italian, in speaking of violins. This little Italian village boasted many masters in violin making, but the Amati, Guarneri, and Stradivari families together with the Bergouzi and Guadaguini were the most important.

The first of the makers is Andrea Amati (1520- (?)) whose reputation rests on the fact that he was the founder of the Cremonese school. His violins are small and, judging from this and the character of his workmanship, he must have been a pupil of Gaspar da Salo. He was very careful and painstaking, but he made his violins very thick from

top to back, or of what is called the high model, which gave his instruments little power. The sweetness that generally goes with this shape somewhat compensates for the lack of force. Andrea's principal work was a set of thirty-eight instruments made for Charles II, which was kept in Chapel Royal at Versailles until they were stolen during the French Revolution. Some of his violins are still extant, but are not much in demand as solo instruments.

Andrea had two sons, Antonio and Girolamo Amati, who were also violin makers. They worked together but each showed individuality. Antonio was somewhat of a plodder and his work is but slightly in advance of his father's. Girolamo, on the other hand, was an artist full of originality and power. He departed from the pointed sound holes of the Brescian makers and cut that form which his son Niccolo improved and Stradivari perfected. The purfling which these brothers used also shows fine execution. In their later instruments the varnish is thin and light, a beautiful orange, through which the grain of the wood is clearly marked. Their tops are always made of wood of the best quality and the acoustic properties are better than that possessed by any of their father's instruments.

Girolamo had a son, Niccolo Amati (1596-1684), who was destined to be the greatest maker of his famous family, while his instruments are only second to those of his pupil Stradivari. Up to 1645 he followed his father's model more or less, and his works of this period are rather small. However, he was not long in shaping a course of his own and developed what is called the "grand" Amati. This model has fine sharp corners, with a raised center, which drops rapidly from the feet of the bridge to the outer edge. This shape seems to add sweetness and beauty, but does not increase the power. The sound holes are like his father's, but cut more boldly. The shape of his scroll is exquisite, and his choice of wood excellent, the tops especially being even grained and of a soft silken nature.

Of the Guarneri family, Andrea, (1630-1695) a fellow pupil of Stradivari in the shop of Niccolo Amati, was the first of his family to make violins. He followed his teacher,

showing originality in his scroll and the flatter form of his instruments, but in regard to his finish he was much less successful than his master.

Guisseppe Antonio Guarneri (1683-1745), commonly called Joseph del Gesu from his use of the symbol of the Maltese cross over the letters I H S on his labels, has often been called a pupil of Stradivari. For this there is no documentary evidence and as there is no resemblance between his instruments and those of Stradivari it is not probable. The outline, the sound holes, the scroll, all are different. His work shows the marks of the Brescian makers more than of the Cremonese. He uses the pointed sound hole of Da Salo, with some modifications, his whole trend is a carrying out of Da Salo's ideas; his sound hole, his outline and his wood is the same as that of the Brescian. His violins are frequently divided into three periods. In the first he used many models and shifted his sound holes from place to place as if experimenting. His finish in the latter half of this period is very rough and it seems as if he had been looking forward to his second period and had hurriedly completed the instruments he had already begun. In his second period he made some violins that are unrivalled in exquisite, artistic originality of form, handsome material, and deep amber varnish. Most of the instruments of this period are somewhat smaller than his other works. About 1740, as the common tradition has it, Del Gesu was imprisoned for some cause, from which confinement resulted the instruments of his third period. These violins show less care in workmanship, and are large and massive, with heavy edges, scroll vigorous and majestic, while the wood possesses the best possible acoustic properties. It was to this period that the violins of Paganini and M. Alard belonged.

The famous violin makers have all received their introduction to the public through the playing of some great virtuoso. Thus De Beriot playing on his Maggini made known its qualities, and Paganini did the same for Guarneri. The instrument maker Livron had loaned Paganini a Guarneri to play at a concert which he attended. After the concert the virtuoso handed the instrument back to its owner

who gave it back with the words: "*Nie werde ich die Vaiten entweihen die Ihre Finger berührt haben, das Instrument gehört Ihnen.*" Paganini always called this violin his *Kanonc.*

The town of Cremona was already famous for its violin makers, but how much was its fame augmented by the birth of the Raphael of violin designers, Stradivari. Never has a maker gained such world wide reputation, yet today the people of his little village do not appreciate the importance that the name of Stradivari has given to their town. On the enthusiastic visitor to Stradivari's home they turn wondering eyes: "Was it not a fortunate chance for Stradivari that he was born in Cremona?" He lived to a green old age, and turned out an almost incredible number of instruments of wonderful excellence, which today furnish the models for the majority of violin makers.

Antonio Stradivari was born in 1644 in Cremona, where he lived and died at the age of ninety-three. His house was a small three story one, the first floor of which was used as a workshop, while his varnishing was done upstairs, where the dust would not disturb the quality of the drying instruments. Just around the corner was the shop of Niccolo Amati where Antonio had his initiation into the art of violin making. Here he worked until about 1666 when he decided to work out a course of his own. Until 1672 his work resembles the average full sized instrument of Amati. It is true his sound holes show more delicacy in workmanship, but they are still of the Amati type. One is reminded also of his teacher's work in the long and somewhat sharp but graceful arch of the belly.

Mr. Hart gives 1686-1694 as the dates of the second series of Strad instruments. In these there is a decided advance. His model begins to be more individualized, it leaves the arch of Amati and becomes flatter, which gives an increase of strength and carrying power. The sound holes recline more and leave nothing to be required in grace and beauty. His scroll perhaps shows more change than any other part; size, slant, position of the ears, and beauty of the line of the volute, all give promise of his golden period.

During the last six years of the century, Stradivari developed another type, the so called "long Strad." The length is only increased in appearance; the narrowing of the upper part of the instrument and also of the waist giving the effect of an increase in length. The varnish of all these 17th century instruments is of a great variety of colors; sometimes it is a rich gold, soft and very transparent, and always of beautiful quality.

The *grand* period of Stradivari's work began with the opening of the century. He was an old man, old enough to have been satisfied with his great success, but he was always unfolding, developing, making more perfect that instrument for which his name has almost become a synonym. One cannot describe the instruments of this period; it seems a sacrilege to try. The changed outline, so different from anything previous; the broad-curled, handsome wood in the backs; the perfect head thrown back, with its saucy scroll so finely wrought, cannot be pictured,—they must be seen. And then the sunny varnish, varying from a clear straw tint to the characteristic golden red, shading into a golden yellow as soft to the touch as velvet, yet so transparent, so brilliant! When these instruments have been seen, one no longer wonders that such violins are not made now a days, but rather holds the treasure in his hands and tries to imagine how it was ever accomplished.

One son of Stradivari, Francesco, took up his father's trade. His instruments, bold and original in design, have less finish than those of his father, but the tone is immediately rich and telling.

Next door to Stradivari, in this block so famed for its makers, lived Carlo Bergonzi (1716-1747), one of the many pupils of Antonio. His whole family were makers but Carlo is the best known. As usual his first violins resemble Strads, but later on his originality crops out in the greater angularity of his lines and the placing of his sound holes nearer the edge of the instrument. His scroll is bold and flatter than usual, while the ears, by their extra projection, give the impression of great breadth. His varnish is like that of Stradivari, but is not put on so well.

The Cremona school completed the work of the Brescian. In Stradivari it reached its climax. To what the perfection of this school is due is not known; some saying it was the fine quality of oil varnish used and the excellence of the climate of Italy for drying this; others, that the bellies cause this perfection as they were made of a wood now extinct in Europe. Considering all sides it seems that the result was arrived by a combination of circumstances, of which the most important was the love of the maker for his work as an art, not as a money getter, and his unwillingness to hasten that which should not be hastened.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

It was not until the early part of the 17th century that the French and English schools began to have any importance. François Médard and Tywersus were the contemporaries of the English Rayman and Wise, and were the first French makers. These early French makers chose the Brescian and Cremonese models and kept to them. Even when the violins of Stainer were in such demand, they had the good sense to keep to their well chosen Italian predecessors. But the great fault with most of those French makers, was the fact that they were mercenary and prefered quantity to quality. It is on this account that the names of Boquay, Pierray and some few of their pupils, are the only ones deserving any praise out of the many makers of the early period.

Both Claude Pierray (1700-1725) and Jacques Boquay (1700 1730) were Parisian and, from their instruments, appear to have followed Amati. Pierray was a good workman. His instruments are larger than those of Amati and are of medium merit. His varnish is pale red, of good quality, while that of Boquay is a warm brown, velvety and transparent. Boquay's violins are smaller than those of Pierray and while they have a sweet tone, are not very powerful.

The makers of the second period, such as Nicolas Lupot, DeComble and Pique made considerable advancement in their models and instituted a school, of which François Gaud,

of Paris, and Silvestre, of Lyons, were followers.

Nicolas Lupot was born at Stuttgard in 1758 and went to Orleans in 1770. From there he moved to Paris in 1794, where he died in 1824. He is at the head of modern violin makers; their chief without much doubt. He was an artist in all interpretations of the word; he had genius, and in addition, the ability for and the desire of hard work. No instrument ever left his shop that was not made entirely by his own hand. Then he had an intimate knowledge of the works of the Italian masters and profited by it. He followed Stradivari as to model, but his varnish is peculiar to himself. It comes as a kind of link between the French and Italian. It is good in quality and varies in color from a light to a dark red. François Gaud, his son-in-law, succeeded him and was noted as a great repairer.

Ambroine DeComble, of Tournay (1760 (?) and Pierre Silvestre of Lyons were two French men who followed Stradivari. The instruments of the former are large and flat with a good deal of material. Sometimes they have the telling Italian tone, owing probably to the fine varnish. Silvestre worked with Lupot and with Gaud and had few equals in high finish and careful workmanship. Very few of his instruments are in existence. Of the other French masters, Viullaumes, Salle, Germain, and Mennegard are well known.

THE GERMAN SCHOOL

In Germany there were no violins made during the period at which the Brescian makers worked. Considering the proximity of Italy this seems odd, but the Germans were very far advanced in the making of viols and lutes and thus did not appreciate the wonderful qualities of the little violin until the Italians had brought it nearly to perfection. When they at last recognized this importance, the number of German makers became enormous, but originality appears in but few. The exceeding ability of the German makers of all kinds of old stringed instruments leads one to expect wonderful violins from them, but they took a bad model and stuck to it with the typical German stubborness.

The German school can be divided into those who follow the Italian model and those who copied Stainer. Niccolo Amati was the pattern used by the former, and most successfully, but the great popularity of Stainer, the German Stradivari, prevented their good qualities being appreciated.

Jacob Stainer (1621-1683) was second in renown only to the great Italian masters. At one time, in Germany and England, he had even more admirers. He was born in the Tyrol and probably worked for some old Tyrolese lute or viol maker, which would account for his crude model. His varnish and workmanship was nearly equal to that of the Cremona makers and when he perceived the weakness of his own model, he was probably too old to change it. If his genius had been rightly directed there is every reason to believe that he would have made instruments equal to those of Stradivari. Stainer was violin maker to the arch duke Ferdinand Charles, governor of Tyrol, in 1668, and in 1669 he was maker to the court of the Emperor of Austria, Leopold I; but in spite of these offices, he died bankrupt and mad. His violins are entirely original in form. They are harsher in outline and the thickness of the wood is calculated differently than in the Cremonas. Some compare the tone of Cremonas to that of a clarinette, while the tone of Stainers resembles more the quality of a flute. His sound holes are shorter than usual and are well designed, the top and bottom being perfect circles. The head is very beautiful, especially the scroll, which is cut as regularly as if made by a machine. A finely cut lions head sometimes takes the place of the scroll. Stainer's most celebrated violins were twelve made for the electors of Germany and for that reason called *Elector Stainers*. These are rare pieces of perfect workmanship. Stainer made great changes in the German system of modelling, but even in his best work he retained the sound hole and extra arch of his fellow-makers.

Many indeed are the followers of this great maker, the Klotz family, Reiss of Bamberg, Bauch of Breslau, and Leopold Widhabur of Nuremberg. Widhabur is perhaps the best imitator of Stainer. His wood is often of the hand-

somest and is worked with care and patience.

The German makers became mercenary in their taste. In fact they had to turn out more instruments than was compatible with high artistic qualities, in order to obtain a living. Then, as a rule, they followed a bad model, and add to this their climate, so much more unfavorable for the drying of varnish and the seasoning of wood than that of Italy, and the great superiority of the Italian instruments can be understood.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

The English School is not generally considered in the works of European writers on the violin. Some say this is from jealousy, others, that the school does not deserve mention. However this may be as a school, there were certainly many English makers who are deserving of great praise. Jay, Bolles, Addison and Smith were among the earliest viol makers in England; and after them, in the early part of the 17th century, came Christian Wise, Rayman, Urquhart and Barak Norman, who represent the old English school, or those who followed the Brescian makers.

The founder of this old school was Jacob Rayman (1620 (?) of London. He shows a great improvement over the old English viol makers, cutting his instruments rather ungracefully but with a great deal of character. His model was flat and was surmounted by a tiny well formed scroll.

Of this old school Barak Norman (1688-1740) London, did the best work. He was an admirer of Maggini and shows this in all his works. He studied with Urquhart, a pupil of Rayman, and was the first Englishman to make 'cellos.

The next character that sheds light is Benjamin Banks (1727-1795), the undoubted head of the English school. To his influence is due the establishment of the Amati type in England, in preference to the Stainer. His copies of Amati often have his initials stamped on them. His 'cellos are even more in demand today than his violins. In its transparency, richness, and amount of shading his varnish is nearly Italian in character. The scroll is his weakest

point; it is small and stiff and does not resemble Amati's in the least.

Thomas Dodd though not a maker himself deserves mention from the fact that he could tell good workmen and knew how to use them. And then he possessed the secret of a fine varnish and, employing Bernard Fendt and John Lott as hands, for whom he furnished the head, he had instruments made and afterwards applied the varnish himself. He thus produced violins of much worth.

Fendt and Lott were both German, but were Italian in their workmanship. Fendt made instruments of value while with Dodd; but later, working for himself, he lacked the Dodd varnish and his violins have not the same high grade. He was a friend of Lott and persuaded him to leave cabinet works for violin making. Lott's double-bases are the finest made in England, owing to his great care and patience.

The cause of the decadance in violin making in England was the same as in Germany and in France, merely the inability to spend the requisite time and care on their manufacture, and at the same time gain a livelihood. In the earlier times there was a duty on all foreign musical instruments, and with this protection violin makers increased in numbers and the quality of their work improved. But then this duty was removed and those who did not give up their trade had to cheapen and quicken the manufacture at the expense of all the higher merits.

BERKELEY BRANDT.

READING FOR THE MUSICAL-LITERARY CLUBS.

MUSIC IN NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER IV. [CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN PSALMODY FROM THOMAS HASTINGS TO MOODY AND SANKEY.

It was his services to his country during the civil war which endeared Dr. Root to his fellow-countrymen perhaps more than any part of his long and honorable career. He had begun his activity as composer of songs for the people as early as 1854, his "Hazel Dell" and "Rosalie the Prairie Flower" having achieved very wide popularity, and it was therefore with a practiced pen and a ready response to the feeling of the common folk that Dr. Root began his career as composer of war songs. There is not space here to narrate the steps of this progress. From "The Vacant Chair" to "Tramp, tramp" and "The battle Cry of Freedom" he was ready for every important turn in the tide of affairs. The latter song sprang into almost immediate currency. It was sung by the Lombard brothers at a public meeting on the court house square in Chicago almost before the ink was dry on the composer's copy. Another copy was sent Mr. James R. Murray in camp, and it immediately became popular in the army, and was sung with great effect by regiments of Northern troops on long, cold, dreary marches, in camp and on the battlefield, and has retained its popularity every since. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Boys are marching" was another equally popular war song of his. But this is not the place for a complete enumeration of his secular songs.

Not the least of Dr. Root's services to music is his work in various Normal Musical Institutes, a work begun nearly forty years ago and still actively continued. The first one was held in 1852 in New York, and with him were associ-

ated Dr. Lowell Mason, Thomas Hastings and William B. Bradbury. These "Normals" were schools of music organized for a term of a few weeks, generally in the summer vacation time, when they could be attended by teachers. They brought together first-class teachers and earnest, energetic pupils, largely teachers also, but remote from urban opportunities and privileges and glad to avail themselves of the stimulus of a few weeks of association with other minds interested in music, and of the opportunity for instruction and for hearing music. The idea of these "Normals" originated with Dr. Root, the suggestion having arisen out of the musical conventions held in Boston, under the auspices of the Boston Academy, as elsewhere recounted. They proved exceedingly popular and influential and have exerted a beneficial influence on musical culture, filling a place which would otherwise have remained unfilled; thus they met a real need. Dr. Root is still (1894) active in them and in his work as composer and conductor.

Perhaps the most influential and popular of the above named men, next to Dr. Root, was William B. Bradbury. When he, Baker, and Root began their work, there were fewer able men engaged in that kind of teaching than now, and this fact is of itself sufficient to give them prominence. Bradbury was of a respected family in Maine. His parents were musically inclined and encouraged the development of his natural talents. The family moved to Boston when he was fourteen years old, and there he received his musical education. Ten years later, in 1840, he went to New York and then began his career as teacher and composer. The years 1847-9 he spent in Europe, studying for some time in Leipzig, and greatly deepening and broadening his musical experience. From the time of his return until his death, nineteen years, he devoted himself to teaching, convention work and composing. In all this he rendered good service, well adapted to the needs of his time and thoroughly effective. He was highly respected as a man, and his name as a composer, conductor and teacher will always be associated with those of Mason, Hastings and Root as characterizing an epoch in our musical history.

The work of most of the other men above mentioned and of numerous others, has been in the same line as that of these four pioneers; similar in kind and perhaps in degree, but rendered somewhat less conspicuous by the widening of the field and the increasing number of the workers. Bliss and Sankey were revivalists whose music is certainly widely popular; but the change from Root and Bradbury to them cannot be said to make any advance in musical culture. On the contrary, the supplanting of Root's "Diapason" and Bradbury's "Jubilee" by Sankey "Gospel Hymns" marks a decline in musical taste, measured by any valid standard of musical perception and intelligence. And the same thing must be said of a large number of the current collections of church music and especially of Sunday school music. Too much of it is trivial; too many of the words are mere doggerel. Approximately, at least, it is fair to say that the older names in the list above given represent a more dignified ideal, while Mr. Sankey, upon his musical side, if not Bliss, stands primarily for what is not unfair to describe as jingle. No one will doubt the sincerity or the earnestness of either of these men. They practically base their work on the inadequate philosophy of Hastings; but even so, it marks a retrograde movement. Religious music in order to be of the highest type must give genuine expression to the loftiest and profoundest religious feeling. But this surely cannot be said of either the hymns or tunes of the "Gospel Hymns" of Moody and Sankey or of many of the current hymn tunes and Sunday School music. Compare the noble, elevated, sublime strains of Haendel's "Messiah" or the Chorals in Bach's "Passion Music" with the alleged sacred music to be heard any Sunday in many of our churches and Sunday Schools, even in not a few of our city churches! There certainly can be but one intelligent opinion as to which side holds the overwhelming preponderance of solemnity, dignity and nobility of character. And surely these are no unimportant factors in religious feeling, religious worship and religious music. One may, doubtless, be sincere in a worship capable of finding its natural expression in doggerel rhymes such as no literary critic

would acknowledge to be poetry, and in jigging dance tunes which intelligent musicians would find too cheap for the lightest of light operetta. But educated men and musicians can not be expected to sympathize with either the one or the other. The "Gospel Hymns" and tunes point not in the direction of the noble and refined conceptions of the great masters but downward toward a lower plane of experience and a coarser type of feeling. However well they may meet the needs of those who use them, they are on a declining and not on an ascending plane; they tend not to elevate but to degrade public musical taste.

Fortunately while inferior music finds place in too many of our churches, these are also many congregations whose music is made up very largely of noble, dignified hymns and tunes, drawn from the best English, German and American sources. The "Hymnal" of the Episcopal church has furnished the model for many of them, notably for the Service Book used by the Unitarian denomination, the "Hymns of the Faith," a Congregational compilation, and others.

There are two strong tendencies now at work in American psalmody; one pushing vigorously in the direction of the vulgarization of thought and feeling which finds its lowest expression in the music of the "Salvation Army," (I need only instance "Run, Devil run, and "There is no flies on Jesus") and the other pressing upward toward the nobility, dignity and refinement of the words of the great masters and of the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church. On the whole, it would seem that the believers in progress and improvement have no reason to be discouraged, but the reverse.

There is the more reason to be encouraged because the upward tendency is at present shown by a considerable number of young composers and young choir leaders who write or select for the opening of church service anthems, motetts etc., of a much higher character than even the best to be found in the works of Bradbury and Root. The upward movement in this field began with the publication of Buck's first Motette Collection, about 1865. Its author, Dudley Buck is one of the most accomplished of American musicians. He was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1839, went

to Europe when he was only nineteen; received the very best training to be had in Leipzig, Dresden and Paris, returning to America after four years of study. His career since is one of which every American may be proud, for his record as an organist and composer place him on a par with the best European musicians of his own age. His "Legend of Don Munio," "Golden Legend," "Forty-sixth Psalm," Symphonic Overture to "Marmion," etc., show the very best of musicianly attainments; his "Studies in pedal Phrasing" and other organ works are equally excellent, and his two volumes of mottets, original and selected, mark an epoch in the history of American Church Music. Since he went to Germany for thorough preparation in his profession, a vast number of young American musicians have followed his example, with results which are telling on the church music of the more intellectual centers no less than on other departments of musical life. Among them are John P. Morgan, O. B. Boise, J. C. D. Parker, W. W. Gilchrist and a host of young men and of men in early middle age, too numerous to mention.

CHAPTER V.

SINGING SCHOOLS AND CONSERVATORIES FROM LOWELL MASON TO THE PRESENT.

THE New England Singing School was an established and wide-spread institution when Lowell Mason came on the scene. But to him it owed the most radical improvements in its methods. His pupils became the controlling force in American popular music and their influence was sound and wholesome. However limited may have been the range of the knowledge; however insignificant may have been the music they practiced in comparison with the great master-pieces of Musical Art, the singing school teachers trained by Lowell Mason did yeoman's service in educating the ear and in developing the knowledge of the fundamentals of music. Whatever else they failed to teach, they thoroughly grounded their classes in the perception of

tonality, of the relation of all the tones of a melody to the keynote. This is the fundamental cognition of all musical intelligence; the indispensable condition of understanding either melody or harmony. It is precisely the point in which our modern pupils, brought up exclusively at the piano, are weak, and inevitably so. So that, although we have gained in some respects, we have lost in others. Where there is really good and sound music teaching in the public schools, this want is supplied. When it is not, every teacher of harmony finds that his pupils lack the fundamental perceptions necessary to success, and he has to lay the foundations by a long, slow and painful process.

Out of the Singing Schools, scattered wherever New England people migrated, all over the Northern states, grew the Convention, by a natural process of evolution. Singing school teachers, two or three in a county, rode from town to town all through the winter season, holding singing schools every night in the week. Then came County Associations, meeting once or twice a year in the fall, perhaps also in the spring, at which most of the singers of the County were assembled, for a three or four days festival. Sometimes these conventions were led by the local teachers alternately. Sometimes a distinguished teacher of psalmody from an Eastern city was chosen as conductor. In this way men like Wm. B. Bradbury; Geo. F. Root, B. F. Baker, A. N. Johnson, L. O. Emerson, W. O. Perkins, H. S. Perkins, and many others, took charge of numerous county associations. Some of them formed a long series of engagements which occupied the whole of the convention season, spending the rest of the year in compiling new books to be used on similar occasions in the future. Comparatively little of the music performed was of a high character, consisting largely of the current psalmody. But the singers were also introduced, more or less sparingly, to choruses from the current Italian Operas, the standard oratorios and the glees of the English School. Limited as these opportunities were, they served as a powerful stimulus to musical interest and were occasions of real and keen musical and social enjoyment. Many an American musician received

the determining impulses toward his profession in these conventions, having already laid the foundation of sound musicianship in the country singing school. However much a trained European musician might be disposed to look with contempt on the elementary nature of the music and the crudity of the performances at these festivals, they were nevertheless a powerful force for good, and American music owes them a great debt. Whether the need of them has yet passed away or not, there was a stage of American musical development in which they performed a most important and indispensable function.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to overlook the fact that while the convention still continues to flourish, the country singing school has at least in some parts of the country declined. The country teacher no longer goes his rounds as he did twenty or thirty years ago, and the country young people of the present are no longer being taught the fundamentals of music as their fathers and mothers were. There are more pianos in the country districts, more young women who can play cheap variations on commonplace themes, of the grade of Wyman's "Silvery Waves;" there are even more who have received some sort of introduction to the better class of piano music. Bnt there are hardly any people of either sex who can sing a plain church tune correctly at sight or perhaps who can even sing a scale correctly without the help of an instrument. It is precisely in these communities where the old-fashioned singing school has died out that the Moody and Sankey "Gospel Hymns" flourish. Whatever faults we may ascribe to these productions, they have "catchy" tunes which are easily learned by ear, and that is the only way in which most of the country congregations nowadays can sing at all. So that the degradation of music to the Moody and Sankey level is directly attributable to the decline of the singing school.

Into these communities comes now the Convention leader, no longer with an enthusiastic county association at his back, and organizes a convention in which three or four days are devoted to the preparation of a concert. He has no longer the old material to depend upon; he must use mostly

ignorant, raw singers and teach them by note what they are to sing. There are few or none who pride themselves on their ability in sight-singing; nothing difficult, nothing beyond the simplest tunes can be taken up, and these must be "catchy." The result is that the convention no longer raises the standard of music in the country where it is held; no longer stimulates singers to improvement in sight-reading and in real intelligence; no longer reacts on the efficiency of the singing-schools, because singing schools no longer exist. It merely serves as a brief diversion in the monotony of country life, as would a ball, or a revival, or a camp-meeting, and fills the pocket of the convention leader.

The above remarks apply more particularly to the Western Reserve of Ohio, with which field the writer formerly had an intimate acquaintance, which he still retains sufficiently to form an opinion of its condition. In those parts of Wisconsin with which he is acquainted the case is no better. And he has seen little or no reason to believe that the country districts in other portions of the Union are in advance of those above mentioned. With the New South he has had no opportunity to become acquainted; but he has seen some evidences of an interest and activity in church music there out of which results may eventually come.

In art matters, as in other intellectual and spiritual interests, the one fatal condition is stagnation. Wherever there is life there is growth; and crude conditions will eventually be outgrown.

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

NOW that the music-teaching season is beginning, it is perhaps a good time to ask ourselves what it is that we are teaching A pleasing incident happened not long ago in an eastern city. An ambitious and talented girl had been studying some time in Boston, with a teacher who represented the "method" of Leschetitzky—that most eminent of teachers of artists. On one occasion she gave her former teacher quite a minute description of the exercises and the results thus far attained. Through it all ran, like a silver thread, the word "method." Loosely associated with this was the word "muscle," and it was evident that in her estimation the method consisted of muscular development; but of application of all this method and muscle later there was not a suggestion. Her former teacher heard her through to the end, and sweetly added:

"Well, my dear, with all your study of method, I hope you will remember that there is an *Art of Music.*"

Vocal students who happen also to be studying pianoforte, often make a nice distinction without meaning to. They speak of taking "singing lessons" and a lesson "in music." This is gratifying to the instrumental teacher, for to teach music is precisely what he aspires to do, if he knows his business.

* * *

From the standpoint of art, the music teacher's problem is to qualify every pupil to derive from music the highest satisfaction possible; and to minister to others in the same spirit.

* * *

That this is something quite different from routine teaching is plain enough upon the face of it. Besides making the pupil perform the immediate object of the lessons, Art requires a body of subsidiary instruction, culture, awakening;

and a continuance of the process until a sort of missionary spirit has been engendered, through the operation of which the student not only loves the best in music, and plays it enjoyably for his own satisfaction, but has the courage and patience to bring his friends also to know and like it.

* * *

It is by no means an easy question how far and to what extent pianoforte lessons can or ought to be made lessons in theory, musical history, and the foundations of musical taste. We are met with the practical difficulty that many pupils take but half hour lessons; and in some cases only once a week. The result is that with his utmost endeavor the teacher can only just keep them progressing. For we must never forget that the most difficult part of piano teaching is precisely one to which the student gives no attention whatever. Namely, to find out exactly where the pupil is, what are the merits, what the defects, and the causes of the latter. When the teacher knows these things the way is comparatively simple, for in the course of years of teaching he finds out how all kinds of musical medicine work in individual cases. Now when the pupil plays only a half hour in all, and this only once in a week, the teacher can hardly do more than proof-read the lesson, correct the more obvious faults, and set work in advance. But of the general task of finding out where the pupil is musically, and planning the work with reference to later development, he has little time. And so the lesson becomes exclusively a lesson in playing.

* * *

A really cultivated taste in music, when not the result of fortunate heredity, is due to a combination of knowledge and experience. Many things help toward forming good taste; all the experience in harmony, counterpoint, thematic work, and form. All the practice in hearing, and all the general ideas of composers picked up from reading more or less desultorily in musical periodicals and books. What is wanted to a really educated taste is actual personal acquaintance with the best music, and a clear perception of the

qualities in the good which differentiate it from the bad. The common impression that all the compositions of certain composers are good and all the works of others are bad, has little foundation. There have been certain composers whose technique of composition was so masterly that everything of theirs shows it; though perhaps only a moderate percentage of them show the inner something which gives music its effect upon the hearer—namely, feeling and beauty. Many a composition of Bach is as clever as clever can be, and therefore interesting to musical analysis, but contains little or nothing of feeling. Others, again, are at the same time intensely interesting upon musical grounds and full of the inner something which is the soul of music. To play these latter pieces is an education. It is an act of religion. Even when we play them from a technical standpoint mainly, before they are well mastered the inner something makes its way with us, and we find ourselves refreshed and stimulated by the experience. It attunes the player, and it makes all other music sound better.

While this is true, it is not true that between these works of Bach and Beethoven and works of lesser and common composers there exists a line of demarcation such as the Apostle Peter conceived in his vision, when he desired to be delivered from everything that is common and unclean. There is vulgarity in music, but it is rare. There are many works in music which make very little demand upon the higher qualites; nevertheless within their province they may be all very well. In fact it is not easy to say of almost any one piece that it could not under some circumstances be advantageously used in education, or legitimately employed for amusement of others. Even in the case of the empty variation numbers of such writers as T. P. Ryder, where the most ordinary symmetries and keyboard forms are interlarded with the notes of the melody, there is nothing harmful. These things are as innocent as chewing gum; and as inelegant. One might eat quite a good dietary in spite of exercises between times upon the indestructable morsel—this dietary atom which repeats the miracle of the bush and continues to burn without being consumed.

All arbitrary lines of taste, as between the works of certain composers on one hand and all others, are without foundation, and their presence betrays ignorance.

Determinations of excellence or the reverse in a piece of music turn primarily upon how we answer the question: "What is Music for; what does it propose?" Whenever a teacher or a student has answered this question in a manner broad enough to take in the different kinds and qualities of musical art, there is ground for bringing out individualities in works of art, and perhaps to set them in a sort of gradation in accordance with their nature and intention.

All musical qualities and merits may be included, I fancy, in two categories, of which the second includes the first and is dependent upon it. Namely:

1. To please the musical sense—by which I mean the trained or untrained sense of hearing.

2. To touch the imagination by the expression of the beautiful.

Whatever the piece, its first duty is to please the sense of hearing. It may do this in either one or two ways, and according to the choice pieces class themselves as for popular use or for trained hearers. In the former the symmetries, tonal combinations and relations are of an obvious kind, such as are clear to the untrained sense of hearing. In the higher type the tonal combinations are less obvious; dissonances are introduced in order to make the consonance more sweet; and in many ways caprices are indulged, which for the moment seem to the untrained sense a forgetfulness of the well-sounding; but which by the trained and sensitive ear are understood and enjoyed much more than mere plain relations could be.

When a piece is able to please the musical sense, whether upon a grade of simplicity or complexity, its next possibility is to awaken the sense of the beautiful in what it may mean or suggest. In the highest sense music may be said to present life. Moods and cycles of spiritual life are embodied in tones. To characterize these moods and cycles in words is beyond us, and beyond the power of words, since tonal combinations and successions afford a vastly more expres-

sive and flexible medium than words. All compositions belonging to this category are to be appreciated first as music, and secondly as something from within, a voice from the psychic world. Such a voice may address us in elementary moods easy to comprehend, such as the heroic, the tender, the sweetly pensive, the restless, the passionately headlong driving, the deep repose of celestial atmospheres. These are but the rude types of myriad shapes of soul-representation which the art of music affords.

Hence we might rearrange our two step scale of musical aesthetics into a four-step scale like this:—

Music undertakes to give delight.

1. To the senses, agreeable sensations of tonal relation and contrast.

2. To the educated musical sense by all sorts of tonal clevernesses and incidents of treatment, such as symmetries, sequences, harmonic variety, thematic treatment, and the like.

3. To awaken suggestions. (Here we have most so-called descriptive music.)

4. To present life.

About everything in the way of music can be placed somewhere along this four-step scale. Highest of all is the last, and it is here that Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and a few others establish themselves.

* * *

Observe further, that each ascending step involves the ones below. No matter how high the taste it rests upon the perception of elementary traits of good sound and agreeable symmetry. When it advances above this it adds distinctly musical skill. Then along with the quality of being "well-made" the piece of music awakens a suggestion. It is like an incident, or it may be a picture. It is music, but it is also something else. There is in it a surplus something which is not elementary symmetry, nor yet mere musical treatment; it calls up something in the mind. And this something may be called up when we hear it without noting particularly the incidents of the musical treatment.

In the fourth degree we have life itself—the inner life which is not thought merely, as such; nor yet feeling, as such; but life, its moods, its flow, its reveries and raptures of the ideal. In short, just as the highest poetry attains its eminence not in mere verbal clevernesses, but in consequence of something which lies behind the words and comes to expression through them, is involved in, or *is*, the inner something behind the story which the words tell; so this higher music contains life. the essence of life, the moments of life which words cannot give, moments which even words can bring out only as a sort of back-ground.

Take almost any good poem and you will note that it has what musicians call a key, a mode, a certain *Stimmung*, as the Germans call it, a *tuning* like a certain key, as of D minor, A minor, F major, or C sharp major, or what not. Now this which poetry has in it as a sort of back-ground, the tones give us directly. The emotional something, the mood, the inner spirit, is itself expressed in the music so that we go with it, are moved by it. In art it is sometimes better to weep than to laugh. Pathos is the soul of art. What man is, what he suffers, and what he does, these are the points concerning which the Roman writer said that he desired that nothing human should be foreign to him. What man *does*, we have his works to show; what he *is*, and what he suffers, art mainly reveals to us.

* * *

It is of course a difficult question how far young students ought to be apprised of the distinctions indicated above, and made acquainted with the grounds upon which appreciation of the highest in music rests. The danger is of filling them with mere opinions, verbal formulas, which, resting upon no inner foundation of musical observation and consciousness, do not mean anything to them. Yet one would say that there might be a way of gradually evolving a rudimentary self-consciousness in these directions by means of illustrated recitals or talks addresed to the class together. When a class has heard for instance Wollenhaupt's "Whispering Winds" and the first movement of the "moonlight"

sonata, perhaps more than once in immediate connection, and has really felt that the movement of the sonata somehow means something deeper than the former, a beginning of taste has been made. If now we go further and try to point a moral that the sonata is greater and therefore we had better play it all the time, we do too much. The clock does not strike twelve all the time, but only twice in every twenty-four hours. It is just as legitimate to enjoy the playful as the morbid; for the young even more legitimate. An appetite for the tragic can easily be overdone.

* * *

There is another kind of musical representation which does not lie under the charge of being dangerous for common use. I mean the highly ideal lyric moments, such as we find so well done in the slow movements of Beethoven. The Largo of the second sonata, for instance, will wear for years if well used. But we need not expect children to enjoy it, except the few very sensitive and musically organized. The others will have to grow to it by many times hearing, and by playing it themselves. It is the same with the Adagio of the Sonata Pathetique. Others of the slow movements such as the Largo in the sonata in D major, opus 14, belong to a yet more mature development, appealing to serious qualities of mind and introspective tendencies such as perhaps children never possess. But it is a great gain when a class of children have heard such things times enough to feel that they do represent something, *mean* something.

So also when a child plays an Invention of Bach, it is much if the musical treatment be traced, the relation of imitation and sequence and the like. When the Invention is also very musical and pleasing, as the eighth, for instance, it is still better if the fact be recognized.

* * *

In short the seed will have been sown when the growing class has been made to recognize some of the elements which enter into musical art, and above all when they feel that such and such higher works really represent life, present its

movement, its happy or its unhappy moments, its inner atmosphere of suggestion and perhaps of joy or sorrow, and its possibility of beauty. When once this mode of thinking of musical works has been set in operation, everything will come later, according to the quality of the student's mind and capacity. If not the highest, why then the highest attainable for this individual. That the standard ultimately reached may be heightened by the judicious application of opportunities to hear the best, and especially to hear with adequate (but not too much) explanation, is obvious enough. And it is in these directions that teachers need to work. And it is also here that the private teacher, having his class entirely to himself, has a greater responsibility than even the conservatory.

* * *

I have several times alluded to the vigorous movement for some years in progress in Italy, Germany and France, towards the restoration of the Plain Song in its purity, and the Palestrinian music, in place of the operatic and secular works which now too often usurp the place of church music in catholic countries. When I was in Venice, some years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting the musical director of St. Marc's, and the vice director, Signor Giovanni Tebaldini. The old director, the Chevalier Coccone, represents the older conventional church music of the latter part of the last century and the first of this. The vice director, on the contrary, had been put in place for the express promulgation of the opposite of all these musical ideas. Mr. Tebaldini is a graduate of the conservatory of Milan and of the church music school at Regensburg in Germany. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the Palestrinian music, and had at that time a school for training singers to perform it at the venerable altar of St. Marc's. I went with him to see this school, one day. It was held in the oldest church in Venice, that of St. Giacomo by the Rialto. It is a queer old building, said by the guide books to have been erected some where about the year 600 A. D. It is almost circular in form, like the baptistry at Florence and at Pisa. There was an organ, a grand piano, and a large American organ,

(I believe by Mason & Hamlin.) It was upon the latter that the director played. The class consisted of minor clerics, boys, and a few young men apparently gondeliers or the like. Several of the voices I heard perform their exercises. Signor Tebaldini gave me the most unconventional explanations in German, which none of those present understood. A "*schöne Stimme*" was easily recognized as such, and duly admired. Then he gave me what he accurately characterized as "*Ein schlechte Stimme* (with intense disgust in the expression of the adjective.) This voice, however, he told me he expected to make a beautiful one in less than six months, its faults being only upon the surface.

Mr. Tebaldini said that he expected to give a good musical service in St. Marc's within six months; but to sing Palestrina would take two years additional training.

The movement has gone on with great force in Italy, and I have had from time to time programs of church congresses and musical festivals of these reforming singers. And now I find in a Belgian and Paris musical journal an article, elsewhere translated, showing how the movement is taking hold in France.

* * *

What a queer thing a miscellaneous concert is. First comes some sort of noisy and effective piece, to awaken attention. Then each member of the company in turn appears with a solo after its kind, saving the prima donna for the last. Then there is the usual and inevitable demand for repetition for one or more of the pieces, and a second part in which everything goes through again in the same order. The selections are generally of a kind supposed to be popular. But the concert as a whole too often leaves the listener in an empty and limp condition. When the members of such a company are all of mediocre powers, incapable any one of them of awakening the feeling of musical beauty, the case is hard indeed. Often there is a leading artist, the star, who may be in the sere and yellow leaf of his life-work, but still with good qualities, only blasé with much

experience. Commonly the pianist is the best musician of the lot, and quite commonly the only one with a musical conscience. But his lot is difficult. He has to open the concert, for which purpose his superiors insist upon his employing the least precious piece in his repertory. What he plays is disturbed by late comers, and nobody thinks of complimenting him any more than of demanding a second helping to soup. Then he has to accompany every piece upon the program, and his second solo falls in with so many comings upon the stage that neither he nor his hearers have the heart to do or to feel. Very often an entire evening of this sort has in it not one single moment where the hearer is touched. It does not even rise to the level of a good minstrel performance, for in that there is at least one song which starts a tear.

I do not know what is the remedy for this sort of thing. I suppose almost every local lecture course feels that there must be as much drawing power in a "combination" as the sum of the drawing power of the atoms composing it. And therefore if the soprano could draw alone so and so many dollars, and the alto so much, the reader so much, and possibly the pianist a little (though this is a concession), the whole combination ought to draw something more than the full sum of all these items, the surplus to be chargeable off to glamour, or something of the kind.

* * *

If musical employment were the object sought, or musical education, one good player, or a good singer and player, would be worth much more than a full combination like this. It is simply a question of cost. A singer at five dollars a day can not afford to be very poetical, nor can she afford the luxury of a very fine voice. It costs too much to bring out and maintain a good voice to throw one away in this way. So with a player. For while there are nowadays a great many people able to play the piano creditably, there are very few able to touch the heart. This quality comes high.

* * *

The lecture recital is the form of musical entertainment

from which the country has the most to hope, for some time as yet. Even the concerts of such travelling combinations as the Kneisel string quartette of Boston (one of the best string quartettes, if not the very best, in the world) are as yet rather beyond the appreciation of most audiences before whom they play. In Boston, where the twenty-four symphony concerts are supported by all the musical public, and are supplemented by a score or more of chamber concerts, which musical people also pay money to hear (how strange) the new and important works have to be heard several times before they attain complete recognition. And this must continue to be the experience throughout the country until the number of chamber concerts has greatly increased and every local community contains numbers of amateur quartette players. Meanwhile the lecture recital, addressed to lovers of piano music and song, appeals to the largest and most intelligent audiences. Lately one player proposes to give also lecture recitals with the harp, presenting a class of music which is almost entirely unknown to amateurs, and a tone-quality and effect also novel. Of course the limitations will be sooner reached upon the harp than upon the piano, since its literature is much less extensive; but there are harpists, such as Aptommas, who play upon this instrument everything which exists for pianoforte, including the sonatas of Beethoven.

* * *

Dr. William Mason has spent his vacation at the Isle of Shoals, off Portsmouth, N. H., for about twenty-five years, except a single year, when he was in Europe. At the Appledore house there is a congenial society gathered every year, and some idea of the permanency may be had from the circumstance that Dr. Mason has occupied the same suite of rooms for abont twenty years; and has had the same place at table for the last twelve years, being at present the dean of the regular patrons. One of his self-imposed regular duties is to play every morning to any body who cares to come and listen. He has a very nice small Mason & Hamlin grand, which stands in the room formerly the home of the poetess, Celia Thaxter. It is in

a cottage a hundred feet or such matter from the hotel, but connected with the piazza, and the furnishings and ornaments are just as she left them. The walls are covered with etchings, water colors, and sketches by distinguished artists, who themselves contributed them to the admired writer and woman. The room opens upon a piazza which looks out upon the sea. At half past ten Dr. Mason begins to play. The room is generally filled before he begins. Late comers take possession of the piazza and there they remain until the playing is done. I was unfortunate enough to miss the regular program upon the day I visited him. It consisted of several of the Schumann Intermezzi, something of Chopin, and a sonata or two of Beethoven.

Dr. Mason was kind enough to play an especial program for me. He has been writing a number of pieces which will presently appear. These he played. He began with several of his later pieces already published, but which I had never before heard him play. The first was a Pastoral Novellete, written for the J. B. Millet Company, and included in their serial, "Half hours with the Best Authors." Then followed an "Album Leaf," dedicated to Miss Marie Walther; and its companion piece. Both are poetic, beautifully and musically made, and were played charmingly.

Then came some octave playing. The "Toccatina," published by Presser, is a brilliant piece with excellent practice and incessant motion. This is destined to have a large use among teachers, because its brevity together with its musical quality make it available where a long piece of the same difficulty would take too much time in study. Among the new pieces the first was a "Prelude Melodique," opus 47, in which the harmonic treatment was very interesting. One of the loveliest of the new pieces was the "Capriccioso Scherzo," opus 48. It is in E flat, and full of poetry and musical piquancy. It is modern of the moderns, Dr. Mason's compositions always having been remarkable for enharmonic changes and harmonic subtleties, but in the later ones the style is much clearer and at the same time more flexible than formerly—elegant as his writing has always been.

Another was the "Reverie Appasionata," in B flat. Opus 49. And capital was the last upon the list, a "Mazurka,"" opus 50.

All of these pieces, like the previous ones of Dr. Mason, are charming when played poetically and musically; but few of them admit of being badly done and still remain attractive. Dr. Mason counts upon a very free vibration of the piano, great sympathy, and abundance of tone color and shading. What the notes give is only a small part of what the poetic player has to do in these things.

Dr. Mason is playing beautifully, his touch is wonderfully fine and musical, and his technique, under the vivifying influence of daily playing to appreciative hearers, has resumed something like the finish of the concert-playing Mason. of 1855 and 1860.

The Shoals is a sort of paradise for an artist like Mason, who seeks in a summer resort only quiet and not variety of occupation. The air is fresh, the scenery the open ocean, and all there is to do is to play the piano, talk, and take an occasional game at billiards. Naturally with his genial way Dr. Mason is a favorite with the nice girls, his button holes are decorated with flowers, and every thing combines to make his summer lot a happy one.

Occasionally he has an idea of breaking away from the Shoals. This year his plan was to spend a month there and then with his daughter and son-in-law, go to the Adirondacks. But when once the Nirwana of this blissful wilderness of rock and sea had reasserted its charm upon him all the king's horses and all the king's men, nor yet his own dearly loved daughter, could draw him away. Next year the Adirondacks will know better, and will get in their pull first, if at all.

* * *

The musical season promises much of interest. The Boston, Chicago and New York orchestras are preparing noble series of programs, in which the existing art of orchestral writing will be illustrated in connection with a rich representation of the classical schools. There are large promises of chamber music by the Kneisel Quartette and

various other bodies, one of the most impressive series of which will find its exemplification here in Chicago, in the plans of Mr. Clayton F. Summy, of which full particulars are given elsewhere.

In the line of opera there will be the great aggregation of Messrs Abbey and Grau, which will contain several of the same artists as last year. Mme. Calvé will return, and will no doubt repeat her former brilliant and sensational successes. The German opera, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, will afford a much-needed illustration of this great department of the higher art of music. Particulars of his plans are elsewhere given with considerable amplitude.

In the line of virtuosos there will be the Paderwski, who will open his season in New York early in November. Marsick, the brilliant and artistic Belgian violinist, will be heard in concerts, and a variety of other musical operations are being actively pushed. Wherefore upon the whole the season promises to be one of the best in some years.

W. S. B. M.

THE RENOVATION OF RELIGIOUS MUSIC IN FRANCE.

La Guide Musical has kept its readers informed of the brilliant efforts, continued through several years, for the re-establishment of the Palestrinian repertory, by the singers of the society of Saint Gervais, well as the more recent foundation of a society devoted to religious music, the *Schola Cantorum*, formed in 1894, for the purpose of restoring to the musical part of divine service the dignity and artistic elevation which for a long time has been impaired or lost. Once conceded the antiquity of a state of things which gratifies at the same time the fondness for routine of some, the mediocre tastes and aspirations of others, and the material interests of a certain number, one might doubt the vitality of an enterprise directed precisely against this routine, this mediocrity and these material interests. A few months have sufficed, on the contrary, to see it confirm itself and propagate a movement so hardily commenced. In many of the provincial towns societies have been formed at the instance of the Singers of Saint-Gervais, for the study of the same repertory; establishments for instruction have been undertaken with the same view, and at last two solemn congresses have been held, almost together, at Bordeaux and at Rodez, under the presidence of the cardinal archbishops of these episcopal seats. Thus the reform has entered decidedly into a period of collective and energetic action; the questions discussed by these two assemblages, in debates full of experience, and with practical illustrations in hearing, have given place to resolutions and vows whose application will be immediate in yet other dioceses. In their realization will be found interested not alone Catholics concerned with the exterior forms of their cult, but also all musicians in this which concerns one of the most productive branches of their art. This last point of view, the sole upon which we here concern ourselves, ought not to remain

indifferent to any true artist who desires above all to see the cause of the true and beautiful triumph.

Now this happy and curious thing happens, that Christians and artists, exponents of two opposite principles, apparently directing themselves towards two ends apparently opposite, find themselves making at bottom a common cause. The former desire to submit music anew to the yoke of the liturgy, demanding that it shall serve humbly the mystic ideal and remain a prayer in the house of prayer; the others deny the art uncertain, adulterated, which puts on the soutane over the domino, and which courts equally, with the same language, the theatre and the church. The renovation of the Gregorian chant and the Palestrinian music is desired by catholics because this chant has for them holy tradition, because this music conserves the spirit and the sense under a vestment chaste and at the same time very rich; it is hailed by artists because the secular songs of the ancient Christian ages include treasures of touching melodic expression, profound, naïve, ardent; and because this music of the sixteenth century offers to their imagination incomparable models of an exquisite art and of an infinite science.

A sufficiently large proportion of the resolutions adopted at Bordeaux or at Bodez are practically taken from the statutes of the *Schola Cantorum*. They designate the different means of operating: Developments of a rational instruction, theoretical and practical, in the liturgic song in the greater and lesser seminaries; insistance upon the observance in the Plain Song of the laws of Latin accent, by means of which only can one render the text of the office intelligible and the sense of the musical phrase;—the creation of singing schools composed of children's voices, gratuitious courses where the people can learn over again the ancient song, and where the ranks of the singers can be recruited; organizations of choral societies, for performing *a capella* the polyphonic repertory; pressing recommendations or strict injunctions addressed to organists, desiring a better conformity of their playing with the demands of the place where they exhibit themselves;—the rigorous exclusion of works secular, or simply not conformed to the

rules and the exact spirit of the liturgy;—incitation to produce in this spirit new works, and especially the production, as most pressing, of canticles in the common tongue, better fitted to encourage good taste than the intruders which reign in this province.

The program is very vast and will completely carry itself out in results in proportion to the labor extended; from now on priests and parishioners, artists and the ignorant, clergy and laity, are called upon to co-operate in its realization by example, by instruction, by the press, by all forms of propoganda. Before this end will be attained many oppositions will be encountered. Even when one has followed the long polemics engaged around the rival editions of the liturgic song, one can very easily convince himself that the language of evangelical charity is not always held by those undertaking to speak in her name. The human lining of divine things is sometimes so striking that it intercepts the view of the object itself which it professes to adorn. Without occupying themselves with routine resistances and the sharp criticisms which they will encounter along the route, the singers of the vows of Bordeaux and Rodez will need to rally to their aid all catholics solicitious for the beauty of their cult, and all musicians in love with the religion of their art.

TO A VIOLIN.

Above the silken rustle of gay gown,
The listening murmur on the perfumed air,
The mirthless laugh half hiding sigh of care,
A note of wailing sweetness floweth down
In limpid wave the world's vain noise to drown;
Like Autumn's sea that mourns 'mid sedges, where
The summer blossoms leave them thinly bare,
Or sobs o'er ragged rocks weed-wrapt in brown.

Swept by the liquid sound I float alone
On sensuous billows rolling far and near;
No world above, no world below, the light
Is all a golden chord, each wave a tone;
Then slowly ebbs the tide—one star-note clear
Shakes forth.—On barren strand I feel earth's night.

FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

These two avenues to the public mind, so continually open, so easily accessible, might lead, one would think, direct to the elysian fields of a considerably developed public taste; the actual facts, however, seem to indicate that they often receive a bent in the early part of their course which causes them to merge, not in the fields elysian, but in the barren, dusty highway of shallowness and triviality.

After the custom of the teaching of music in the public schools had come in vogue, a certain city, one of the largest in the land, decided that its children should be among those to be assured the opportunity of at least the beginning an acquaintance with this magician of life. But after a brief trial of the system, perhaps that of a few years, the autocrats of education decreed that this branch of development should no longer be open to the children of their jurisdiction; because, forsooth, the city could not afford the expense which it involved. This was bad enough, but, instead of leaving the tiny seed to develop as it might in the lives of the children, their musical education was given into the hands of the regular school teachers; in the learning such compositions as "My Aunt Jerusha's Cat," of which the quality of the music, so called, was only equaled by the utter insanity of the words.

Had any one of the autocrats aforesaid been told that someone had taken from a child a pretty gold trinket, and given instead a paltry imitation, he would have indignantly denounced the offender; and yet it would seem, even on superficial observation, that whatever affects the development of the real inner being, the ego, is of more importance than any external ornament, however valuable.

If we aspire to the region of the popular song, if we prefer to the picture of the German workman, pickax on

shoulder, singing to himself the "Tannhaeuser Pilgrim Chorus" as he leaves the days work, that of the American devotion to "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," the methods referred to above are certainly among the most effective to be employed. But if, as a people, we have a vague notion that the influence of Wagner and his composers is better than that of the originator of the imposition just mentioned and his ilk, there is no less certainly a better way. The gem of the love of beauty will develop, or will fall into a state of coma, if not annihilation, in accordance with the atmosphere in which it finds itself.

Through the churches, how many might be won to a recognition of the charm and power of music, if a high artistic standard were more general in that portion of the service. If there were a greater number of organists and directors, who, instead of pandering to the cheapness of the popular taste, genuinely endeavored to create a different atmosphere by the production of works, thoroughly good and thoroughly musical; works which irresistibly win their way to the hearts of the audience. I have a mind in young organist and leader, who has thus made herself a power in the town where she is employed; who has awakened there an interest in music hitherto unknown. In addition to the care and taste given to the preparation of the usual weekly programs, special services are arranged now and then; sometimes it is Rossini's "Stabat Mater," again, Stainer's "Crucifixion," now one, now another gift from the Temple of Beauty is so shown to the people that they cannot but see its charm, and feel its beneficent influence.

The concert and recital belong to another branch of this subject, on which I have elsewhere touched; but I cannot refrain from mentioning the noble work done by Mr. Seidl through his summer seasons at Brighton Beach, in which thousands find their only opportunity to listen to the masterpieces of musical art, and through which numberless others get their first glimpse of their power and glory. Through which hundreds of audiences consciously or unconsciously have been made "richer by one more beautiful experience."

MARIE BENEDICT.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

MASON'S TWO FINGER EXERCISE AND THE DOCTRINE OF TOUCH.

Dr Mason directs the beginner to play the scale of C with two fingers, changing fingers upon every key, so that the touch in ascending is made always with the same finger, and the other finger of the pair concerned is kept pressed upon the key and slides over upon the new key after this one has been put down by the finger making the touch. That is to say, taking the finger pair 2 3, C is taken with 2, then D with 3, and 2 is slid over on to D about a beat later; then 3 takes E and 2 slides over on to it, and so on up. Generally he prefers that the pressure upon the key by the second finger should be constant and rather heavy, amounting to perhaps a pound. Many pupils fail of doing this exercise correctly. When it comes time to slide they effect the slide by crowding the arm, the entire finger remaining stiff; whereas the slide should be made by means of the point of the finger, the hand and the arm remaining entirely stationary. This point is very important, since if neglected it defeats Dr. Mason's intention in the exercise, which is to make the finger point sensitive to the key, and accustomed to press earnestly. When the wrist is not permitted to go too high, and when the finger point slides along to the new key by its own motion (instead of being drawn along by the arm while the finger remains stiff) I do not think that there is any objection to the exercise, saving possibly a liability to engender slackness in changing from one tone to another in melody playing; for this earnest and clinging pressure has in view melody playing.

Mr. Virgil objects to the clinging pressure, and thinks that it engenders wrong habits of hand. I do not think so. The difficulty above mentioned occurrs frequently in cases of student bringing these exercises to me from their own study without assistance from living teachers. And so in Philadelphia I tried to ascertain from Dr Mason what remedy he had to obviate it. To my surprise I found that he appeared never to have experienced it. Later I saw that the real point where these students had failed was not in making the pressure, but in the manner of sliding along to the new key, and I have since found that the sliding does no harm in this direction if the movement is effected by the finger point.

The other objection to this form of exercise, however, still troubles me. I do not feel that melody playing is so much promoted by it as by the pure legato form, in which Dr. Mason used to employ this clinging touch—the same which necessarily takes place when the clinging form is applied in the arpeggio of the diminished

chord, or on the black keys, where sliding is impossible. For this reason I have now returned to the use of the clinging pressure almost exclusively in the form in which the playing finger changes exactly with the new finger, just as in perfect melody legato.

In some talk that I had lately with Dr. Mason, another question was raised, which deserves attention from teachers. It is as to what touches ought to be taught to the beginner first; and what ones might well be left until a later time. I found Dr. Mason rather disposed to take the suggestion of his assistants, Miss Madeleine Buck and Mrs. Gregory Murray, to defer the arm touches until a later time; and to begin with the clinging touch followed by the hand and finger elastic, and the last forms.

I understand that this proposition of the assistants arises from their finding it difficult to communicate the arm touches at the beginning. My own judgement is that this will be a mistake. I do not think there is the slightest difficulty in teaching arm touches to beginners, but there is no small difficulty in teaching them to advanced pupils, who as a rule have no idea of arm uses. This fact, however, proves nothing from a pedagogical point of view, except that the advanced pupils in question have been insufficiently taught. I think that the great value of the arm exercises illustrated in Touch and Technic lies quite as much in their wrist loosening qualities as in their value for purposes of largeness of tone—in which the arm is of course the first recourse. Accordingly if I were teaching an absolute beginner (a rather rare bird with almost any prominent teacher) I should teach the art of falling upon the keys from the shoulder first of all exercises, seeking to keep the wrist rather loose in the fall, and assuring myself that it came perfectly limp the very instant of the touch being delivered. The tone at first should be soft and full, and not loud. Loudness might come later. When this limp fall of the entire arm is once secured, then I would seek to secure like limpness in the fall of the lesser parts of the playing apparatus, such as from the elbow, from the wrist, and finally from the finger. The latter is very difficult indeed to get, and the desire of getting it is one reason for using the table at certain stages of technical correction,—for the table is a playing apparatus more useful and admirable in correcting bad habits already acquired than in engendering absolutely new ones.

In my own teaching I have never experienced any difficulty that I know of from the use of the two finger exercises as they stand in the book. The main point where I digress is in applying accents to the fast forms. All the slow forms of the two finger exercise are what might be called super vitalized, and they tend to over exertion. The proper correction for this is not to under-vitalize them, but to offset this by the devitalized fast forms. Accordingly I do not advise accents early in the fast forms, because the effort to obtain accent leads to bracing the fingers, whereas limpness is a more valuable quality to control in connection with speed. Strength can easily be had later by the clavier or by the use of accents. So I do not think that I should do very much with accents in the fast two finger exercises earlier than the third grade.

Before that I might have them counted, and the accent made, but very lightly. Later the fingers will derive great benefits from these exercises applied to the clavier in rather heavy touches of eight ten or twelve ounces, the rapidity still being kept up. This exercise is very severe, and too much of it will do harm.

After about twenty-five years use of the two finger exercise I still find it an indispensable medium for teaching the radical methods of touching the piano for tone quality, and it is one of the best pedagogical apparatuses ever offered the pianist. I cling to this opinion the more from the fact that so far as I know all students using these exercises as I teach them, or as Dr. Mason teaches them, arrive at a song-like and musical touch, with power and softness combined. And this holds of the less talented almost as well as of the very talented, whereas under most systems of instruction only the very talented ever arrive at musical touch.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

PERIODIZING BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

A correspondent asks me to periodize the slow movement of Beethoven's Sonata, "The Adieu, the Absence and the Return," opus 81. The first period is of exactly eight measures, less the three sixteenths at the end, which lead into the connecting matter following. In this we have an independent phrase filling the ninth and tenth measures except the last two sixteenths. Then a reversion to the leading motive of the movement, occupying two measures, after which there is a passage work leading to the second subject in G major, beginning in the 15th measure. All before this belongs to the Principal. The second subject occupies six measures, the period not being regularly developed. The first section of four measures is correct as to form, but the period does not conclude, the last two measures of it taking the motive of the passage in measures thirteen and fourteen as a cantus fermus, in the bass. At the beginning of measure twenty-one the first subject returns in F minor and completes itself in a period of eight measures. With the last beat of measure twenty-eight the passage returns, and in measure thirty-one the second subject comes again, this time in the key of F major, finally subsiding to a pedal point on G, the dominant of the principal key, in measure thirty-seven, the leading motive of the first subject bringing the movement to a close. The entire movement is fragmentary and like an improvisation. It represents the restless mood, during the absence of the oved one, when the mind refuses to continue at any single train of hought, bnt changes from one to another. Movements of this kind present more difficulty to the unaccustomed student than those regularly constructed. The real key to the division of periods is found in the entrance of new matter in a new key, and a definite forsaking of the old motives. The rhythmic movement generally changes (the motion, I mean) and the new idea gives an entirely different effect.

For the benefit of the correspondent and others situated like her, I will say that my "Primer of Musical Forms" (Arthur Schmidt, Boston) will give the information upon which these analyses can be safely made. A good deal of it is in the Pianoforte Primer by Dr. Mason and myself; but the Primer of Form is larger and goes into the matter more exactly. (60 cts).

The student who takes up the work of analyzing a sonata or fugue, for the first time, will find many difficulties, because there is hardly any good work which exactly conforms to any expected pattern of form. When one has an idea one keeps on until one has said it, and the number of words is not taken into account. So it is with one having a musical idea—he goes on and says it whether the periods add up exactly eight measures each or not. Periods vary in length, being shortened by abridging one of the members, or lengthened by repeating one of the members, or by inserting matters between the phrases. In dividing a movement, try first to ascertain the location of the principal elements, the leading and chief subordinate subjects. Then find out where any subject is repeated, and note whether it is complete in the new form or incomplete, abridged. Then you will find it easier to locate the parenthetical matter, connecting and modulating matter, and the passage work.

There are absolutely no rules to which exeception will not be found. Perhaps you will find my new "Beginner in Phrasing" a help, since this begins from a different standpoint to any which I have employed before in treating phrasing. As teaching material it belongs to the third grade; but it will be useful to any student who does not already know the matter it contains.

W. S. B. M

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

NATURAL LAWS OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION. By Hans Schmitt. Chicago, Translated by Frances A. Van Sandford. Chicago, 1894. Clayton F. Summy. Cloth. $1.00

In this little work the distinguished teacher, Prof. Hans Schmitt of the Vienna Conservatory, has endeavored to systematize and reduce to clear expression a certain portion of the unformulated processes of the musician. The tyro takes a new composition and if the marks of expression are not plentiful he finds himself in doubt whether it should go fast or slow, loud or soft, which parts are crescendo and which piano, etc. The artist on the contrary, after a few times reading it through, hits upon the proper tempo, (generally the only rate of movement at which it will make a good effect), and he is equally independent of the direction for playing loud or soft as is the trained Shakesperean scholar in interpreting Hamlet. The *sense*—this is what determines the expression, and all marks are but temporary substitutes for intelligence, intended to save time for the student. In arriving at an interpretation of a musical movement, the artist builds upon a certain sub-conscious knowledge which makes him presently quite sure of the results at which he arrives. A portion of this sub-conscious expectation concerning the intention of different sorts of tone-movements Prof. Schmitt has here reduced to intelligible form. The work is therefore a useful one to every student, and ought to have a wide application. Naturally many things have to be taken with a grain of salt. as for instance the rule that ascending passages are generally crescendo, and the reverse in descending passages. There are the natural tendencies of the passages respectfully; but this is not to hinder the very next composer one meets from making a striking effect by reversing the rule. Nevertheless the effect itself is only the more striking *because* it reverses the tacit expectation of the hearer. The book covers, therefore, a previously unformulated part of a player's knowledge. When he has learned to expect these commonplaces of musical expression and to connect them with the passages which generally indicate them, he is in better condition to deal with the exceptions, of which every piece has plenty.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BEETHOVEN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS. By Adolph Bernhard Marx. Translated from the German by Fannie Louise Gwynner, of the Iowa College. 8vo. Pages. 151. $1.50. Chicago, 1895, Clayton F. Summy.

Adolph Bernhard Marx was one of the most serious and meritorious of German writers upon musical subjects. His style was flowing sonorous and half mystical. It, therefore well adapted him to write effectively upon music and its higher aspects, in which

definiteness only destroys the effect. He was also a good scholar of Bach and Beethoven. It is to him that we owe the first selection of popular pieces by Bach, and the latest edition of the Peters Bach Album but confirms the sagacity of Dr. Marx, in considerable part. He also was the author of the admirable work upon musical composition, in four volumes; of which the first was introduced to American readers by that eclectic genius, Mr. Hermann S. Saroni.

In the Beethoven work, herewith, we have much excellent sense with regard to the composer and his works, and more precise directions for the treatment of the main difficulties in them. Naturally, considering the amplitude of the ground covered in this small book, the directions are very general indeed; and the student will do well to have at hand in addition to these Czerny's fourth volume of his *Kunst des Vortrags* (Art of Expression), for there will be found the metronome tempi according to the best traditions of Beethoven's time.

It is the beauty of Marx's suggestions that they aim generally at the poetic and aesthetic side, rather than at the strictly technical. Moreover the technical situation has changed so remarkably since this work was written (somewhere about 1850) that the technical difficulties no longer form an appreciable bar between the student and his successful interpretation of Beethoven. It is upon the side of the serious, the poetical and the mystical that his interpretation is apt to prove insufficient, when left to the training of common teachers. The present translation is to be recommended. If not affording everything that the student may chance to desire, it will at least afford much that the student would lack without it. Moreover, one must remember that a book of this kind, which a student often goes without in a mood of mistaken economy, costs less than a single lesson from any good teacher, and contains matter of more weight than many lessons.

CHOPIN. LA TRADICION DE SU MUSICA, Y CONSIDERACIONES SOBRE ALGUNAS DE SUS OBRAS Y MANERA DE INTERPRETARLAS. Por Eduardo Gabriel. Mexico, 1895. 12mo, paper, pp 202.

This little work is said to be the first ever published in Mexico upon the artistic interpretation of music. Whether this be literally true or not, it is at least in effect true, and the work is written in a sincere and discerning spirit. The author treats of the Chopin tradition, subjective and objective interpretations, and the applications of principles and particulars to the Berceuse, two of the Ballades, the Scherzos, etc. Later it is hoped to have translations of certain parts for the better information of readers of MUSIC.

J. A. CARPENTER. "Love whom I have never seen." (For baritone).
"My Sweetheart."
Minuet. (Pianoforte.)
Twilight Reverie.

The author of these four pieces comes of a highly musical family, and the first, the Minuet, was composed while a student with Mr.

W. C. E. Seeboeck. The later ones were written while studying at Harvard, where he enjoys the invaluable instructions of Prof. John K. Paine. Mr. Carpenter is thoroughly modern in his harmonic and melodic instincts, and he writes with a certain distinction which few young composers attain. All these pieces are musical, fresh, and well written. Much may be expected from this young man in the future. The baritone song is particularly well done and effective. The soprano song "My Sweetheart" also is attractive. The four pieces are published by Miles & Thompson, Boston.

SELECTIONS FROM BEETHOVEN. Compiled and Compared from the highest Sources. By Theodore Presser. 62 pages. $1.50.

In this little collection of pieces selected from the works of Beethoven, Mr. Presser has in the main met a legitimate want. Little fault is to be found with the result, except that the Andante in F is by far too difficult for its place in the book; or for any place in the book. It is also a question whether the inclusion of so many variation pieces is advisable, now that the variation form has fallen into such comparative desuetude. There is a direction given in connection with the Andante from the sonata in G, opus 14, which needs authority. It is that the melody in the theme is to be played legato, while the other parts are played staccato. A better effect is made by playing the entire chord with elastic touch (staccato) and using the pedal in such manner as almost to join each chord to the next. The melody is to be brought out, and in this manner of playing the effect is very satisfactory. It is rather difficult to believe that Beethoven would have written these chords short with rests after each if he had intended to play the melody legato. In that case he would have so indicated in the notes, by writing the melody in quarters. At least so it seems to the present writer. But there is no doubt that he intended a liberty of some kind to be taken, since it is entirely contrary to the spirit of the passage to have the chords completely detached, as written.

John Church Company.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE BIRTH OF VENUS." E. Jakobowski.

"I am a Diplomat."
"I've travelled far."
"Toujours la Politesse." (Gavotte trio).
"Contentment is, alas, a Myth."
"Two Little Dolls."
"Misplaced Confidence."
"Song of Proverbs."

These sprightly and taking selections need no detailed notice, since the work from which they come is so well known.

"TRILBY SNOWFLAKE BROWN." Music by Geo. L. Tracy.

Here we have something curious, an "end song" for minstrel use from the pen of that accomplished musician and excellent and high-bred composer, Mr. Geo Lowell Tracy. That it is something much better than the common run of songs of this class goes without saying. Mr. Tracy is a musician who knows how to be jovial without being vulgar.

(H. Kleber & Bro.)

SONGS WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT. By Arthur Nevin.

"A Red, Red Rose."
"Alone."
Two short Songs. "When softer breezes Blow."
Culprit Fay Ballet. Dance.
Culprit Fay Ballet. Waltz.

Mr. Arthur Nevin is a younger brother of the well-known composer, Mr. Ethelbert Nevin. He also shows promising talent. "Alone" shows a fault which young composers often commit, that namely of disregarding the enhancement of effect of a musical idea by its location in vocal register. Here, for instance, we have the text.

"Cold falls the rain, the autumn winds blow chilling.
And toss the shrinking vines with vulgar might;"
In dreary train the dismal clouds float filling
The gladsome day with gloomy shades of night."

And the melody of these words, "The autumn winds blow chilling" runs down from high A flat (soprano or tenor). It is impossible for the autumn winds to "blow chilling" at this altitude; or if not impossible, at least very difficult.

The two short songs are excellent, particularly the first, "When softer Breezes Blow."

The ballet pieces are both very nice indeed, and the waltz is taking and catchy to a degree. Both should have a large sale. They lie within the demands of the fourth grade.

The first song on the list, "My love is like the red red rose" is very melodious and at the same time very rich on the harmonic side. It is quite modern in spirit, and at the same time not far-fetched.

NEW MEANS OF DEVELOPMENT FOR PUPILS AND TEACHERS.

Miss Marie Benedict, concert pianist and lecturer of Bridgeport, Conn., opens a series of engagements in the south next month which offers a decidedly novel and interesting feature, viz., an unfolding of the real art worth and beauty of much easy music through recitals, chiefly composed of pieces within the reach of the ordinary pupil of from one, to three or four years study; with the variety and contrast lent by two or three of the most brilliant and attractive numbers. In connection with this lecture recital Miss Benedict gives, when desired, a second, whose numbers are of the usual artist degree.

Miss Benedict, beginning the study of the piano at an early age, has, since her twelfth year, learned all music orally, memorizing from the first reading, has spent years of study with Gonzalo Nunez and Dr. S. N. Penfield of new York, and Edward Baxter Perry of Boston; is also a pupil of the synthetic department of the Metropolitan College of Music, New York, originated and taught by Albert Ross Parsons and Miss Kate Chittenden.

At Perry's advice she decided to make a specialty of the lecture recital, she is devoted to the work of elevating the standard of American taste in art; the development of music in this country, has twice played before the N. Y. M. T. A., and at consecutive sessions of the Connecticut State Association; has also appeared in Boston with success; is teacher and writer as well as pianist.

The idea of the pupils' lecture recital is original with Mr. Chas. W. Landon, who has long wished to see his plan realized. As you will at once see, its aim is to impress the mind of the seminary teachers and pupils with the true nature of music, its reason for being; to emphasize the truth that it is something quite above and beyond the mechanical symbols, and sound producing means that make it possible.

Miss Benedict is blind, but she desires no leniency of judgment on the score of her loss of sight; but claims the right to the fair and impartial—criticism which should be accorded any pianist.

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS IN CHICAGO.

The Clayton F. Summy Co. takes pleasure in announcing a series of twelve evenings of Chamber Music, to be given on the dates of Oct. 8, 22, Nov. 4, 11, Dec. 3, 17, 1895; Jan. 21, 28, Feb. 4, 25, Mar. 10, and May 5, 1896, in Central Music Hall.

After careful consideration of the subject, we concluded that

the best plan for advancing the cause of that most enjoyable class of music was to unite the interests of the String Quartet Clubs of the city, and have them play in one series; to that end, arrangements have been completed with the Bendix, Listemann, and Spiering Quartet Clubs. These three Quartets willingly sacrificed their individual series, and unite their forces in the artistic presentation of a series of programs of Chamber Music to be found in no other city of the globe. They have also most cordially supported the plan of including the most celebrated Boston Quartet Club—the Kneisel Quartet—in the series, and the management takes great pleasure in announcing the engagement of that famous organization for the initial concert, and there is a probability of their engagement for the closing concert of the series.

In recent years it has been the custom for each of the local Quartet Clubs to seek support from practically the same patrons. Under the present plan, there will be need of but one series for about the same amount of money usually charged for each series, and double the number of concerts.

To make the programs more attractive in both variety and quality, pianists of note are being engaged. Beside the prominent resident pianists, negotiations are pending with such pianists and composers as E. A. Macdowell, Arthur Foote, Ernst Perabo, Richard Hoffman, Alberto Jonas, Richard Burmeister, Rafael Joseffy, Leopold Godowsky.

Many of the more beautiful works written for piano and strings will be heard, and from that less known realm of sextet, septet and octet will the best examples be drawn. At all times will the performers for special combinations of instruments be the best available artists; and having in Chicago, as members of the orchestra, so many admirable woodwind players, it can be taken for granted how high the average of attainment will be.

Another important feature not heretofore introduced into chamber music concerts, will be the illustrated analytical program. In general it may be said that the public is less familliar with this large and most beautiful class ot art works than any other. It will be the purpose of these illustrated analyses to acquaint the patrons with the principal characteristics and themes of the important works, so that some preparation for intelligent listening may be obtained by all who may feel its need.

There can be no doubt in the minds of all, that the inauguration of this remarkable series of concerts, marks an epoch in the musical development of Chicago, second only to the establishment of the Chicago Orchestra, hence the public interest is confidently appealed to for the same liberal support of these concerts as is accorded to every other worthy enterprise.

Season tickets with reserve seats will be on sale on and after Sept. 2, 1895, at the music house of Clayton F. Summy Co., 220 Wabash Ave.

The subscription price for the entire series is $10.00 to the general public, and $6.00 to the musical profession and students.

It will be only just to give to subscribers who pay the full sub-

scription price of $10.00 the choice of seats; for those a certain portion of the house will be reserved.

Subscriptions sent in by mail will receive prompt attention.

MAX BENDIX says;—"I am going into this work with all the enthusiasm I possess. I have done what I have for the advancement of Chamber Music in Chicago because I love it, and here is the long needed opportunity for musicians to prepare programs and perform them without being hampered by the business end of the enterprise. I shall enter into the work with the firm belief that this season's series of concerts will result in such an awakening of public interest in them that they will become a leading feature of Musical seasons in our city."

MR. LIEBLING'S LECTURES.

The success of a few informal lectures given last year before my class, suggests the desirability of continuing the same line of work in more definite form; during the present season I have arranged eleven class reunions at Kimball Rehearsal Hall, 243 Wabash Avenue, on Saturday afternoons, September 21st; October 19th; December 14th, 1895; and January 11th; February 8th; March 7th; April 4th; May 2d and 30th; June 27th; 1896. at half past two o'clock.

At these meetings I will discuss with practical illustrations on the Piano a number of salient topics, which can be demonstrated collectively, such as the proper modes of study, use of pedal, the questions of touch, rhythm, technical work, importance of reviewing, memorizing, concert playing, various technical fads, etc.

A thorough analysis of leading classical and modern works, followed by their performance will also be given, and it is my confident expectation that this addition to the regular lessons will not only be of great and immediate service to those desiring to teach but that it will also encourage independent and intelligent study on the part of all pupils.

I also propose to have all students play at these reunions in rotation, without reference to the question of their advancement; a Kuhlau Sonatina, well played, will represent as important a phrase of teaching and accomplishment in that particular case, as a Chopin Ballade would in another.

I am now as ever unalterably opposed to class teaching, the above comprehensive plan is intended as a supplement to my private work, an earnest endeavor to assist students in getting at the substance of things musical, and not simply an empty semblance thereof, as is too often the case.

The Reunions will be free to members of my class; an admission fee of one dollar will be charged to others for each meeting. Admission is by ticket only.

EMIL LIEBLING.

THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

FIFTH SEASON, 1895-1896.

CONDUCTOR: THEODORE THOMAS.

MANAGER: ANNA MILLAR, 1304 AUDITORIUM TOWER.

There are several important changes in the plans for the coming season of concerts by the Chicago orchestra from those of past years.

One thing, the lengthening of the season from twenty to twenty-two weeks, which will have four breaks of one week each, when the orchestra goes on its "short circuit" tours, and one of four weeks when the New York trip is made.

Another innovation is the giving to subscribers for season tickets the advantage of the two additional weeks, which means a saving of ten per cent on the regular prices. The number of soloists engaged for a season was never so large and important. Whether as the result of these points in favor of subscribers, or whether it is due to an increasing interest in the music itself, the fact that every box is already taken for the season is exceedingly gratifying to the Trustees.

The first program, Friday and Saturday, October the 25th and 26th, will be a popular one. The second and third will be symphony concerts, when Beethoven's No. 7 in A, and the Tschaikowsky No. 6, "Pathetic," will be given respectively.

The short circuits are made up of six concerts, filling one week, and the trip will be very easy, as the cities all lie within four hundred miles of Chicago. These places have bought from two to four concerts, to be given at different times during the season, and knowing what important works will be given, have arranged to have lectures given on them.

The seven concerts to be given in New York in March are to be in the Metropolitan Opera House, Rafael Joseffy will play in two of these concerts and one in Brooklyn.

Cities in the short circuit are: Ann Arbor 2 concerts under the auspices of the University; Detroit 4; Toledo 3; Oberlin 2; Cleveland 4; Akron 2.

These places hope to do this each year, thus making the Orchestra a factor in their Musical and Social life. In all these places the houses are almost entirely sold out by subscription for the season tickets.

The frontispiece this time is a portrait of Miss Anna Millar, the manager of the Chicago orchesta. Miss Millar came here from Muscatine, Iowa, and having been given an opportunity to show her talent worked up the local subscription last year better than it had ever been done before. When the orchestra went upon the road her managerial talent showed itself in the provision of accommodations, meals, trains and the like, to the great comfort of all concerned. Later in the season she spent some time in New York and succeeded in working up a subscription there for the concerts of the Chicago orchestra which will be given later this season. In short she has made herself indispensable without in any way seeming to be too active or disposed to usurp authority. Her success may be taken as another proof of the workmanlike way in which the new woman is coming to the front. Miss Millar is at an age when many girls are dividing their time between their hearts and their father's pocket book. Her success is according to Horace Greely's formula, that "the best way to resume is to resume"—in other words, to do a thing, just go ahead and do it. It is perfectly simple.

WAGNER OPERA IN GERMAN.

BY THE DAMROSCH OPERA COMPANY.

WALTER DAMROSCH, DIRECTOR.

THE results, artistic and financial, of last year's season of "Wagner Opera in German" were so astonishing, the success so remarkable, that Mr. Walter Damrosch has resolved to continue the organization and to carry it on this year on a scale even larger and more complete than before.

The tour of last spring is considered the most successful on record for many years. Crowded and enthusiastic houses welcomed the company everywhere, fully justifying Mr. Damrosch's firm faith in the popularity of Wagner's Music Dramas with the American people, when presented to them in accord with the best Wagnerian traditions.

The lists of artists engaged for this year include the names of the greatest and most famous Wagnerian singers now known to the musical world.

The company will number nearly two hundred members, including the New York Symphony Orchestra and a chorus of eighty picked voices.

The scenery is entirely new and painted in Vienna by Kautski, of the Imperial Opera House, after special designs.

The costumes and armor are rich and historically correct.

The present tour will last five months, including nearly all the principal cities between New York and San Francisco.

Following are the names of the artists:

SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS.

Frau Katharina Klafsky, of Hamburg Opera and London; Frl. Johanna Gadski, Bremen Opera and New York; Frl. Gisela Stoll, Zurich Opera; Frl. Louise Mulder, Stuttgart and Bayreuth; Miss Mina Schilling, New York; Miss

Marie Maurer, New York; Frl. Riza Eibenschuetz, Strassburg Opera; Frl. Marie Mattfeld, Frl. Milka Ternina, Munich Royal Opera.

TENORS.

Herr Wilhelm Gruening, Hamburg Opera and Bayreuth; Herr Barron Berthold, New York; Herr Paul Lange, Munich Royal Opera and New York; Herr Max Alvary, Hamburg Opera, Bayreuth and New York.

BARITONES AND BASSES.

Herr Demeter Popovici, Bayreuth and Prague; Herr Wilhelm Mertens, New York; Herr Conrad Behrens, New York; Herr Gerhard Stehmann, New York; Herr Emil Fischer, New York.

REPERTORY.

RICHARD WAGNER:—"Tristan and Isold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," "Die Gotterdämmerung," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "The Flying Dutchman."

LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN, "Fidelio."

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, "Der Freischutz."

WALTER DAMROSCH, "The Scarlet Letter." (In English), an opera founded on Hawthorne's great romance. (Libretto by George Parsons Lathrop) new; first time.

FRAU KLAFSKY'S ARRIVES.

(From New York "*Tribune.*")

THE unannounced and unexpected arrival in New York of Frau Klafsky, who is to be the principal dramatic soprano of Walter Damrosch's Opera Company next season, has a story back of it, of course. Frau Klafsky will have nothing to do for two months to come, and she is here in defiance of the contract rights of Mr. Pollini, her manager at the Municipal Theatre of Hamburg. Her departure from Germany was secretly made, and in all probability to prevent legal interference with her projected American visit. It seems that she could not agree with Mr. Pollini on the division of the money which she expects to make here, and so took French leave of him. Since he is a member of the German society of managers, whose principal purpose is to punish singers who break their contracts, it seems more than likely that Frau Klafsky's European career is at an end, unless she shall be willing to pay the very stiff

penalty which will be assessed against her, and buy her way back into the good graces of Mr. Pollini and his colleagues. She says that he wanted one half of all her American earnings, and the statement will seem plausible enough to those who know the Hamburg manager. Pollini, whose real name is Pohl (he is a Jew, was born in Cologne and was once an opera singer), was at one time the private secretary of Maurice Strakosch, and afterward his partner. Just before Strakosch brought Nilsson to the United States, Pollini withdrew from the firm because he had made up his mind that more money was to be made in German than Italian Opera. The difference between his financial fate and that of Strakosch shows the wisdom of his choice. He has been Director of the Stadt Theatre in Hamburg since 1874, having previously filled the same function at the Italian opera in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Katherine Klafsky is one of the most interesting figures on the German operatic stage. She is a Hungarian by birth and forty years old, having been born on September 19th, 1855. Her father was a shoemaker with musical predilections. Her mother died when she was in her girlhood; and the remarriage of her father sent her into the world to take care of herself. She went to Vienna, where the discovery was made that she had a promising voice. At the solicitation of the elder Hilmesburger, Mme. Marchesi, who was then the principal vocal professor at the Vienna conservatory, gave her lessons gratis. She began her career in Calsburg in 1875, but a year later married a merchant and withdrew into private life in Leipsic. She was compelled to resume her career before long, however, and she began again with small parts in Leipsic. Her progress was rapid, and on the death of Reicher-Kindermann she became her successor in Angelo Naumann's peripatetic Wagner

(From "*Boston Herald.*")

It seems to be rather definitely settled, that the two great prima donnas, Frau Milka Ternina and Frau Katharina Lohse Klafsky, have really signed their contracts, and will surely come over here to sing under the baton of Damrosch, along with pretty little Gadski, who was the best and most sufficient and consistent Elsa Boston had seen for many a day. Leon Margulies, who went abroad to perfect Mr. Damrosch's plans, says: "Frau Klafsky is not only as great a lyric artist as Sucher, but has a voice in its prime, as she is still a young woman."

Apropos of his nervousness for fear that he might be too late to secure Klafsky, Margulies says that "it was a matter of common note that Jean de Reszke has been devoting much time to the study of Tristan, and was decidedly anxious to appear in America in the role next season, but, conscientious artist that he is, did not care to essay Tristan unless supported by an Isolde beyond compare.

"The only singer whom De Reszke regarded as one to make a deep impression on American audiences in that role was Klafsky and his praise of her would seem extravagant if it were possible to speak too enthusiastically of so great an artist."

AMONG THE PIANO DEALERS.

I found Mr. William Steinway at home in his office in Steinway hall, much refreshed and improved by the waters of Clement, whereby his rheumatism no longer troubles him enough to seriously interfere with his work. He said that he considered the outlook for the fall trade encouraging. A noticeable feature in the trade of Steinway & Sons is the continual increase in the trade in grands. They are making at present about fifteen hundred a year, which is about equal to the entire production of grands outside their factory. This is five times as many grands as were sold a few year ago. It shows that the artistic qualities of the grand as compared with the upright are now appreciated more highly by cultivated amateurs than before.

NEW STEINWAY UPRIGHT.

I also was shown the new Steinway upright, a remarkably interesting piano indeed. In size it is about the same as the medium style, but in tone it is singularly broad, sonorous, and like a grand. I was already prepared for what I found in this instrument by having heard of it privately several times during the past year; and again Dr. Mason spoke of it to me, as it had been shown him just before his leaving New York for his summer vacation. He said it gave him a start, the tone was so little like what he was accustomed to hear from an upright. As near as I could ascertain, the main novelty in its construction is the application of the capo d'astro bar at the head of the strings, exactly as in the grands. The tone is a great advance over anything I have ever heard from an upright piano before.

These pianos will not be on the market until after Christmas, or thereabouts, owing to the impossibility as yet of filling orders for them upon an extensive scale. The price is also as yet somewhat undetermined, but the novel treatment will be applied to styles K, H, and X. This upright does not contain the bent rim—or a least the one I saw did not have it—a circumstance making the admirable result all the more remarkable.

W S. B. M.

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They also have a medium grand of an entirely new scale, which is a beauty, and worthy the attention of every musician who knows a fine piano when he sees it. It is six feet in length, and the one I saw was in a mahogany case, Colonial style. It has been beautifully tone-regulated by Gilson. Mr. William T. Miller played it at my request and showed that it had a very large and noble tone. I tested it myself in a variety of directions and the musical quality of the tone pleased me exceedingly. The Millers are able to place this magnificent and attractive instrument in the house of a customer for the moderate sum of about $750. At this rate there is no reason for buying an upright, for comparatively few upright pianos of first rate tonal quality and handsome case are sold below this price.

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BULLETIN

THE present issue concludes the eighth volume of MUSIC. Since it was commenced, more than five thousand pages of important and interesting matter relating to music and musicians have appeared in its columns. It has reached a circulation in the entire United States, and for schools, advanced amateurs, intelligent music lovers and libraries it is universally recognized as indispensable. A high standing has been unanimously accorded it from the first, and it is the ambition of the Editor and the Publishing Company to deserve this eminence and to carry it to a still higher point.

The Memoirs of Charles Gounod are continued, and the next installment (November MUSIC) will contain that part relating to the composition of his dramatic works. Mr. Neidlinger writes concerning a certain desirable association between Poet and Musician in the production of great songs. Mr. Karleton Hackett continues his sensible and widely read papers upon vocal questions, the present being the conclusion of the general statement of what is included in "Training the Voice." The Editorial Bric-a-Brac discusses a variety of topics, the cheif place being given to a dissertation upon musical taste. The Practical Teacher deparment and the musical plans for the coming season are full of interest.

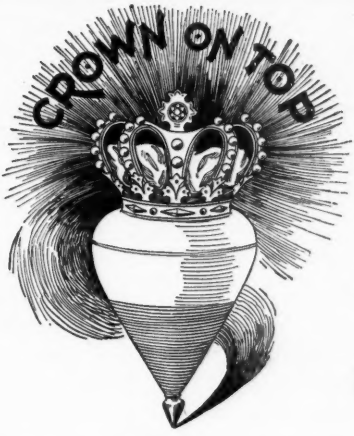
A number of engagements have been made with contributors, and plans are in operation for making the coming volume of MUSIC of more popular and practical interest than any that have yet appeared. It is the ambition of the Editor to make it in the fullest sense the mouthpiece of the serious musical thought of this country. It has already been credited with filling this function; we mean to deserve it still better.

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For detailed explanation see "MUSIC" for June, 1894, and send for Prospectus. We will send Program Books and other literature for inspection to those who desire to organize clubs. Address,

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IN BIG LUK IS OSAR G. MURRAY.

EFERYBODY who knows Oscar G. Murray is aware that he is game to the backbone. The following incident shows how nervy he is and his exceptional judgment regarding railroad properties. About a month ago Mr. Murray was host at a dinner given at the St. Nicholas. There were six gentlemen present, including Mr. Murray. One of the guests was Mr. Seymour, a prominent Chicago manufacturer. After the wine had passed around pretty freely a discussion arose as to the best railroad to travel over from Cincinnati to the East. The principals in the discussion were Mr. Seymour and Mr. Murray. Both of the gentlemen expressed very decided opinions, and the result of the heated argument was that they decided to back their opinions to the extent of $5,000 each.

Three days after the dinner they met by appointment at the Grand Hotel, and Mr. Murray posted a certified check on the Merchant's National Bank for $5,000, and Mr. Seymore put up a certified check for like amount on a Chicago Bank. An attache of the Grand Hotel was agreed upon as stakeholder. Under the terms of the agreement the stakeholders named Mr. Morrisey, of Mt. Auburn, and Mr. Lafer, of Avondale, judges, and these two gentlemen selected Dr. Cox, of Fourth street, as the third judge.

The judges were to actually make trips over the five lines between here and New York under the terms of the wager, and their railroad fares, sleeping-car fares and hotel bills—in fact, all expenses were to be payed by the winner. The vote of any two judges in favor of any one line was to decide the bet. If two of the judges did not agree on anyone line then the bet was to be considered a draw. Another condition of the wager was that the principals to the wager were not to know who the judges were, nor were the judges to be informed as to whom the men were who made the wager.

The points to be considered by the judges in arriving at a decision were—smoothness of track, maintenance of sshedule time, superiority of passenger coaches, sleeping car and dining car equipment and service, picturesqueness of scenery along the route, and salubriousness of country traversed. The judges made their last trip during the past week, and on thursday rendered their decision to the stakeholder, and by a unanimous vote awarded the palm of superiority on all the points to the Chesapeake and Ohio Road. This was the line Mr. Murray had backed, and last Saturday the stakeholder, turned over the $10,000 to Mr. Murray, who after paying all the expenses of the judges, found that he had profited by the wager just $4,560—*Cincinnati Tribune, March 2d, 1894.*

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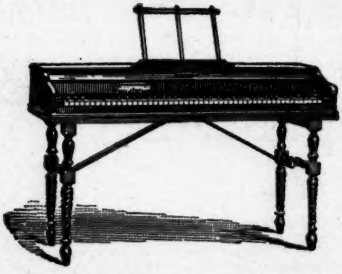
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